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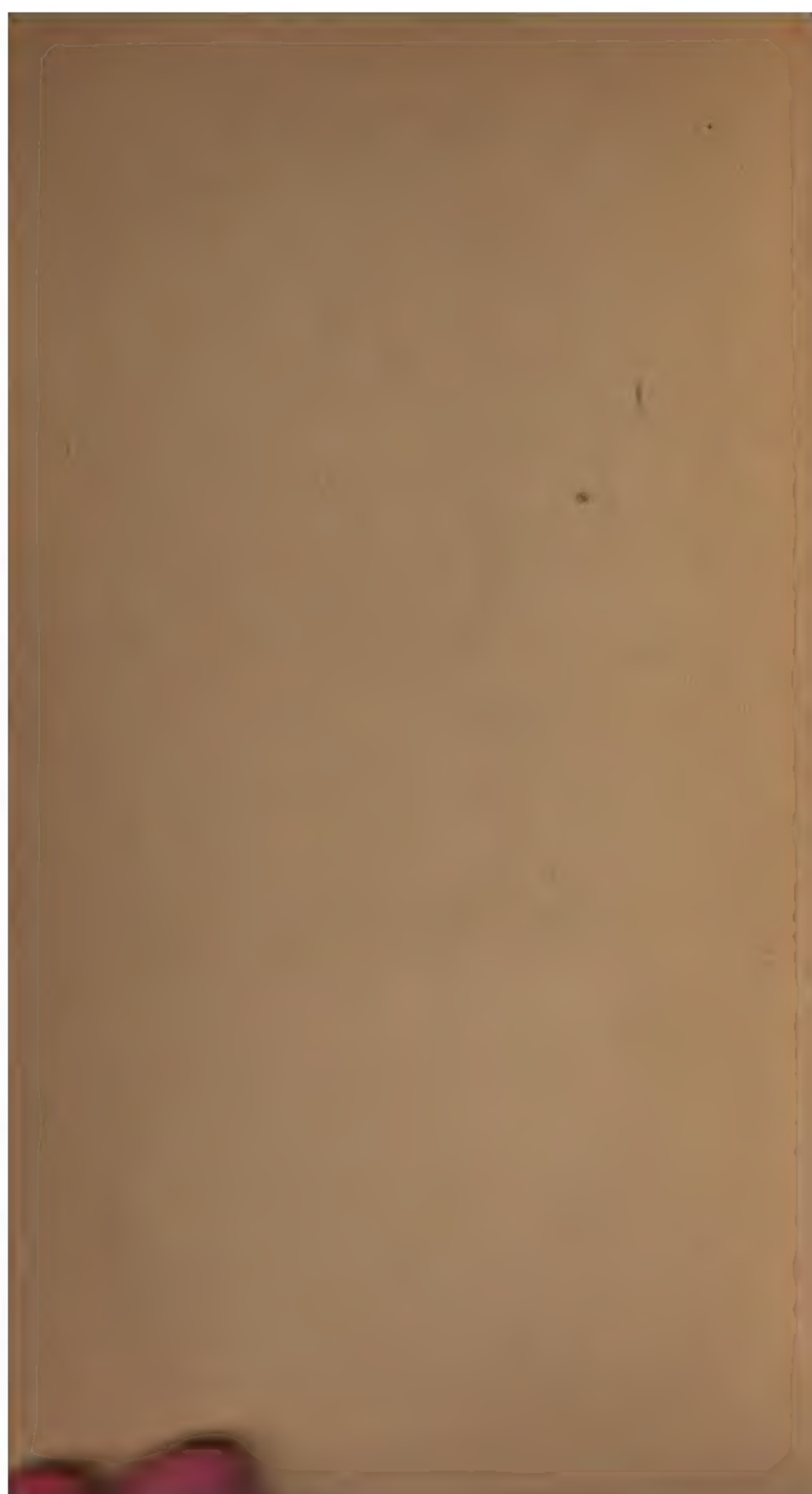
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918







J R O N T I S P I E C E



More than all with powerful Genius blest,
Come take thine empire o'er the willing breast;

[illegible]

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

FROM THE TEXT OF
JOHNSON, STEVENS, AND REED;

WITH
GLOSSARIAL NOTES, HIS LIFE,

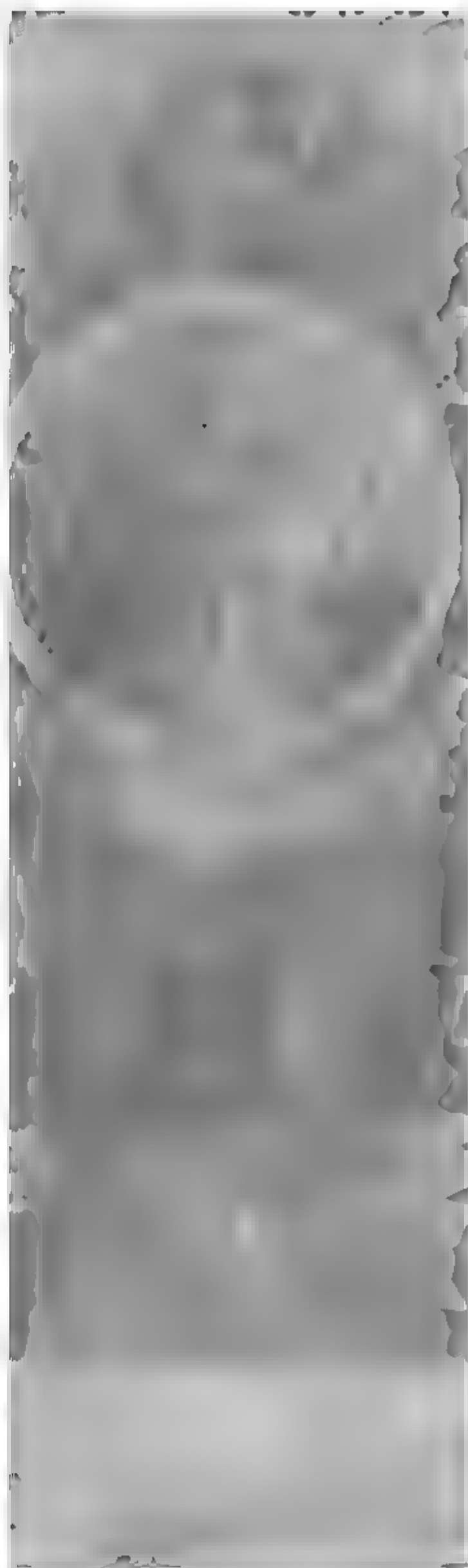
AND A
Critique on his Genius & Writings,

BY
NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR MASON AND CO.; AND PUBLISHED BY JONES AND CO.
WARWICK SQUARE.

1823.



THE
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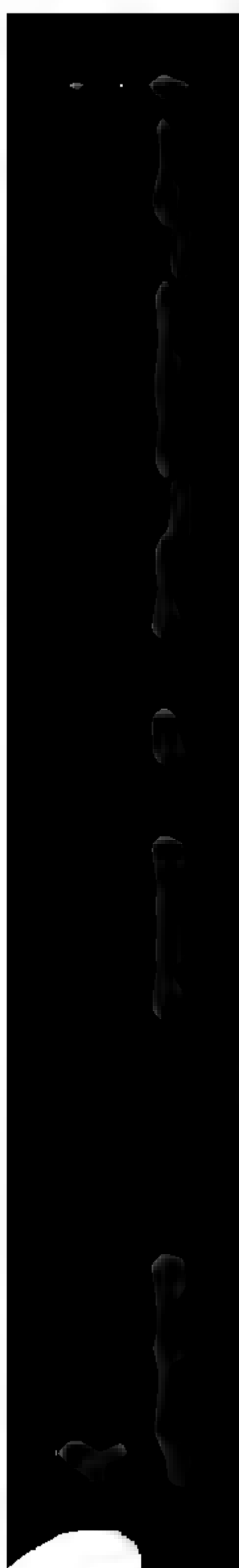
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LIFE
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
BY MR. NICHOLAS ROWE,
WITH REMARKS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there; and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but, the narrowness of his circumstances; and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or not, may admit of a dispute: for, though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet, it is not improbable, but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and, I believe, we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, with which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and, in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. This, probably, the first essay of his poetry, is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank, but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased to have learned, from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

ings, like those of other authors, among their and nature so large a share in what he did, th his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and ation in them, were the best. I would not be t so loose and extravagant, as to be independent t out that what he thought was commonly so g self, that it wanted little or no correction, and wa judgment at the first sight. But, though the ord e written, be generally uncertain, yet there are pa x their dates. So the *Clerus* at the end of the iment very handsomely turned to the Earl of n when that lord was general for the Queen in Ire h, and her successor King James, in the latter en play's being written after the accession of the l England. Whatever the particular times of his began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions sed to see a genius arise amongst them of so p ty capable of furnishing their favourite enterta ut, he was in himself a good natured man, of g agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, self acquainted with the best conversations o l of his plays acted before her; and, without de favour: it is that maiden princess plainly when

our ventral, thrown by the west."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

a compliment very properly brought in, and ve well pleased with that admirable character of l irth, that she commanded him to continue it ve. This is said to be the occasion of his writ she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable improper to observe, that this part of *Palstaff* r the name of *Oldcastle*: some of that family ased to command him to alter it; upon which e was indeed avoided; but I do not know whet t to blame in his second choice, since it is c ight of the garter, and a lieutenant general, v ars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the n conferred upon him, it was not to her only he his wit made. He had the honour to meet wi our and friendship from the Earl of Southamp his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Ess cated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There l nce of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I ended down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was airs, I should not have ventured to have insert e gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him ard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, an o that profuse generosity the present age has sh

or friendships he contracted with private men, I every one, who had a true taste of merit, and cov lue and esteem for him. His exceeding cand inclined all the gentler part of the world to lo men of the most delicate knowledge and poli

en Jonson began with a remarkable piece of l who was at that time altogether unknown to th the players, in order to have it acted; and th r having turned it carelessly and superciliously c an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no s luckily cast his eye upon it, and found someth ead it through, and afterwards to recommend M Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and i ough at the same time I believe it must be allow ure than a balance for what books had given th upon this occasion was, I think, very just and n Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymio onson; Sir John Suckling, who was a profes

Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that, if he would produce any one topic fully treated by any one of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story, almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and his usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

"Ten to the hundred lies here engraved;
Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! be! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here,
Blame be the man that spurs three stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quincey, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family; the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had a blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He wrote likewise, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death given by his old landlady, Mrs. Quickly, in the first Act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made

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that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain, way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make me I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*; in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms as the knights of that county, describes for a family there, and makes him very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the plot well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his jealousy, very well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and clown, in *All's well that ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon version of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*; you like it, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very good. Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, are pieces of ill-nature and satirical snarling. To these I might add the character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but, as it was received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew was played by a comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by Shakespeare in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness, and a designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either to a comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of any of Shakspeare's. The tale, indeed, in that part relating to the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too far from probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be well written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio, and tender. The whole of the fourth Act (supposing, as I do, that it is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve notice, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the authority of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is. It is a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the various scenes of man's life.

All the world's a stage,
Men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one life in this time plays many parts,
Being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And morning face, creeping like snail
To school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Fiercely proud, sad, doting and quick in quarrel,
And his bubble reputation
Topp'd with cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;
In and belg, with good capon lined,
With vice, and beard of formal cut,
And saws and modern instances;
For thus the sixth age shifts
Into the slipper'd pantaloon,
With stock and shoe, and pouch on side;
His huge wheel's well saved, a world too wide
In his shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
This strange eventful history,
Closes the fifth, and more oblivion;
And, age eyes, seen lava, seen every thing."

everywhere so lively, that the thing he would represent stands
 less every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which
 uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of Patience
 he says.

—She never told her love,
Incarnement, like a warm "th' had
Dye damask cheek; she piped in thought,
The *Patience* on a monument,
At *Grave*."

and what a task would it have been for the greatest master to express the passions designed by this sketch of statuary in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; a

the wit most constantly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in; and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does so where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberality of his writing, though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible, that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings, yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical, and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation which, I have been informed, three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character for his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.

It is the same magic that raises the Fairies in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults, but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct, of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama, that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems, indeed, so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him? His manners are everywhere exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though, at the same time, the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his

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praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of the English, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of reverence it could have been no very great respect to the memory of some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He with that minister of the great king; and, certainly, nothing than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the whole man with his vices and virtues, is finely and second scene of the fourth Act. The distresses, likewise, of are very movingly touched; and, though the art of the poet from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor, are persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters, and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, the common people; the virtue and philosophical temper of greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom them. He has, indeed, followed his original pretty close, incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is. Such are, more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in led on much the same tale with the *Electra* of Sophocles. In is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very tra, but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very the manners he has given that princess and Orestes in the his hands in the blood of his own mother. On the contrary, he same pity towards his father, and resolution to revenge the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke by incest but, it is with wonderful art and justice of judg- him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance, and thus dis- error and terror. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy to be carefully avoided. And, certainly, no dramatic writ- ing terror in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has in *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the king is as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with how powerful he was in giving the strongest motions to ou. I cannot leave *Hamlet* without taking notice of the advan- on this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the performance of that part. A man, who, though he had n as a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare indeed, he has studied him so well, and is so much a master his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on pu- author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own for the most considerable part of the passages relating to th- submitted to the public: his veneration for the memory of him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gath- of a name for which he had so great a veneration.



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THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a Country Justice.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

MR. FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at

MR. PAGE, } Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.

DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

STEWART,

} Followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with

Fenton.

Mrs. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slw. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-alorum.†

Slw. Ay, and rotalorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *emigere*; in any bill, warrant, quitance, or obligation, *emigere*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slw. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slw. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r't-lady, if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed dispar-

agements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council* shall hear it, it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot; take your vizament† in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prau, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slw. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small‡ like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery version for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!) gave, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our prubbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gills.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

* A title formerly appropriated to chaplains.

† *Custos rotulorum*.

‡ By our.

* Court of Star-chamber.

† Advancement.

‡ Soft.

master Page:

I do despise a
false; or, as I
the knight, Sir
h you, be ruled
peat the door
hat, ha! Got

and your friend,
e young master
shall tell you
o your likings.
worships well:
ster Shallow.
ad to see you;
art! I wished
kill'd:—How
and I love you
my heart.

ea and no, I do.
u, good master
greyhound, Sir?
(otsale.
Sir.
I'll not confess.
your fault, 'tis

and a fair dog;
ood, and fair.—

I would I could

istians ought to

master Page.
ort confess it.
not redress'd; is
e hath wrong'd
ord, he hath,—
esquire, saith,

RDOLPH, NYW,

you'll complain

my men, killed
edge.

er's daughter?
e answer'd.

—I have done

y this.

it were known

good words.

age.—Slender,
atter have you

ter in my head
oney-catching;

Pistol. They

ade me drunk,

et.

S

the cottage kind
but paring

Slaw. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slaw. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! peace, peace;† alice! that's my humour.

Slaw. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slaw. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,‡ that cost me two shillings and twopence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:§

Word of denial in thy labras|| here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slaw. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say, marry true, with you, if you run the nuthook's¶ humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slaw. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: he, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap,** Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.††

Slaw. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'ndge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit ANNE PAGE.]

* The name of an ugly spirit.

† Few words.

‡ King Edward's shillings, used in the game of shuffle-board.

§ Blade as thin as a lath.

¶ If you say I am a thief.

†† The bounds of good behaviour.

|| Lips.

** Drunk.

Sir. O heavens! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Ford. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Slen. *Book of Riddles*? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz, come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let me command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth,—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

• An intended blunder.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and Sir H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir.

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [Exit SIMPLE.]

A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veney^a for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson[†] loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd;—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there

^a Three set-to's, bouts, or hits.

[†] The name of a bear exhibited at Paris-Garden in Southwark.

[‡] Surpassed all expression.

which is in the
nurse, or his
ner, and his

—give her this
together's ac-
Page; and the
her to solicit
Anne Page:
an end of my
se to come.

[Exit.

Garter Inn.

HOLPH, Nym,

rook? Speak

st turn away

s; cashier: let

k.

ear, Keisar,

Bardolph, be

I well, bully

ollow: Let me

at a word; fol-

[Exit Host.

a tapster is a

s a new jerkin;

tapster: Go;

desired; I will

[Exit BAND.

ght! wilt thou

nk: Is not the

is not heroic,

t of this tinder-

is flitching was

not time.

steal at a mi-

Steal! Yoh;

out at heels.

ue

st cuney-catch;

ve food.

of this town?

substance good.

tell you what I

indeed I am in

but I am now

ritt. Briefly, I

d's wife; I spy

discourses, she

itation: I can

ear style; and

our, to be Eng-

Falstaff's.

ell, and trans-

into English.

ill) that humour

Pat. Now, the report goes, she has all the
rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions
of angels.*

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her,
boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour
me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and
here another to Page's wife; who even now
gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts
with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the
beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes
my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my extensors
with such a greedy intention, that the appetite
of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a
burning glass! Here's another letter to her:
she bears the purse too; she is a region in
Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater
to them both, and they shall be exchequers to
me; they shall be my East and West Indies,
and I will trade to them both. Go, bear them
this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to
mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will
thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take
all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take
the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of
reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Ros.] bear you these
letters tightly;†

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence avaunt! vanish like hail-stones.

go; [pack!

Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter,
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted
page. [Exit FALSTAFF and ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd
and fallam's holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tetter! I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which
be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will in-
cense† Page to deal with poison; I will poison
him with yellowness,** for the revolt of mien
is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I
second thee; troop on. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. CAIUS' House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUQUY.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee,
go to the casement, and see if you can see my
master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he
do, i'faith, and find any body in the house,
here will be an old abusing of God's patience,
and the king's English.

* Gold coin. † Exchequer, an officer in the Exchequer.
‡ Cleverly. § False dice.

¶ Sixpence I'll have in pocket.

‡ Instigate. ** Jealousy.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a peep at the closet at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sth-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tall-tale, nor no brood-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sir. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Blunder's your master?

Sir. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring knife?

Sir. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee hair, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.

Quick. A well-sprighted man, is he not?

Sir. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall; a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrenier.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him! Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sir. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and turn, down, adown-a, &c. [Sings.]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet a better red; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [Aside.]

Caius. Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. J'en rais à la Cour,—la grand affaire.

Quick. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depeche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave, Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's be! Qu'ay j'oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man here, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! larron! [Pulling SIMPLE out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my

closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so dogmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sir. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sir. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, is; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper:—Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brow, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sir. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarterre to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

* Wife. † Foolish. ‡ Brave.
 § The keeper of a warren. || Scolded, reprimanded.

* The gougere, what the pox!

the with most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jangling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in; and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the greatest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does so where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible, that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings: yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical, and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation which, I have been informed, three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just, that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character for his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.

It is the same magic that raises the Fairies in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct, of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama, that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the poet, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems, indeed, so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him? His manners are everywhere exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though, at the same time, the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his

shall we wag!
d rather hear

ow, and PAGE.
are fool, and
alty, yet I can-
She was in
nd, what they
ll, I will look
guise to sound
I lose not my
is labour well
[Exit.

Garter Inn.

STOL.

any.

une oyster,

in content, Sir,
e to pawn: I
ods for three
fellow; Nym;
the grate like
ioned in hell,
riends, you
ws: and when
of her fan, I
adst it not.
adst thou not

son: Think'st
s? At a word,
no gibbet for
a throng;—to
—You'll not
—you stand
unconfinable
lo, to keep the
l, I, I myself
eaven on the
our in my ne-
edge, and to
ul ensconce?
looks, your
bold-beating
honour! You

d'st thou more

ould speak with

ELY.

od-morrow.

r worship.

other was, the

. What with

our worship a

man; and I'll

Ford, Sir;—I

ays:—I myself

ten goods
urses in a crowd.
† Protect

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—
Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray
your worship, come a little nearer this way.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine
own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and
make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, Sir, she's a good creature.
Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well,
heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—
Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long

of it; you have brought her into such a cana-
ries,* as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of
them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could
never have brought her to such a canary. Yet
there has been knights, and lords, and gentle-
men, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach
after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift;
smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rush-
ling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in
such alligant terms; and in such wine and
sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would
have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant
you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—
I had myself twenty angels given me this
morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such
sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—
and, I warrant you, they could never get her
so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of
them all: and yet there has been earls, may,
which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant
you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my
good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter;
for the which she thanks you a thousand
times: and she gives you to notify, that her
husband will be absence from his house be-
tween ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come
and see the picture, she says, that you wot
of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from
home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill
life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she
leads a very frampold† life with him, good
heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me
to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have an
other messenger to your worship: Mistres
Page hath her hearty commendations to yo
too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's a
fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I to
you) that will not miss your morning nor eve-
ing prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er ‡
the other: and she bade me tell your worship
that her husband is seldom from home; bu
she hopes, there will come a time. I nev
knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely,
think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee, setting the attra-
tion of my good parts aside, I have no oth-
charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has For-
wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each oth-
how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they ha-
not so little grace, I hope:—that were a tri-
indeed! But mistress Page would desire §
to send her your little page of all loves; †
husband has a marvellous infection to the h-

* A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quarrelsome*.
† Know. ‡ Fretful, peevish. § By all means

Page said, truly, master Page is at honest. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, nor when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it. for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must lose her your page, no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quar. Nay, but do so then. and, look you, may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a day-word,* that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing, for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: as I said, you know, have discretion, as they can, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well, commend me to them. There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor.—I go along with this woman—This news attracts me. [Exit QUICKLY and ROBIN.]

Fal. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Up on more sails, pursue, up with your sights; she is my prize, or ocean when I am all. [Exit PEROT.]

Fal. Nay, 't is thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Will they, after the expense of so much money, be any a gamer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and he acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship Amos's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Fal. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [Exit BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such cups. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Fal. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir: Would you speak with me?

Fal. I make bold, to press with so little permission upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Or leave, drawer. [Exit BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Fal. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to change you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unreasoned intrusion; for they say, money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Fal. Truth, and I have a bag of money here to bid me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the weight.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your partner.

Fal. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Fal. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will

be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, with you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed.

Fal. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Fal. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; for'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need; I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Fal. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Fal. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Fal. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Fal. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,† authentic in your place and person, generally allowed‡ for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, Sir!

Fal. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you, if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Fal. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to

* Suck.

† In the greatest companies.

‡ Reward.

§ Approved.

* A catch-word.

† A most phrase of exultation.

SCENE III.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he know, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee soine,* to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.† Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.‡

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

* Fence.

† Court term for sparring.

‡ Term in fencing.

§ Draught of a draught.

drive her then
er reputation,
and other her
gly embattled
Sir John?
st make bold
your hand;
you shall, if

shall.
hn, you shall

master Brook,
with her (I
ment; even
st, or go-be-
shall be with
at that time
husband, will
nt, you shall

ance. Do

illy knave! I
to call him
ly knave hath
his wife seems
ter as the key
and there's my

Sir; that you

butter rogue!
will awe him
like a meteor
Brook, thou
er the pea-
wife.—Come
knave, and I
aster Brook,
cuckold:—

[Exit.]

can rascal is
k with impa-
provident jea-
o, the hour is
ld any man
of having a
abused, my
gnawn at,
villanous
en of abomi-
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amon sounds
vell; yet they
of fiends but
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an ass, a se-
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ning with my
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viter's bottle,
olding, than
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d what they
et, they will
at Heaven
even o'clock
text my wife,
that Page. I
so soon, than
e' cuckold!

[Exit.]

his riles
enough.

Caius. Clapper-da-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-da-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bally,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and oke cavalero slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the side: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slan. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLANDER.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, smother thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de curi, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slander's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, Sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

Eva. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's custard,* when I have good opportunities for the work:—pless my soul! [Sings.]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Merry on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon,†—
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Slan. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

* Shal. † Delight, the first line of the 138th Psalm.

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Slan. No weapons, Sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLANDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morning, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slan. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Very well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slan. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stops to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogcomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host a Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; 'Til be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

[ACT III]

excellent!
fine host of the
subtle? am I a
factor? no; he
mutions. Shall
my Sir Hugh?
and the no-
astrial; so —
so. — Boys of
I have directed
arts are mighty,
burnt sack be
ords to pawn:—
follow, follow.
Follow, gen-

PAGE, and HOST.
dat? have you

ade us his vout-
at we may be
prains together,
all, scurvy, cog-
e Garter.
art; he promise
by gar, he de-

noddies:—Pray
[Exeunt.]

in Windsor.

of Robin.

way, little gal-
flower, but now
had you rather,
aster's heels?
go before you
ke a dwarf.
ering boy; now,

ge. Whither go

your wife: Is

he may hang to-
I think, if your
would marry.
—two other hus-

pretty weather-

hat the dickens
um of. What do
urrah?

never hit on's
ie between my
ife at home, in-

ur,—I am sick,
PAGE and ROBIN.
s? hath he any
are, they sleep;
y, this boy will
easy as a can-
elve score. He
n; he gives her
and now she's
s boy with her,

louting stock.

A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—
and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—
they are laid; and our revolted wives shew
damnation together. Well; I will take him,
then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil
of modesty from the so seeming^o mistress Page,
divulge Page himself for a secure and wild
Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all
my neighbours shall cry aim.† [Clock strikes.]
The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance
bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I
shall be rather praised for this, than mocked;
for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that
Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, Sir
HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.
Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good
cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with
me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.
Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed
to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not
break with her for more money than I'll speak
of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match be-
tween Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and
this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father
Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand
wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor,
is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a
me; my nursh-a. Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fen-
ton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth,
he writes verses, he speaks holyday,† he smells
April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't;
'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you.
The gentleman is of no having;‡ he kept com-
pany with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of
too high a region, he knows too much. No, he
shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the
finger of my substance: if he take her, let him
take her simply; the wealth I have waits on
my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you
go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer,
you shall have sport; I will show you a mon-
ster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall
you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have
the freer wooing at master Page's.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.
[Exit RUGBY.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my
honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with
him. [Exit HOST.]

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-
wine first with him; I'll make him dance.
Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in FORD's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-
basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

o Specious. † Shall encourage.
‡ Out of the common style. § Not rich.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your man the change; we will be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come both, and without any pause, or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, wage with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers* in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; my lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-winketh it that news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you him two to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; so, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. That's a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am gone. Mistress Page, remember you your son. *[Exit Robin.]*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, let me be. *[Exit Mrs. Page.]*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpon;—we'll teach him to know turtles from figs.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Here I caught thee, my heavenly jewel! Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.†

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou must not hide it.

* Struckers of hair. † A young small hawk.
† A puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cakes.
‡ Venetian fashion.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee! let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury* is simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Countess-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. *[within.]* Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will succumb; I am behind the arras.‡

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—*[Falstaff hides himself.]*

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—*[Aside.]*—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *had rather*, and you *had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

* Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists. † I'ron.
‡ Hide. § Taquetry. || Bleaching time.

go in there:

e't! O let me
your friend's

Falstaff! Are

thee; help me
never—
cover him with

r master, boy:
—You dissem-

t, John! [Exit
take up these
e's the cowl-
+ carry them
ead, quickly,

d Sir Hugh

if I suspect
sport at me,
erve it.—How

th.
u to do whither
dle with buck-

wash myself of
Ay, buck; I
season too, it
with the basket.]
ought; I'll tell
be my keys:
k, find out: I'll
—Let me stop

t
ontented: you

p, gentlemen,
w me, gentle-
[Exit.

humours, and

ion of France.

emen; see the

AGE, and CAIUS.
ble excellency

th pleases me
ceived, or Sir

is he in, when
in the basket?
he will have
g him into the

onest rascal; I
ere in the same

and hath some
ing here; for
alousy tell now.
try that: And
with Falstaff.
obey this me-

out foolish car-

asket.

What.

tion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his
throwing into the water; and give him ano-
ther hope, to betray him to another punish-
ment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for
to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir Hugh
EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave
bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me
well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than
your thoughts?

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong,
master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and
in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the
presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of
judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodias.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not
ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests
this imagination? I would not have your dis-
temper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor
Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer
for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your
wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires
among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—
Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you,
pardon me; I will hereafter make known to
you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—
come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me;
pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me,
we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow
morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll
a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the
bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the
company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make
a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-mor-
row on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and
his mockeries. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE's House.

Enter FENTON, and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Name?

Ann. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my ex-
pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albert, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir: If opportunity and humble suit Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: * slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [Aside.]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come out and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? O'd's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven, I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow: come, son Slender, in:— [Fenton.]

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master [Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And howl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, Sir:—She must needs go Her father will be angry. [In:]

[Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [Exit.]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously* for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a boast am I to slack it? [Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know

* A proverb:—a shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt, a half-shot one. † Knows, poet or rick. ‡ Lot.

* Speciously.

† Night.

‡ Litter.

of alacrity in
deep as hell, I
ned, but that
now; a death
as a man; and
n, when I had
en a mountain

the wine.

, Sir, to speak

me sack to the
s cold, as if I
ills to cool the

Y.

y you mercy:

es:" Go brew

bullet-sperm in
ow now!

your worship

d ford enough:
have my belly

art, that was
on with her

pon a foolish

for it, that it

Her husband

desires you

en eight and

quickly. she'll

ll her so; and

t her consider

merit.

nd ten, say'st

t miss her.

[Exit.

Master Brook;

n I like his

come to know

d Ford's wife?

s my business.

ue to you; I

ointed me.

er Brook.

o change her

the peaking

ook, dwelling

, comes me in

atter we had

ed, as it were,

ly, and at his

s, thither pro-

temper, and,

us wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Pate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo,* in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe, think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness,† Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he'll at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the

* Bilboa, where the best blades are made.

† Serious-sore.

‡ Make yourself ready.

devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame. if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou.

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous* mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his acquaintance.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, airrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many nouns is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one sander more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. Your are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is laps, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is laps; I pray you remember in your pain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hec, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hec, hoc*; pray you, mark. *genitivo, huius*: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hinc, hanc, hoc*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the locative case, William?

Will. O—*Vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William; locative is, *caref*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—lie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatic? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Fornooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, ka, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kas*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches! Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag! memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exit Eva.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [Aside.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

* Breeched, i. e. flogged

† Apt to learn.

‡ Sorrowful.

§ Mad Sta.

|| As children call on a maid to push forth his horns

* Outrageous.

meet end; he will

—the knight is

you are utterly
man. What a
him, away with
er.

ould he go? how
put him into the

FF.

re i' the basket:

I master Ford's
astols, that none
might slip away
you here?

I creep up into

says use to dis-
Creep into the

ere on my word.

unk, well, vault,
e remembrance
em by his note:
house.

your own sem-
unless you go out

disguise him?

know not. There
h for him; other-
a muffler, and a

nothing: any ex-

ff.

the fat woman

ve.

it will serve him;
re's her thum'd

up, Sir John.

John: mistress

en for your head.

we'll come dress

the while.

[Exit FALSTAFF.

band would meet

it abide the old

rs, she's a witch;

uth threatened to

him to thy hus-

guide his cudgel

and coming?

ness,† is he; and

ever he hath had

for I'll appoint

gain, to meet him

d last time.

here presently:

h of Brentford.

y men, what they

go up, I'll bring

[Exit.

onest varlet! we

which we will do,

et honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still serve out all the drug.*
[Exit.]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again
on your shoulders; your master is hard at
door; if he bid you set it down, obey him:
quickly, despatch. [Exit.]

1. Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2. Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the
knight again.

1. Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so
much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and
Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page,
have you any way then to unfool me again?—
Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call
my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come
out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a
knot, a ging,* a pack, a conspiracy against
me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What!
wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what
honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes!† Master Ford, you
are not to go loose any longer; you must be
pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a
mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well;
indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, Sir.—Come hither, mis-
tress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman,
the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that
hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I sus-
pect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do,
if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—
Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the
clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up
your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there
was one conveyed out of my house yesterday
in this basket: Why may not he be there again?
In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence
is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me
out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall
die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master
Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pay, and not
follow the imaginations of your own heart:
this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your
brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time;
if I find not what I seek, show no colour for
my extremity, let me for ever be your table-
sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford,
that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's

* Seriously.

* Grog.

† Surpasses, to go beyond bounds.

leman.* Satisfy me once more; one more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Breckford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! *[Beats him.]* You rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. *[Exit FALSTAFF.]*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffer.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow, see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,† never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exit PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, stared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests, they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD'S HOUSE.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence; But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come, methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns; *[cattle;*

And there he blasts the tree, and takes* the And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld; Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;

* Lover.

† Search.

‡ Scold.

§ Cry out.

* Strikes.

† Old age.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

meet with us,
age horns on his

oubted but he'll

on have brought

[plot?]
what is your

ave we thought

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ries, green and

on their heads,

on a sudden,

ewly met,

rush at once

on their sight,

and fly.

about,

nuclear knight;

f fairy revel,

res to tread,

the truth,

him sound,†

known,

horn the spirit,

or.

hey'll ne'er do't.

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ay;—and in that

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[*Aside.*

send to Falstaff

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Exit Mrs. FORD.

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h Nan Page.

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ll affects:

nd his friends

t he, shall have

orthier come to

Sim. Marry, Sir, I come to
John Falstaff from master Ble

Host. There's his chamber

castle, his standing-bed, and

painted about with the story

fresh and new: Go, knock

Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman

gone up into his chamber; I'

stay, Sir, till she come down:

with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! t

robbed: I'll call.—Bully k

John! speak from thy lungs m

there? it is thine host, thine!

Fal. [*abore.*] How now, mi

Host. Here's a Bohemian-?

coming down of thy fat woma

send, bully, let her descend;

honourable: Fye! privacy!

Enter FALSTAF

Fal. There was, mine host,

even now with me; but she's

Sim. Pray you, Sir, was't

man of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mu

would you with her?

Sim. My master, Sir, my

sent to her, seeing her go tho

to know, Sir, whether one N

guiled him of a chain, had th

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Sim. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: I

man told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to w

* A cannibal. † A cunning woman; scholar like.

villain : do not say, they be fled ; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ans. Where is mine host ?

Host. What is the matter, Sir ?

Ans. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you : you are wise, and full of gibes and rousing-stogs ; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened : Fare you well. *[Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarterre.

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jermey : by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come ; I tell you for good vill : adieu. *[Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go :—assist me, knight ; I am undone :—fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !

[Exit Host and BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened ; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me ; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Prinewell*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now ! whence come you ?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both beatowed ! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered ? Yes, I warrant ; speciously one of them ; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, but you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue ? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber : you shall hear how things go ; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy, I will give over all. *[purpose,*

Fent. Yet here we speak : Assist me in my

* A game at cards.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton ; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page ; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection *(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)* Even to my wish : I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at ; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both ;—wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene : the image of the jest.

[Showing the letter.

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.

[one,

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ; The purpose why, is here,* in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at kton Immediately to marry : she hath consented ; Now, Sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor ;—Now, thus it rests :

Her father means she shall be all in white ; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, *(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)* That, quaint † in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,

With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :

And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling ;—go.—I'll hold ; This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

* In the letter † Fantastically ‡ Keep to the time.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

wears: hold up your
[Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.]
ORD.

Master Brook, the
night, or never. Be
midnight, at Herne's
onders.

er yesterday, Sir, as
anted?

er Brook, as you see,
ut I came from her,
or old woman. That
husband, hath the
usy in him, master
d frenzy. I will tell
sly, in the shape of
ape of man, muster
th with a weaver's
so, life is a shuttle.
with me; I'll tell you
ce I plucked geese,
ed top, I knew not
till lately. Follow
things of this knave
I will be revenged,
te into your hand.—
band, master Brook!
[Exit.]

Windsor Park.

W., and SLENDER.

ll couch i' the castle-
ght of our fairies.—
my daughter.

ave spoke with her,
* how to know one
white, and cry, *man*;
that we know one

But what needs either
the white will de-
It hath struck ten

ok; light and spirits
heaven prosper our
il but the devil, and
horns. Let's away;
[Exit.]

reet in Windsor.

ORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

or, my daughter is in
r time, take her by
to the deanery, and
efore into the park;

e to do; Adieu.
ll, Sir. [Exit CAIUS.]
ice so much at the
will chase at the
ughter: but 'tis no
nding, than a great

n now, and her troop
devil, Hugh?
ouched in a pit hard
red lights; which, at
's and our meeting,
the night.

choose but amaze

amazed, he will be
he will every way

ed

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray his
Mrs. Page. Against such le-
chery,

Those that betray them do me
Mrs. Ford. The hour draw
to the oak!

SCENE IV.—Wind

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS,

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; ce
ber your parts: be bold, I pr
into the pit; and when I give
do as I bid you; Come, come

SCENE V.—Another par

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with

Fal. The Windsor bell hat
the minute draws on: Now,
gods assist me:—Remember,
a bull for thy Europa; love a
—O powerful love! that, in
makes a beast a man; in som
beast.—You were also, Jup
the love of Leda;—O, omni
near the god drew to the
goose!—A fault done first i
beast;—O Jove, a beastly fau
other fault in the semblance
on't, Jove; a foul fault.—Wh
backs, what shall poor men d
here a Windsor stag; and the
i' the forest: send me a cool r
who can blame me to piss a
comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and A

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art
deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black
sky rain potatoes; let it thunc
Green Sleeves; hail kissing-co
eringoes; let there come a ten
tion, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page i
sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bri
haunch; I will keep my side
shoulders for the fellow* of
my horns I bequeath your hus
woodman? ha! Speak I like H
—Why, now is Cupid a chil
he makes restitution. As I
welcome!

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noi

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away.

Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil wi
damned, lest the oil that is
hell on fire; he would neve
thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like
QUICKLY, and PISTOL; AN
Fairy Queen, attended by
others, dressed like fairies, a
on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, f
You moon-shine revellers, and
You orphan-heirs of fixed des
Attend your office, and your
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fal

* Keeper of the forest.

ma, list your names; silence, you
y toys.

Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths
swept,
the maids as blue as bilberry:
queen hates sluts, and sluttish;
are fairies; he, that speaks to them,
die:

a couch: No man their works must
[Lies down upon his face.

me's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you
a maid,

in sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
e organs of her fantasy,
e sound as careless infancy;
e sleep, and think not on their sins,
arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides,
shins.

bout, about;

door castle, elves, within and out:
back, couples, on every sacred room;

stand till the perpetual doom,
wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;

owner, and the owner it.

chains of order look you scour
balm, and every precious flower:

ointment, coat, and several crest,
blazon, evermore be blest!

p, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Garter's compass, in a ring:

more that it bears, green let it be,
fresh than all the field to see;

with *qui mal y pense*, write,
tulle, flowers purple, blue, and

re; pearl, and rich embroidery,
ow fair knighthood's bending knee:

flowers for their character.†
erse. But, till 'tis one o'clock,

if custom, round about the oak
e hunter, let us not forget.

r you, lock hand in hand, your-
es in order set:

glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
r measure round about the tree.

small a man of middle earth.

ens defend me from that Welsh
e transform me to a piece of cheese!

worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even
by birth.

th trial-fire touch me his finger-
:

ste, the flame will back descend,
e to no pain; but if he start,

h of a corrupted heart.
ial, come

e, will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their tapers.

sh, oh!
rapt, corrupt, and tainted in de-

airies; sing a scornful rhyme:
trip, still pinch him to your time.

right; indeed he is full of lecheries

SONG.

ge on sinful fantasy!
ge on lust and luxury!
ust is but a bloody fire,
indled with unchaste desire,
art; whose flames aspire,
hs do blow them, higher and higher.

berry

† The letters.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villany;

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.*

During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF.

*Doctor CAIUS comes one way, and steals away
a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and
takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes,
and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A noise
of hunting is made within. All the fairies run
away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and
rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD.
They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have
watch'd you now;

*Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
turn?*

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the
jest no higher:—

*Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives?* [yokes

*See you these, husband? do not these fair
Become the forest better than the town?*

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now?—
Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly

knave; here are his horns, master Brook:
And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing

of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and
twenty pounds of money; which must be paid

to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it,
master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck;
we could never meet. I will never take you

for my love again, but I will always count you
my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are
extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three
or four times in the thought, they were not

fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
sudden surprise of my powers, drove the gross-

ness of the suppers into a received belief, in
despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,

that they were fairies. See now, how wit may
be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill em-

ployment.
Eca. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pince you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eca. And leave you your jealousies too, I
pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and
dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so

gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with
a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of

frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of
toasted cheese.

Eca. Seese is not good to give putter; you
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters

of English? This is enough to be the decay
of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think,
though we would have thrust virtue out of our

hearts by the head and shoulders, and have
given ourselves without scruple to hell, that

• Horns which Falstaff had.

† A fool's cap of Welsh materials.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

made you our de-

ing? a bag of flax?

and of intolerable

nderous as Satan?

is wife?

ations, and to ta-

and metheglins,

ings, and starings,

me: you have the

I am not able to

ignorance itself is

as you will.

ing you to Windsor,

to have cozened of

have been a pan-

ou have suffered,

will be a biting

et, let that go to

I'll all be friends.

nd, all's forgiven

ght. thou shalt eat

sc; where I will

se, that now laughs

nder hath married

nt that: If Anne

e, by this, doctor

[*Aside.*

er.

er Page.

ow now, son? have

make the best in

; would I were

ton to marry mis-

s a great lubberly

e church, I would

ould have swung

at had been Anne

er stir, and 'tis a

ou took the wrong.

me that? I think

a girl: If I had

he was in woman's

ad him.

own folly: Did not

know my daughter

te, and cried mum,

ne and I had ap-

Anne, but a post-

er, cannot you see

heart: What shall I

Mrs. Page. Good George, knew of your purpose; turn into green; and, indeed, she doctor at the deanery, and th

Enter CAIUS

Caius. Vere is mistress Pa cozened; I ha' married me / *poem*, by gar, a boy; it is n / gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did / green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 't / I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: W / right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives / master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and A

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father / pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how / not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went yo / doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze* her / of it.

You would have married he / Where there was no propri / The truth is, She and I, loz / Are now so sure, that nothi / The offence is holy, that she / And this deceit loses the na / Of disobedience, or undutec / Since therein she doth evita / A thousand irreligious curc / Which forced marriage we / upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: / dy:—

In love, the heavens theme / state;

Money buys lands, and wiv / *Fal.* I am glad, though / special stand to strike at m / hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy / give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, / *Fal.* When night-dogs run / are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and / wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will / Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, ma / Good husband, let us every / And laugh this sport o'er by / Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir J / To master Brook you yet sh / For he, to-night, shall lie w

* Confound her by your questio

THE
T W E L F T H N I G H T;
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OMINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a Young Gentleman, Brother to
Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the
CURIO, } Duke.
SIR TONY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGON-CHIEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
CLOWN, }
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,
and other Attendants.
SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast
near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE's
Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, LORDS; *Musicians*
attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no
more;

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity* and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.†

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be ad-
mitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,‡
Shall not behold her face at ample view;

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
And lasting, in her sad remembrance. [fresh,
Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd,

(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with
bowers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Sea Coast.

Enter VIOLA, CAPTAIN, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think
you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance,
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with
you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the
practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

TH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT I

with the waves,
ld
my hope,
authority,
this country?
was bred and
very place.

my father name
(him:

month
'twas fresh
great ones do,
did seek

daughter of a
[ing her
ce, then leav-
brother,
dear love,
company

the world,
sion mellow,

ass;
of suit,

in thee, cap-

beauteous wall
at thee
that suits
character.

ounteously,
my aid
all become
ve this duke;
much to him,
I can sing,
of music,
his service.
I'll commit;
my wit.

your mute I'll
[see!
t mine eyes not
on. [Exeunt.

AVIA'S House.

d MARIA.

is my niece, to
us? I am sure,

u must come in
my lady, takes

rs.
fore excepted.
onfine yourself

myself no finer
and enough to
too; an they
s in their own

king will undo

you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and
of a foolish knight, that you brought in one
night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall* a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year.

Mar. Aye, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o'
the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;
and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to
allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent, he would quickly have the
gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels,
and substractors, that say so of him. Who are
they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece;
I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage
in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a
coward and a coystil,† that will not drink to
my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a
parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;
for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire bet-
ter acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the meaning of
accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew
'would you might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would
I might never draw sword again. Fair lady
do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; an
here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you
bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let
drink.

Sir And. Wherefore sweet heart? what
your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such a
ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what
your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir; I have them at my finger
ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I'm
barren. [Exit Mar.

* Stout.

† Keystil, a bastard hawk.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hang's like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever be he, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.* What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferently well in a flame-coloured stock.† Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours to-

wards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendances, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all, I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait* unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds. Rather than make unprofitable returns.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it, For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say, thou art a man. Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair: — Some four, or five, attend him, All, if you will, for I myself am best, When least in company: — Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best, To woo your lady. yet, [Aside.] a barful† strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA, and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hunged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten‡ answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent: or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

* Go thy way.

• *Caper, pass, the name of a dance.*

† *Stocking*

‡ *Full of impediments.*

‡ *Short and spare.*

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT I.]

prevents a bad
day, let summer
am resolved on
other will hold;
fall.
apt! Well, go
leave drinking,
e's flesh as any
more o' that;
excuse wisely,
[Exit.

MALVOLIO.
put me into good
they have thee,
that am sure I
man: For what
itty fool, than a
lady!
s? Take away
I'll no more of
ust.
that drink and
give the dry fool
had the dishon-
mend, he is no
let the botcher
mended, is but
sses, is but pat-
amends, is but
his simple syllo-
ent, What rem-
but calamity,
ade take away
take her away.
ay you.
degree!—Lady,
that's as much as
y brain. Good
ve you a fool.

onna.
or it, madonna;
wer me.
other idleness,
ourn't thou?
er's death.
e I, madonna.
eaven, fool.
onna, to mourn
u heaven.—Take

fool, Malvolio?
all the pangs of
that decays the
er fool.
speedy infirmity,
olly! Sir Toby
ox; but he will
nce that you are
Malvolio?
takes delight in
im put down the
fool, that has no

the hose or beeches.
me.

more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged, I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies."

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,† that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,‡ for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [Exit MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit MALVOLIO.] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pis mater*.§

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit CLOWN.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

* Fools' baubles. † Short arrows. ‡ Lying.
§ The cover of the brain.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Ob. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Ob. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Ob. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before he a pease-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Ob. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Ob. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vi. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Ob. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vi. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn: I am very comptible,* even to the least sinister usage.

Ob. Whence came you, Sir?

Vi. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Ob. Are you a comedian?

Vi. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Ob. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vi. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Ob. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vi. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Ob. It is the more likely to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ob. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lies your way.

Vi. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a while longer.—Some mollification for your guest, sweet lady.

Ob. Tell me your mind.

Vi. I am a messenger.

Ob. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vi. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Ob. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vi. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Ob. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit MARIA.] Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vi. Most sweet lady,—

Ob. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vi. In Orsino's bosom.

Ob. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vi. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Ob. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vi. Good madam, let me see your face.

Ob. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one as I was this present:† is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vi. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ob. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vi. 'Tis beauty truly blent,‡ whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Ob. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventori'd, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vi. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were The nonpareil of beauty! {crown'd

Ob. How does he love me?

Vi. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Ob. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd,‡ free, learn'd, and valiant,

And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vi. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

* Accountable.

† It appears from several parts of this play that the original version of Maria was very short.

‡ Presents.

† Blended, mixed together.

‡ Well spoken of by the world.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons* of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post,† lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.*—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and
spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:‡—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's§ man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not
owe;¶

What is decreed, must be; and be this so!
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine
darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate
might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I
shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear
my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for
your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you
are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you

so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will
not extort from me what I am willing to keep
in; therefore it charges me in manners the ra-
ther to express* myself. You must know of
me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which
I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebas-
tian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have
heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a
sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens
had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but,
you, Sir, altered that; for, some hour before
you took me from the breach of the sea, was
my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted
beautiful: but, though I could not, with such
estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus
far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind
that envy could not but call fair: she is
drowned already, Sir, with salt water, though
I seem to drown her remembrance again with
more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertain-
ment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trou-
ble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, de-
sire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom
is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the
manners of my mother, that upon the least oc-
casion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I
am bound to the count Orsino's court: fare-
well. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with
thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the count-
ess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I
have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you
might have saved me my pains, to have taken
it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you
should put your lord into a desperate assur-
ance she will none of him: And one thing
more; that you be never so hardly to come
again in his affairs, unless it be to report your
lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to
her; and her will is, it should be so returned:
if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your
eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means
this lady? [her]

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd
She made good view of me; indeed, so much.
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,) [Reveal

* Cantos, verses.

† Messenger.

‡ Count.

§ Echoing.

¶ Proclamation of gentility.

‡ Own, possess.

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant * enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false !
In women's waten hearts to set their forms !
Alas, our frailty is the cause not we ;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fudge ? My master loves her
dearly ;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :
What will become of this ! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love ;
As I am woman, now alas the day !
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe ?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be
a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes ; and
dilecto surgere, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but
I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an
unfilled can : To be up after midnight, and to
go to bed then, is early ; so that, to go to bed
after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do
not our lives consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. Faith, as they say ; but, I think,
it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar ; let us therefore
eat and drink.—Marian, I say !—a stoop of
wine !

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Cl. How now, my hearts ? Did you never
see the picture of us three ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a
catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excel-
lent breast. I had rather than forty shillings
had such a leg ; and so sweet a breath to
smell, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in
very gracious fooling last night, when thou
spokest of Picrogramitus, of the Vapians pass-
ing the equinoctial of Quesubus ; 'twas very
good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy le-
mon. Hadst it ?

Cl. I did impetuous thy gratility ; ** for Mal-
volio's nose is no whipstock : My lady has a
white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-
able houses.

Sir And. Excellent ; Why, this is the best
fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you :
let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one
might give a——

Cl. Would you have a love-song, or a song
of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Cl. O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

* Dextrous, ready hand. † False deceiver. ‡ Suit.
§ Legermaine is. || Voice. ¶ Mistress.
** I did impetuous thy gratuity.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Cl. What is love ? * do not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come, is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true
knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in
contagion. But shall we make the walking
dance * indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl
in a catch, that will draw three souls out of
one weaver ? shall we do that ?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't : I am
dog at a catch.

Cl. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch
well.

Sir And. Most certain : let our catch be, *Thou
knavest*.

Cl. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight ! I
shall be constrain'd i't to call thee knave,
knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have con-
strain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool ; it
begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Cl. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith ! Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep
here ! If my lady have not called up her stew-
ard, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of
doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, † we are poli-
ticians ; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, ‡ and
Three merry men we be. Am not I consangu-
neous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilly-valley, §
lady ! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !
[Singing.]

Cl. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable
fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be
disposed, and so do I too ; he does it with a
better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,——

[Singing.]

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad ? or what are
you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty,
but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ?
Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house,
that ye squeak out your coziers || catches with-
out any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there
no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you ?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catch-
es. Sneak up ! ¶

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you.
My lady bade me tell you, that, though she
harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing al-
lied to your disorders. If you can separate
yourself and your misdemeanors, you are wel-
come to the house ; if not, an it would please
you to take leave of her, she is very willing to
bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs
be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

* Drink till the sky turns round. † Romance.

‡ Name of an old song.

§ Equivalent to *tilly-folly, shilly-shally*.

|| Coblers.

¶ Hang yourself.

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT II.]

are almost done.

you.

[Singing.

and spare not?

re not.

he.—Art any
thou think, be-
shall be no more

and ginger shall

Go, Sir, rub
stoop of wine,

prized my lady's
contempt, you
uncivil rule;†
and. [Exit.

ed as to drink
lunge him to the
se with him, and

rate thee a chal-
nation to him by

ant for to-night;
was to-day with
out. For mon-
th him: if I do
and make him
ank I have wit-
ed: I know, I

as; tell us some-

he is a kind of

t, I'd beat him

uritan† thy ex-

reason for't, but

at he is, or any
ear; an affec-
out book, and
best persuaded
inks, with ex-
of faith, that
and on that
notable cause

some obscure
colour of his
manner of his
forehead, and
most feeling-
like my lady
we can hard-

device.

he letters that
from my niece,

horse of that

† Method of M^r.
Affected

Sir And. And your horse now would make
him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know,
my physic will work with him. I will plant
you two, and let the fool make a third, where
he shall find the letter; observe his construc-
tion of it. For this night, to bed, and dream
on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.*

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one
that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst
need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am
a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast
her not i'the end, call me Cut.†

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it
how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack,
'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight;
come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good
morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship,
that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Febo, the jester, my lord; a fool, that
the lady Olivia's father took much delight in:
he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the
while. [Exit CURIO.—Music.

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: [eye
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine
Hath stay'd upon some favour; that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What
years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the
woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

* Amazon.

† Horse.

‡ Courtship.

For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—

Mark it, Curio ; it is old, and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones,*

Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,†
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.‡

Cla. Are you ready, Sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

Song.

Cla. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Cla. No pains, Sir ; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Cla. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid,
one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Cla. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.§—I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be every thing, and their
intent every where ; for that's it, that always
makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit CLOWN.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Excunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks|| her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, Sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; Must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can hide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in
thought ;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but, in-
deed,

[*prove*
Our shows are more than will ; for still we
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
house,

[*not :—*
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.*

[*Excunt.*

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of
this sport, let me be boiled to death with mel-
ancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he
brought me out of favour with my lady, about
a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear
again ; and we will fool him black and blue :—
Shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How
now, my nettle of India ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree :
Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has
been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to
his own shadow, this half hour : observe him,
for the love of mockery ; for, I know, this let-
ter will make a contemplative ideot of him.
Close, in the name of jesting ! [*The men hide
themselves.*] Lie thou there ; [*throws down a
letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be
caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria
once told me, she did affect me : and I have
heard herself come thus near, that, should she
fancy,† it should be one of my complexion.
Besides, she uses me with a more exalted re-

* Lace makers.

† Simple truth.

‡ Tunes of simplicity.

|| A precious stone of all colours. // Dricks.

* Denial.

† Love.

FIFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT II.]

follows her. What

ning rogue!
tion makes a rare
jets* under his

beat the rogue:—

,

him.

, the lady of the
t the wardrobe.

deeply in; look,

onths married to

to hit him in the

about me, in my
ng come from a
sleeping:

humour of state:
regard,—telling
ould they should
man Toby:

e' now, now.

with an obedient
rown the while;
watch, or play
ly approaches;

?

drawn from us

im thus, quench-

ustere regard of

take you a blow

in fortunes having

this prerogative of

drunkenness.

break the sinews

treasure of your

ant you.

or many do call

o we here?

ng up the letter.

ear the gin.

urt of humours

ny lady's hand:

s, and her T's;

at P's. It is, in

and her T's:

en beloved, this,

y phrases!—By

the impressure

ses to seal: 'tis

is be?

ff him up.

ouch.

Fab. Thus wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the num-
bers altered!—No man must know:—If this
should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!*

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay,
but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed
him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniest
checks; at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why,
she may command me; I serve her, she is my
lady. Why, this is evident to any formal ca-
pacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And
the end,—What should that alphabetical posi-
tion portend? if I could make that resemble
something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at
a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter† will cry upon't, for all this,
though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M, Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins
my name.*

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out?
the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.*—But then there is no consonancy
in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A
should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him
cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind;

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you,
you might see more detraction at your heels,
than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I.*—This simulation is not as
the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it
would bow to me, for every one of these letters
are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—
*If this fall into thy hand, revoke. In my stars I
am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness:
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates
open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace
them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like
to be, cast thy humble slough,|| and appear fresh.
Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;
let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy-
self into the trick of singularity: She thus advises
thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who com-
mended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see
thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go
to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not,
let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of ser-
vants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers.
Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.*

The fortunate-unhappy.
Day-light and champion¶ discovers not more:
this is open. I will be proud, I will read po-
litic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash
off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-
vice,** the very man. I do not now fool my-
self, to let imagination jade me; for every

* Badger.

† Hawk.

‡ Fly at it.

§ Name of a brand.

¶ Open country.

|| Skin of a snake.

** Utmost exactness.

reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the confusion of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. Thou shalt not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smile becomes thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee. Jove, I thank thee—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the treasury.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at trayling,* and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the plot, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and in a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king liest by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by the tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril; glove to a good ear. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus* of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir. I will construe to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard,† check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art. For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHIEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir. I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

* A boy's diversion story and trip. † Dulle. ‡ Kid.

* See the play of Troilus and Cressida. † A hawk not well trained. ‡ bounding, strutting.

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT III

put them to mo-

erstand me, Sir,
mean by bidding

to enter.
with gait and en-

MARIA.

lady, the heavens

the courtier! *Razia*

ce, lady, but to
vouchsafed ear.
and vouchsafed:—

shut, and leave

NEW, and MARIA.

most humble

ant's name, fair

was never merry

d compliment:

Oursine, youth.

s must needs be

servant, madam.

on him: for his

[me]

er than fill'd with

et your gentle

[thoughts]

ay you;

f him:

ther suit,

t that,

ech you: I did

u did here,

I abuse

ar me, you:

must I sit,

ful cunning,

rs: What might

at the stake,

uzzled thoughts

ink? To one of

ot a bosom,

hear you speak.

s a vulgar proof,

is time to smile

to be proud!

much the better

wolf?

[Clock strikes.

waste of time.—

I not have you:

is come to har-

per man:

on

f Step.

Vio. Then westward-hoe: [ship.
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your lady-
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oh. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what

you are.

Oh. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I

am.

Oh. I would, you were as I would have you

be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oh. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is

noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre^o all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is

better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oh. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps,

may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA's house.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-

CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy

reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir

Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more

favours to the count's serving man, than ever

she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy?

tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in

her toward you.

Sir And. 'Blight! will you make an ass o'

me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the

oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,

since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in

your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake

your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart,

and brimstone in your liver: You should then

have accosted her; and with some excellent

jeat, fire-new from the mint, you should have

banged the youth into dumbness. This was

looked for at your hand, and this was baulked:

the double gift of this opportunity you let time

wash off, and you are now sailed into the north

of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like

an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do

redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of

valour, or policy.

o In spite of

be any way, it must be with
I hate: I had as lief be a
politician.

men, build me thy fortunes up-
valour. Challenge me the
fight with him; hurt him in
piece shall take note of it:
if, there is no love-broker in
re prevail in man's commen-
in, than report of valour.

so way but this, Sir Andrew.
either of you hear me a chal-

ite it in a martial hand; be
it is no matter how witty, so
d full of invention. taunt him
of ink: if thou show'st him
all not be amiss; and as many
thy sheet of paper, although
enough for the bed of Ware;
in down; go, about it. Let
gh in thy ink; though thou
pen, no matter. About it,
shall I find you?

all thee at the *cubiculo*: & Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.
manakin to you, Sir Toby.
likes dear to him, lad; some
ing, or so.

have a rare letter from him:
for it.

trust me then; and by all
youth to an answer. I think,
poor cannot hale them toge-
ter, if he were opened, and
blood in his liver as will clog
'll eat the rest of the anatomy.
opposite, the youth, bears in
at presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

where the youngest wren of

sire the spleen, and will laugh
fitches, follow me. you' gull
d beathen, a very renegade;
ristian, that means to be sav-
aghtly, can ever believe such
ges of grossness. He's in

was-gartered?

anously; like a pedant that
'the church. I have dogged
orderer. He does obey every
that I dropped to betray him.
a face into more lines, than are
with the augmentation of the
not seen such a thing as 'tis;
ear hurling things at him. I
ill strike him, if she do, he'll
for a great favour.

bring us, bring us where he is
[Exit]

IE III.—A Street.

TOKIO and SEBASTIAN.

ot, by my will, have troubled
you make your pleasure of
I no further chide you.

stay behind you, my desire,
fled steel, did spur me forth;
to see you, (though so much,
awn one to a longer voyage,)

seen Elizabeth's reign. † Crabbed.
which held forty persons
) Waggon ropes.

But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stran-
ger,

Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,* as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to-night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, gainst the count his gal-
lies,

I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be an-
swer'd. [people.]

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody na-
ture;

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's
my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eyes shall light upon some
toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
An hour. [for]

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says, he'll
come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my for-
tunes,—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile; your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;

* Wealth. † Caught. ‡ Grave and demure.

ELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ted in his wits.

I'm as mad as he,
equal be.—

VOLIO.

(Smiles fantastically.)

occasion.

he sad: This does
the blood, this cross-
that, if it please the
the very true son-
se all.

u, man! what is the

und, though yellow
his hands, and com-
I think, we do know

Malvolio?

heart; and I'll come

Why dost thou smile

it?

olio!

Yes; Nightingales

with this ridiculous

atness.—'Twas well

by that, Malvolio?

—

cess,—

eatness thrust upon

—

commended thy yellow

es?

the cross-gartered.

le, if thou desirest to

e a servant still.

lsuamer madness.†

nt

gentleman of the

I could hardly en-

ads your ladyship's

at Servant.] Good

oked to. Where's

of my people have

ould not have him

lowry.

OLIVIA and MARIA.

me near me now?

to look to me? This

etter? she sends him

ar stubborn to him;

the letter. Cast

be opposite with a

let thy tongue tang

ut thyself into the

consequently, sets

a sad face, a reve-

ne, in the habit of

orth. I have limed

g, and Jove make

o went away now,

Hot weather madness.

ore.

Let this fellow be looked to: F
volio, nor after my degree, b
every thing adheres together
a scruple, no scruple of a scr
no incredulous or unsafe circ
can be said? Nothing, than
between me and the full pros
Well, Jove, not I, is the do
is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir T
FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he
sanctity? If all the devils in
little, and Legion himself pos
speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is
you, Sir? how is't with you,

Mal. Go off; I discard y
my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the
in him! did not I tell you?—
prays you to have a care of h

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so!

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace
deal gently with him; let me

you, Malvolio? how is't with
defy the devil: consider, f
mankind.

Mal. Do you know what y

Mar. La you, an you speal
how he takes it at heart! Pri
bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the

Mar. Marry, and it shall b
morning, if I live. My lady

him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy
the way: Do you not see, y
me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness
the fiend is rough, and will no

Sir To. Why, how now, my
dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come
man! 'tis not for gravity to p
with Satan: Hang him, foul

Mar. Get him to say his p
Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, b
godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves
shallow things: I am not of y
shall know more hereafter.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played w
I could condemn it as an imp

Sir To. His very genius b
fection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now
take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make t

Mar. The house will be the

Sir To. Come, we'll have hi
and bound. My niece is a

that he is mad; we may carr
pleasure, and his penance, t

lume, tired out of breath, pr
mercy on him: at which tim

the device to the bar, and

finder of madmen. But see,!

† Companion.

† Jolly

† A play among boys.

† Colliers were accounted great che

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

More matter for a May-morning.
 Here's the challenge, read it; I
 there's vinegar and pepper in't.
 Is't so saucy?

Al. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but

Give me. (*Reads.*) Youth, whatsoever
 thou art but a scurvy fellow.
 Good, and valiant.

Wonder not, nor admire not in thy
 I do call thee so, for I will show thee
 I for't.

A good note: that keeps you from the
 the law.

Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in
 she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in
 that is not the matter I challenge thee

very brief, and exceeding good sense-

I will way-lay thee going home; where
 chance to kill me,—
 I find.

Thou killest me like a rogar and a vil-

lain you keep o'the windy side of the
 hill.

Fare thee well: And God have mercy
 of our souls! He may have mercy upon
 if my hope is better, and so look to thy-
 friend, as thou usest him, and thy
 my. ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs
 I'll give't him.

you may have very fit occasion for't,
 in some commerce with my lady,
 by and by depart.

Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at
 of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff.
 ever thou usest him, draw, and, as
 rest, swear horrible, for it comes to
 that a terrible oath, with a swagger-
 sharply twanged off, gives manhood
 robation than ever proof itself would
 sed him. Away.

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.

Now will not I deliver his letter: for
 vious of the young gentleman gives
 to be of good capacity and breeding;
 riment between his lord and my niece
 no less, therefore this letter, being so
 ly ignorant, will breed no terror in
 i, he will find it comes from a clod-
 st, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by
 mouth; set upon Ague cheek a nota-
 t of valour; and drive the gentleman,
 ow, his youth will aptly receive it,
 at hideous opinion of his rage, skill,
 I impetuosity. This will so fright
 a, that they will kill one another by
 like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Here he comes with your niece give
 y, till he take leave, and presently

I will meditate the while upon some
 revenge for a challenge.

Enter Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.
 have said too much unto a heart of
 stone,
 mine honour too uncharity* out.

* Uncharitably.

There's something in me, that reproves my fault,
 But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
 That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'baviour that your pas-
 sion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oh. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my
 picture,

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you.
 And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,
 That honour, say'd, may upon asking give?

I'w. Nothing but this, your true love for my
 master.

Oh. How with mine honour may I give him
 Which I have given to you? [that

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oh. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee
 well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.
 [Exit.

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee
 to't. of what nature the wrongs are thou hast
 done him, I know not; but thy interceper, full
 of despatch, bloody as the hunter, attends thee
 at the orchard end: dismount thy tack,* be
 yare† in thy preparation, for thy assailant is
 quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man
 hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is
 very free and clear from any image of offence
 done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you.
 therefore, if you hold your life at any price,
 betake you to your guard, for your opposite
 hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and
 wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked
 rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is
 a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath
 he divorced three, and his incensement at this
 moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can
 be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre:
 hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take t.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and
 desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.
 I have heard of some kind of men, that put
 quarrels purposely on others, to taste their
 valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.†

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself
 out of a very competent injury, therefore, get
 you on, and give him his desire. Back you
 shall not to the house, unless you undertake
 that with me, which with as much safety you
 might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your
 sword stark naked, for meedle you must,
 that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about
 you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech
 you, do me this courteous office, as to know
 of the knight what my offence to him is; it is
 something of my negligence, nothing of my
 purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you
 by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit Sir TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this
 matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against

* Rapier

† Ready

‡ Quirk.

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT III.]

...nt; * but nothing
...anner of man is

...ful promise, to
...are like to find
He is, indeed,
...and fatal oppo-
...ave found in any
...towards him? I
...if I can.
...to you for't: I
...with air priest,
...knows so much
[Exeunt.]

...ANDREW.
...devil; I have
...pass with him,
...he gives me the
...tion, that it is
...he pays you
...ound they step
...er to the Sophy.
...eddle with him.
...ow he pacified
...ger.
...thought he had
...tence, I'd have
...hallenged him.
...I'll give him
...Stand here,
...ill end without
...I'll ride your
[Aside.]

...OLA.
...ke up the quar-
...outh's a devil.
...d] of him; and
...war were at his
...; he will fight
...y, he hath bet-
...and he finds
...ng of. there-
...of his vow; he

A little thing
...much I lack of
[Aside.]
...him furious.
...ere's no reme-
...honour's sake,
...cannot by the
...omised me, as
...he will not hurt
...his oath!

[Draws.]
...inst my will.
[Draws.]
...If this young
...ult on me;
...you.
[Drawing.]
...are you?
...dares yet do

...you he will.
+ Adversary.
Does for you.
+ Laws of duet.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter two OFFICERS.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.]

Vio. Pray, Sir, put up your sword, if you please. [To Sir ANDREW.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well, [head.—

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present

Out of my lean and low ability [trouble, I'll lend you something: my having is not

much; I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that

you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which, methought, did pro-

mise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by;

away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this

god!— [shame.—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd* by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exeunt OFFICERS, with ANTONIO.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such pas-

sion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

* Ornamented.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vin. His nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;* even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in
love! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty ap-
pears, in leaving his friend here in necessity,
and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, re-
ligious in it.

Sir And. 'Shid, I'll after him again, and beat
him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. Am I do not,— [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be no-
thing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am
not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not
know you; nor I am not sent to you by my
lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your
name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my
use neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent† thy folly somewhere
Thou know'st not me. [else;

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word
of some great man, and now applies it to a
fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great
lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I
pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell
me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent
to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from
me;

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—
These wise men, that give fools money, get
themselves a good report after fourteen years'
purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, Sir; have I met you again?
there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there:

Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger
o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another
way to work with him; I'll have an action of
battery against him, if there be any law in Il-

lyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no
matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go.
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron:
you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st
thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[Draws.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have
an ounce or two of this malapert blood from
you. [Draws.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee,
hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my
sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby,* be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent†
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,‡ that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but
go;

Do not deny: Besbrow§ his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the
stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst
be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mur. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir
Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir
Toby the whilst. [Exit MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissem-
ble|| myself in't; and I would I were the first
that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am
not fat enough to become the function well;
nor lean enough to be thought a good student:
but to be said, an honest man and a good
housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful
man, and a great scholar. The competitors¶
enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old
hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink,
very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc,
That, that is, is: so I, being master parson, am
master parson; For what is that, but that?
and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. [In an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit
Malvolio the lunatic.

* Rude fellow.

† Violence.

‡ Made up.

§ Ill betide.

|| Disguise.

¶ Confederates.

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

good Sir Topas,

how vexest thou
but of ladies?

reason.

thus wronged:

I am mad; they

darkness.

than! I call thee

I am one of those

evil himself with

use is dark?

ows* transparent

stones towards

as ebony; and

action?

as; I say to you,

I say, there is

in which thou art

mans in their fog.

as dark as igno-

as dark as hell;

on thus abused: I

, make the trial

Pythagoras, con-

grandam might

his opinion?

soul, and no way

ain thou still in

opinion of Py-

by wits; and fear

sposess the soul

ell.

Sir Topas!

ers †

one this without

thee not.

voice, and bring

in I would, we

If he may be

ld he were; for I

my niece, that I

this sport to the

ny chamber.

day and MARIA.

does. *[Singing.*

ly.

o calls, ha?

ou wilt deserve

candle, and pen,

gentleman, I will

t.

besides your five

man so notori-

an my wits, fool,

are mad, indeed,

ts than a fool.

ertied me, keep

ay conversation.

Topas.

a passion of.

me in darkness, send minister
and do all they can to face
wits.

Clo. Advise you what you
is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, t
vens restore! endeavour thyself
leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with
low.—Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir.
good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen
will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient.

Sir? I am about* for speaking

Mal. Good fool, help me to

some paper; I tell thee, I am

wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you

Mal. By this hand, I am: C

ink, paper, and light, and con

set down to my lady; it shall

more than ever the bearing of I

Clo. I will help you to't. I

are you not mad indeed? or d

terfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not;

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe

I see his brains. I will fetch

paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in

gree: I pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir.

And anon, Sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice;

Like to the old rice,†

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of law

In his rage and his sword

Cries, ah, ha! to the

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, Goodman drit

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. This is the air; that is t
This pearl she gave me, I do f
And though 'tis wonder that er
Yet 'tis not madness. Where?
I could not find him at the Ele
Yet there he was; and there I fo
That he did range the town to
His counsel now might do me
For though my soul disputes
sense,

That this may be some error, b
Yet doth this accident and flood
So far exceed all instance, all
That I am ready to distrust mi
And wrangle with my reason,
To any other trust,‡ but that I
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if
She could not sway her house
followers,¶

Take, and give back, affairs,
patch,

With such a smooth, discreet,
As, I perceive, she does: there's
That is deceivable. But here

* Secluded, reprimanded.
† A buffoon character in the old p
the modern harlequin.
‡ Account. § Remains. ¶ Sides

Enter OLIVIA and a Painter.

OL. Bless not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the country^{*} by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Flight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall counsel it,
Whom you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

AN. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OL. Then lead the way, good father;—And
heaven so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

FAB. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CL. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

FAB. Any thing.

CL. Do not desire to see this letter.

FAB. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

DUKE. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

CL. Ay, Sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

CL. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CL. No, Sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CL. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CL. By my troth, Sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

CL. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CL. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

CL. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CL. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty, till

I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit CLOWN.

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

VIO. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A hawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful^{*} grapple did he make With the most noble bottoms of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of him, Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I OF. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her freight,[†] from Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble Sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

* Little chapel.

† Until

* Mischievous.

† Freight.

THE NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. [ACT V

Unceable?—
use with me.

Cesario?—Good
my duty hushes

tune, my lord,
ne ear,

ess? you uncivil

scious altars
gs hath breath'd

What shall I do?
lord, that shall

ad I the heart to

point of death,
rousy, [this:

But hear me
past my faith,

strument

place in your

tyrant, still,
I know, you

[dearly,
wear, I tender

el eye,
master's spite.—

ghts are ripe in

love,
a dove. [Going.

ot, and willingly.
aths would die.

[Following.

more than my life.
I shall love wife;

love,
my love!

am I beguil'd?
who does do you

myself! Is it so
ber.

rit an Attendant.
[To VIOLA.

Cesario, husband,
that deny!

of thy fear,
propriety:†

rtunes up;
and then thou

[father!
—O, welcome,

PRIEST.

reverence,
we intended

ason now
thou dost know,

youth and me.

own thy property.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave,

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oh, O, do not swear; [fear.

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much

Enter Sir ANDREW AGRE-CHEEK, with his head
broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon;
send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oh. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for

the love of God, your help: I had rather than
forty pounds, I were at home.

Oh. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesa-
rio: we took him for a coward, but he's the

very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario!

Sir And. Od's lifelings here he is:—You
broke my head for nothing; and that that I

did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt
you: You drew your sword upon me, without

cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you
not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a

bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the
CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he

would have tickled you othergates† than he
did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with
you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and
there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick sur-
geon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his
eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-
measure, or a pavin,‡ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oh. Away with him: Who hath made this
havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a
coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a
gull?

Oh. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd
to.

[Exit CLOWN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

* Skia. † Otherways. ‡ Serious dances.

the brother of my blood,
no less, with wit, and safety.
age regard upon me, and
move it hath offended you;
at one, even for the vows
ther but so late ago.

is, one voice, one habit, and
one;

ative, that is, and is not.

O my dear Antonio!

was rack'd and tortur'd me,
there.

are you?

on that, Antonio?

you made division of your-

two, is not more twin
atures. Which is Sebastian?
derful!

id there? I never had a bro-

that deity in my nature,

where. I had a sister,

waves and surges have de-

kin are you to me?

[To VIOLA.

me? what name? what paren-

me: Sebastian was my father;

was my brother too,

to his watery tomb:

same both form and suit

fit us.

am, indeed;

imension grossly clad.

tomb I did participate,

an, as the rest goes even,

let fall upon your cheek,

welcome, drowned Viola!

had a mole upon his brow.

ad mine.

that day when Viola from her

irteen years.

cord is lively in my soul!

ed, his mortal act,

de my sister thirteen years.

lets to make us happy both,

mine usurp'd attire,

ne, till each circumstance

fortune, do cohere, and jump,

: which to confirm,

a captain in this town,

iden weeds; by whose gentle

to serve this noble count

so of my fortune since

en this lady, and this lord.

it, lady, you have been mis-

[To OLIVIA.

r bias drew in that.

been contracted to a maid;

ein, by my life, deceiv'd,

id both to a maid and man.

amaz'd; right noble is his

ret the glass seems true,

e in this most happy wreck:

id to me a thousand times,

[To VIOLA.

ld'st love woman like to me.

those sayings will I over-

earings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on
shore,

Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some
action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oh. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio
hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may
do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should
have given it you to-day morning; but as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills
not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the
fool delivers the madman:—By the lord, mad-

am.—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness:
an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,
you must allow ear.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,† my
princess, and give ear.

Oh. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.

Fab. [Reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken
cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my
senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own
letter that induced me to the semblance I put on;
with the which I doubt not but to do myself much
right, or you much shame. Think of me as you
please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oh. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him
hither. [Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please
you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer.—

Your master quits you; [To VIOLA.] and, for
your service done him,

So much against the mettle† of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

THE TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

He done me wrong,

no.

Pray you, peruse that

it is your hand,

in hand, or phrase;

nor your invention:

Well, grant it then,

sty of honour,

such clear lights of

[you,

and cross-garter'd to

gs, and to frown

lighter" people:

edient hope,

he to be imprison'd,

sited by the priest,

rious geck,† and gull,

d on? tell me why.

is not my writing,

like the character:

Maria's hand.

e, it was she

mad; then can't in

here were presuppos'd

Pr'ythee, be content:

shrewdly pass'd upon

grounds and authors

plaintiff and the judge

ar me speak;

no brawl to come,

is present hour,

In hope it shall not,

self, and Toby,

Salvolbo here,

uncourteous parts

at him: Maria writ

great importance;†

he hath married her.

ice it was follow'd,

ghter than revenge;

stly weigh'd,

past.

† Impertunacy.

Old. Alas, poor fool! how I
thee!

Clo. Why, some are born g
greatness, and some have g
them. I was one, Sir, in thi
Sir Topas, Sir; but that's
Lord, fool, I am not mad;—B
ber? Madam, why laugh you
rascal? an you smile not, he's g
the whirligig of time brings
Mal. I'll be revenged on t
you.

Old. He hath been most no
Duke. Pursue him, and
peace:—

He hath not told us of the ca
When that is known and golde
A solemn combination shall b
Of our dear souls—Mean tim
We will not part from hence.
For so you shall be, while yo
But, when in other habits you
Orsino's mistress, and his fan

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a lid
With hey, ho, the wind
A foolish thing was but a
For the rain it raineth e
But when I came to man's
With hey, ho, the wind
'Gainst knave and thief so
For the rain it raineth e
But when I came, alas! t
With hey, ho, the wind
By swaggering could I no
For the rain it raineth e
But when I came unto my
With hey, ho, the wind
With toss-pots still had dr
For the rain it raineth e
A great while ago the wor
With hey, ho, the wind
But that's all one, our play
And we'll strive to please

• Chorus.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of Naples.
 Brother.
 rightful Duke of Milan.
 Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
 son to the King of Naples.
 wisest old Counsellor of Naples.
 Lords.
 page and deformed Slave.
 Master.
 drunken Butler.
 Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an Airy Spirit.

IRIS,
 CERES,
 JUNO,
 NYMPHS,
 REAPERS, } Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO.

SCENE, the Sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

with Thunder and Lightning.

PROSPERO and a BOATSWAIN.

Boatswain,—

PROSPERO. Master: what cheer?

BOATSWAIN. Speak to the mariners: fall
 we run ourselves aground: be-
 [Exit.

Enter MARINERS.

MARINERS. Hail, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly,
 we'll work; we'll work. Take in the top-sail;
 master's whistle.—Blow, till thou
 art, if room enough!

PROSPERO. SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,
 GONZALO, and others.

BOATSWAIN. Have care. Where's
 the men?

PROSPERO. Now, keep below.

BOATSWAIN. Is the master, boatswain?

PROSPERO. You not hear him? You mar our
 your cabins: you do assist the

good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN. In the sea is. Hence! What care
 for the name of king? To cabin:
 we'll not go.

PROSPERO. Yet remember whom thou hast

so that I more love than myself.
 Counsellor, if you can command
 us to silence, and work the peace
 of us, we will not hand a rope more,
 nor city. If you cannot, give thanks
 for us so long, and make yourself
 a cabin for the mischance of the
 ship.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out
 say. [Exit.

PROSPERO. A great comfort from this fellow:
 hath no drowning mark upon

him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand
 fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope
 of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little
 advantage! If he be not born to be hanged,
 our case is miserable. [Exit.

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN. Down with the top-mast; yare; low-
 er, lower; bring her to try with main course.
 [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling!
 they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

SEBASTIAN. Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give
 o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

ANTONIO. A pox o' your throat! you bawling,
 blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN. Work you, then.

SEBASTIAN. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insol-
 ent house-maker, we are less afraid to be
 drowned than thou art.

GONZALO. I'll warrant him from drowning; though
 the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and
 as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two
 courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter MARINERS wet.

MARINERS. Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all
 lost! [Exit.

BOATSWAIN. What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO. The king and prince at prayers! let us
 assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN. I am out of patience.

ANTONIO. We are merely cheated of our lives by
 drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal;—'Would, thou
 might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
 And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.]

† Present instant

* Incontinent

† Absolutely.

THE TEMPEST.

split! Farewell,
Farewell, brother!—

be king. [Exit.
[Exit.
thousand furlongs
ground; long
The wills above
a dry death.
[Exit.
before the Cell of

MIRANDA.
Dearest father, you

near, allay them:
our down stinking
[cheek,
to the welkin's
ve suffer'd
a brave vessel,
creatures in her,
cry did knock
Poor souls! they

er, I would
earth, or e'er
swallowed, and
her.

our piteous heart,

care of thee, (who
ce, my daughter!)
t, nought knowing
an more better
full poor cell,

thoughts.

Lend thy hand,
nt from me.—So;
y down his mantle.
u thine eyes; have
[touch'd
he wreck, which
in thee
mine art
is no soul—
s an hair,
vessel,
hich thou saw'st

ther.

but stopp'd
quisition;

pe thine ear;
st thou remember
this cell?
or then thou wast
[not

house, or person?
he, that
ance.

an assurance
ants: Had I not
at tended me?

Pro. Thou had'st, and mor
how is it,

That this lives in thy mind?
In the dark backward and al
If thou remember'st aught, ere
How thou cam'st here (thou n
Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since,
years since,
Thy father was the duke of M
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my

Pro. Thy mother was a pie
She said—thou wast my da
father

Was duke of Milan; and his
A princess; no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, thi
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st,
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen† that I ha
Which is from my remembrat
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy u
I pray thee, mark me,—that
Be so perfidious!—he whom,
Of all the world I lov'd, and
The manage of my state; as,
Through all the signories it
And Prospero the prime duke,
In dignity, and, for the libe
Without a parallel; those be
The government I cast upon
And to my state grew stranger
And wrapt in secret studies.
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected h
How to deny them; whom
whom

To trash† for over-topping; n
The creatures that were mine;
them,

Or else new-form'd them: hav
Of officer and office, set all he
To what tune pleased his ear;
The ivy, which had hid my pe
And suck'd my verdure out
tend'st not:

I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worl
To closeness, and the better
With that, which, but by being
O'er-priz'd all popular rate,
Awak'd an evil nature: and
Like a good parent, did begot
A falsehood, in its contrary as
As my trust was; which had,
A confidence sans‡ bound.
lorded,

Not only with what my reven
But what my power might else
Who having, unto truth, by t
Made such a sinner of his me
To credit his own lie,—he did
He was the duke; out of the
And executing the outward fi
With all prerogative;—Hence
Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, woul

† Quite.

• Abyss. † Sorrow. ‡ Cut at

no screen between this part he
day'd it for, he needs will be
in : Me, poor man!—my library
is large enough; of temporal
things

now incapable : confederates
was for sway) with the king of
his,
annual tribute, do him homage;
crown to his crown, and bend
yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
he stooping.

his condition, and the event; then
be a brother. [tell me,
old sin

nobly of my grandmother :
have borne bad sons.

his condition.

Caples, being an enemy
etc, hearkens my brother's suit;
at he in lieu o' the premises,—
I know not how much tribute,—
fly extirpate me and mine
kingdom; and confer fair Milan,
ancours, on my brother: Whereon,
I am levied, one midnight
purpose, did Antonio open [ness,
Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-
for the purpose hurried thence
rying self.

h, for pity!

bring how I cried out then,
er again, it is a hint;
time eyes.

a little further.

bring thee to the present business
upon us; without the which, this
pertinent. [story

efore did they not
stroy us?

demanded, wench,

okes that question. Dear, they
not;

ve my people bore me) nor set
body on the business, but
fairer painted their foul ends.

hurried us aboard a bark;
leagues to sea; where they pre-
ase of a boat, not rigg'd, [pared
ail, nor mast, the very rats
had quit it there they hoist us,
sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
whose pity, sighing back again,
ving wrong.

k! what trouble

o you!

cherubim [smile,
hat did preserve me! Thou didst
a fortitude from heaven, [salt;

deck'd the sea with drops full
eden groan'd; which raised in me
rg stomach, to bear up
t should ensue.

'came we ashore?

vidence divine.

bad, and some fresh water, that
politian, Gonzalo,
arity, (who being then appointed
design,) did give us; with
a, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
have steaded much; so, of his
cesses,

w'd my books, he furnish'd me,

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise.—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here [sit
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more pro-
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I

pray you, Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more ques-
tions;

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not
choose.— [Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding
Ariel, and all his quality. [task

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point* the tempest that I bade

Ari. To every article. [thee?

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beach,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly, [precursors

Then meet, and join: Joy's lightnings, the
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momen-
tary [cracks

And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Nep-
tune [tremble,

Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel. [dinand,

Then all a fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is*
And all the devils are here. [empty,

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st
me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle;
The king's son have I landed by himself;

* Consideration. † Suggestion.
‡ Stubborn resolution.

* The minutest article
‡ Bussle, tumult.

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still vex'd Bermoothes,* there she's
The mariners all under hatches stow'd; [hid:
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,†
Bound sadly home for Naples; [wreck'd,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt
six and now,
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains, [mis'd,
Let me remember thee what thou hast pro-
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost! and think'st
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot [envy,
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir. [tell me.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;

Ari. Sir, in Argier.‡

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sy-
corax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she
did,

They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my
slave, [vant,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her ser-
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,|| she did confine
By help of her more potent ministers, [thee,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy
groans, [island,

As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts

Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till [oak,
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do.

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible [sea;
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept
Awake! [well;

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss* him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave, Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps, [chins
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; un-
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

* Bermudas. † Wave. ‡ Algiers. || Commands.

* Do without.

† Fairies.

As thick as honey-combs, each pluck more
Than bees that made them. [singing]

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by my own right; here
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou comest
first,

'on stalk'st me, and ead'st such of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, hallow'd pits, barren place, and
fertile;

Could he I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
us'd thee,

Pit as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

(the thing or other: when thou didst not, sa-
know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison. [on't]

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid
me for learning me your language! [you,

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, ma-
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly [like?

What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—

I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist!)
Foot it feebly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

• Distant.

† Still, almost.

Bar. Bough, wough. [disparately.

The mated dogs bark:

Bar. Bough, wough. [disparately.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chivalry,

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where should this music be? 't' the air,
or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
As it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Fall fathoms for thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[Burdens, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
And say, what thou seest yond'. [vance

Mira. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and
bath such senses

As we have, such: This gallant which thou
Was in the wreck; and but he's something
stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on,

As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
Within two days for this. [free thee

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my

May know, if you remain upon this island;

And that you will some good instruction give,

How I may bear me here: My prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No, wonder, Sir;

But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?

What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;

And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld

The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke

And his brave son, being twain. [of Milan,

Pro. The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control

thee,

• Opera.

† Conclude

the first sight
[Aside.
delicate Ariel,
word, good Sir;
if some wrong: a
[Thus
her so ungently?
aw; the first
ove my father

th, I'll make you
more.—
ers: but this swift

light winning
[Aside.
word more; I
ost here usurp
d hast put thyself
win it

an dwell in such a
house, [temple:
ell with't.
[To Ferd.
a traitor.—Come.
t together:
hy food shall be
ther'd roots, and

Follow.
nt, till
[He draws.

um, for

word up, traitor;
st not strike, thy
e from thy ward;†
th this stick,

ny garments.

re
not hate thee.

hush! [as he,
more such shapes
Caliban: Foolish
Caliban,

te no ambition

[To Ferd.
y again,

all bound up.
ss which I feel,
a, or this man's
out light to me,
n once a day
else o' the earth

† Guard.

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow
me.— [To Ferd. and Mira.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant, [cle,

Have just our theme of woe: but for the mira-
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir,
Our sorrow with our comfort. [weigh

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——
Seb. One:—Tell. [offer'd,
Gon. When every grief is entertained, that's
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
Alon. I pr'ythee, spare. [tongue!

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—
Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a
good wager, first begins to crow!

Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've paid. [ble,—

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessi-
Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.*

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
delivered. [sweetly.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen. [life.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to

Ant. True; save means to live.

* Temperance.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gen. How lush* and luscious the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye† of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much. [totally.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth.

Gen. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gen. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gen. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Ant. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gen. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too! good lord, how you take it!

Ant. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gen. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Ant. Carthage?

Gen. I assure you, Carthage. [harp.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gen. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gen. Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.†

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage? [against

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

From. Sir, he may live; I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss; [daughter,

That would not bless our Europe with your But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gen. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gen. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gen. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows. [do?

Gen. And were the king of it, What would I

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gen. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: [none. No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.—

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. [produce

Gen. All things in common nature should Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,* Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,† all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves. [Sir,

Gen. I would with such perfection govern, To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gen. And, do you mark me, Sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gen. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gen. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am

THE TEMPEST.

ay continue, and

ere given!

flat-long.

of brave mettle;

of her sphere, if

ve weeks without

ng solemn music.

go a bat-fowling.

be not angry.

I will not adven-

Will you laugh

vy?

lon. *Seb. and Ant.*

leep! I wish mine

[I find

at up my thoughts:

of it:

en it doth,

ile you take your

{rest,

ous heavy.

leeps. *Exit Ariel.*

usiness possesses

climate. [them!

ink? I find not

nimble.

consent; [might,

rr-stroke. What

at might?—No

n thy face,

occasion speaks

crown

g?

peak?

thou speak'st

thou didst say?

asleep

ding, speaking,

{moving,

ep—die rather;

{wink'st

ctly;

my custom: you

hich to do,

water.

low.

purpose cherish,

, in stripping it,

en, indeed,

om run,

cheek, proclaim

th, indeed,

ld.

embrance, this

(Who shall be of as little men

When he is earth'd) hath here

(For he's a spirit of persuasie

The king, his son's alive; 'ti

That he's undrown'd, as he

swims.

Seb. I have no hope.

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you

way, is

Another way so high an hope

Ambition cannot pierce a wis

But doubts discovery there.

with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of

dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life

Can have no note, unless the

(The man; ' the moon's too slow

chins

Be rough and rasorable; she,

We were all sea-swallow'd, t

again;

And, by that, destin'd to perf

Whereof what's past is prologu

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—H

'Tis true my brother's daugh

Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twix

There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every

Seems to cry out, *How shall th*

Measure us back to Naples?—H

And let Sebastian wake!—*H*

That now hath seiz'd them; w!

Than now they are: There be

Naples,

As well as he that sleeps; lord

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo; I myself cou

A chough* of as deep chat. (

The mind that I do! what a al

For your advancement! Do

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your oon

Tender your own good fortune

Seb. I remember,

You did supplant your brother

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garne

Much feater than before: My br

Were then my fellows, now th

Seb. But, for your conscience

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies th

'Twould put me to my slipper;

This deity in my bosom: twent

That stand 'twixt me and Mil

they,

And melt, ere they molest!

No better than the earth he lies

If he were that which now he's

With this obedient steel, three

Can lay to bed for ever: whiles y

To the perpetual wink for aye!

This ancient moreel, this air Pr

Should not upbraid our course. I

They'll take suggestion,† as a c

* A bird of the jack-law kind. † Br

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say baffle the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which 'thou
And I the king shall love thee. [pay'nt;

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger [forth,
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[Sings in GONZALO'S ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gen. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are
you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gen. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your re-
pose, [ing
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow-
like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gen. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a hum-
ming, [me:
And that a strange one too, which did awake
I shak'd you, Sir, and cried; as mine eyes
open'd, [noise,
I saw their weapons drawn:---there was a
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our wea-
pons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search
For my poor son.

Gen. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Aside.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and
make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch, [mire,

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark

(Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometimes like apes, that moe^a and chatter at
me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven
tongues,

Do hiss me into madness:---Lo! now! lo!

Enter TAINCOLO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Tvin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' some
black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul
bumbard; that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder, as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head: yond' some cloud
cannot choose but fall by painfuls.---What have
we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A
fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in Eng-
land now (as once I was), and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday-fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man; any strange beast there makes a
man: when they will not give a dott to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins
like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let
loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no
fish but an islander, that hath lately suffered
by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm
is come again: my best way is to creep under
his gaberdine; † there is no other shelter here-
about: Misery acquaints a man with strange
bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs
of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;---

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral:

Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did
itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my com-
fort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils
here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages,
and men of Inde[‡]? Ha! I have not scap'd
drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs;
for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever
went on four legs, cannot make him give
ground: and it shall be said so again, whilst
Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with
four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague:
Where the devil should he learn our language?

^a Make mouths. † A black-jack of leather, to hold beer
[‡] The frock of a peasant. † India.

THE TEMPEST.

it be but for that:
 keep him tame, and
 a present for any
 at a leather.

pr'ythee;
 and does not talk
 waste of my bottle:
 afore, it will go
 can recover him,
 not take too much
 in that hath him,

little hurt; thou
 ling: [wilt
 e.
 open your mouth;
 language to you,
 will shake your
 hat soundly: you
 open your chaps

voice: It should
 these are devils:

ices; a most deli-
 voice now is to
 backward voice
 to detract. If all
 over him, I will
 men! I will pour

call me? Mercy!
 monster: I will
 on.

beest Stephano,
 for I am Trinculo.
 friend Trinculo.
 come forth; I'll
 my be Trinculo's
 art very Trinculo,
 le the siege* of
 Trinculos?

with a thunder-
 w'n'd, Stephano?
 crown'd. Is the
 under the dead
 ear of the storm:
 no? O Stephano,

me about; my

on if they be not

celestial liquor:

me? How can'st
 bottle, how thou
 a butt of sack,
 rboard, by this
 bark of a tree,
 was cast a-shore.
 bottle, to be thy
 not earthly.

thou escap'dst.

like a duck; I can

ough thou canst

de like a goose.

more of this?

my cellar is in a

ny wine is hid.

is thine ague?

from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do
 was the man in the moon, whe
 Cal. I have seen thee in her,
 thee;

My mistress showed me thee, th

Ste. Come, swear to that; k

will furnish it anon with new c

Trin. By this good light, thi

low monster:---I afeard of him

monster:---The man i' the moon

credulous monster:---Well dra

good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fer

island;

And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee,

Trin. By this light, a most

drunken monster; when his go

rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll s

subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, a

Trin. I shall laugh myself t

puppy-headed monster! A mo

ster! I could find in my heart t

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. ---but that the poor mo

An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the be

pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee v

A plague upon the tyrant that

I'll bear him no more sticks, b

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous mon

wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring t

grow;

And I with my long nails will d

Show thee a jay's nest, and ma

To snare the nimble marmozet

To clust'ring filberds, and son

thee

Young sea-nells* from the rock

with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead th

any more talking.---Trinculo, t

our company else being drown

hent here.---Here; bear my

Trinculo, we'll fill him by and l

Cal. Farewell master; farwe

[E

Trin. A howling monster; a

ster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering,;

'Hun' Ban, Ca---Cal

Has a new master---C

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day,

dom, hey-day, freedom

Ste. O brave monster! lead th

ACT III.

SCENE I.---Before PROSI

Enter FERDINAND, bears

Fer. There be some sports a

their labour

Delight in them sets off: some ki

Are nobly undergone; and moe

Point to rich ends. This my m

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious;

* Sea gulls.

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crab-
bed;

And he's composed of harshness. I must
Sew thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
business

Had not like execution. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy hours, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now I pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burst up these logs, that you are enjoind to
pile!

Pro. Set it down, and rest you: when this
Tide weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
It's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I most strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my shins, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heart* to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,†
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
None that I may call men, than you, good
friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
soul.

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is bodied me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else* I the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling.
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And
now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[Exit FER. and MIRA.]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN
following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore
bear up, and board 'em: servant-monster,
drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this
island! They say, there's but five upon this
isle: we are three of them; if the other two
be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he
were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his
tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot
drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the
shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by
this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, mon-
ster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like
dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

* Command.

† Own'd.

THE TEMPEST.

[ACT III.]

in thy life, if

Let me lick thy
nant. [shoe:

rant monster; I
oe: Why, thou
ere over man a
much sack as I
trous lie, being
ster?

' wilt thou let

monster should

o death, I pr'y-

tongue in your
the next tree---
t, and he shall

Wilt thou be

I made thee?

nd repeat it; I

o.

ble.

t,

hath

monkey, thou;

d destroy thee:

urn any more in

applant some of

---[To Caliban,]

this isle;

tness will

w, thou dar'st;

and I'll serve

compassed?

ield him thee

into his head.

Thou scurvy

him blows,

when that's

he; for I'll not

urther danger:

o farther, and,

y out of doors,

xt nothing; I'll

ed?

[Strikes him.]

another time.

-Out o' your

A pox o' your

inking du---A

dress, & swings.]

murrain on your monster, and the devil take
your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.---Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with
him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st
brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand* with thy knife: Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I
warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daugh-
ter and I will be king and queen; (save our

graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be
viceroys:---Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat
thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good

tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of
pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do rea-
son, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us
sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and about 'em, and
flout 'em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou
list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy
thee.---Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes

voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dream-
ing,

* Throat.

The clouds, methought, would open, and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I tried to dream again.

Ala. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my needs for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ala. That shall be by and by: I remember
the story.

Fra. The sound is going away: let's follow
it, and after, do our work.

St. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would,
I could see this taker: he lays it on.

Fra. Will come! I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the island.

Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gen. By'r lakia,* I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a mass trod, indeed,
though forth-right, and meanders! by your
I mean must rest me. [patience,

Ala. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
thou art myself attack'd with weariness,
to the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
no longer for any further: he is drown'd,
whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's as out of hope.

[Aside to Sebastian.]

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
that you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
as when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bring-
ing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle
actions of salutation; and, inviting the king,
&c. to eat, they depart.

Ala. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gen. Marvellous sweet music!

Ala. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Seb. A living drollery:† Now I will believe,
that there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one
At this hour reigning there. [phoenix

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er
did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gen. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe
If I should say I saw such islanders, [no?

(For, certes,† these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Fra. Honest lord, [present,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
Are worse than devils. [Aside.

Ala. I cannot too much muse,†

Such shapes, such gestures, and such sounds,
expressing

(Although they want the use of tongues), a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Fra. Praise in departing.

[Aside.

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Ala. Not I.

Gen. Faith, Sir, you need not fear: When
we were boys, [ours,
Who would believe that these were mountain-
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hang-
ing at them

Wallets of flesh? or that these were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find,

Each putting-out an eye for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Ala. I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a
harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whose destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfetted sea
Hath caus'd to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[Seeing ALON, SEB. &c. draw their swords.

And even with such like valour, men hang and
drown [fellows

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my
Are ministers of fate; the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as
well [slabs

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle* that's in my plume; my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sor-
And a clear life ensuing. [row,

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance with mops and
meers, and carry out the table.

Fra. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,

* Our Lady. † Show. ‡ Certainly. § Wonder.

* Down.

† Pure, innocent

THE TEMPEST.

[ACT IV.

with good life,
neener ministers
my high charms

knit up
are in my power;
whilst I visit
they suppose is

ERO from above,
g holy, Sir, why

onstrous!
and told me of it;
d the thunder,
pe, pronounc'd
s my trespass.
ledged, and
ummet sounded,
[Exit.

SEN. and ANT.
desperate; their

eat time after,
do beseech you
w them swiftly,
s ecstasy"

[Exeunt.

ERO's cell.

and MIRANDA.

unish'd you,

nds; for I

mine own life,

once again

nations

and thou

ere, afore Hea-

emand, [ven,

t her off,

strip all praise,

me own acqui-

ughter: But

ot before

ay

ter'd,

avens let fall

at barren hate,

shall bestrew

is so loathly,

therefore, take

ou. [heed,

ong life,

murkiest den,

strong't sug-

ever melt

away

as' steeds are

Sprinkling.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own,—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:

Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not ap-
Till thou dost hear me call. [proach,

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dal-
liance [straw
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;

The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well---

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,*
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.---
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter IRLS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich lees
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them b-

keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lillied brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrimed,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and

broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor love:
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o'

sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport, her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; [ne'er
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd downs,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy

queen [green?
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

* Surplus.

† Command.

‡ Woofy.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The manner, that dusky Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have sworn.

Air. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her daily
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid,
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Her hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
And be a boy right out. [sparrows,

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Gent Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me,

T. Mean this twain, that they may prosperous
And honour'd in their issue. [he,

Sings.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and fulsome plenty;
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bearing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iats on
employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be
Or else our spell is marr'd. [mute,

Air. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand-
d'ring brooks, [looks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
land

Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to cele-
brate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards*

the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and
speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
soften'd noise, they homely vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.---[To the spirits.] Well done;---
avoid;---no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in
some passion
That works him strangely.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended. these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.---Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish you peace. [Exeunt.

Pro. Come with a thought:---I thank you:---
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my Commander: when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd,
through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goos,
and thorns, [them
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
O'er-stunk their feet. [lake

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale; to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

* Vanished.

† A body of clouds in motion; but it is generally sup-
posed that the author wrote *trunk*.

‡ Salt.

§ Education.

* Plots † Abundance ‡ Able to produce such wonders.

THE TEMPEST.

[ACT V.]

ate lost ;
r grows,
ue them all,
ring apparel,
them on this
visible. Enter
SCULO; all wet.
that the blind
ar his cell.
h, you say, is
lle better than
horse-piss; at
uation.
r, monster? If
ust you; look
monster.
y favour still:
ng thee to
ee: therefore,
bottles in the
e and dishonour
loss.
n my wetting:
monster.
e, though I be
net. Seest thou
[enter:
no noise, and
may make this
Caliban,
begin to have
peer! O worthy
robe here is for
it is but trash.
know what be-
Stephano!
mculo; by this
it.
fool! what do
? Let's along,
awake,
our skins with
[pinches;
-Mistress line,
the jerkin under
like to lose your
line and level,
st. here's a gar-
rewarded, while
steal by line and
ite, there's no-
ne lime upon
he rest.
e shall lose our

† Ever
‡ Bird-lime.

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.
Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to
bear this away, where my hog'shead of wine
is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to,
carry this.
Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.
A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.
Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silcer! there it goes, Silcer!
Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,
hark!
[CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted
make them
Than pard,* or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: [hour
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my
You said our work should cease. [lord,

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;

Just as you left them, Sir; all prisoners

In the lime-grove which weather-fends† your
cell;

They cannot budge, till you release. The king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted;

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly

Hau you term'd, Sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves‡ of reeds: your charm so strongly
works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being pen'd,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

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Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;

* Leopard. † Defends from bad weather. ‡ Thatch.

Will break, their senses I'll restore,
Be themselves.

Oh them, Sir. [Exit,
Of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
groves;

On the sands with printless foot
Ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
So back, you demi-puppets, that
Do the green-sour ringlets make,
Sweet not bites; and you, whose
No
Knight-mushrooms; that rejoice
At man's curfew; by whose aid
As though you be,) I have be-
-d [winds,
A sun, call'd forth the mutinous
The green sea and the azure vault
Up to the dread rattling thunder
Fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
shake; and by the spurs pluck'd

cedar: graves, at my command,
Their sleepers; open, and let them

not art. But this rough magic
: and, when I have requir'd
y music, (which even now I do,)
end upon their senses, that
in is for, I'll break my staff,
A fathoms in the earth,
has did ever plummet sound,
hook. [Solena music.

EL: after him, ALONSO, with a
re, attended by GONZALO, SEBAS-
TROXIO in like manner, attended
and FRANCISCO. They all enter the
Prospero had made, and there
ed; which PROSPERO observing,

and the best comforter
d fancy, cure thy brains,
boil'd within thy skull! There
well-stopp'd — [stand,
, honourable man,
en sociable to the show of thine,
drops.—The charm dissolves

; wing steals upon the night,
arkness, so their rising senses
e the ignorant fumes that mantle
reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
rver, and a loyal air
allow'st, I will pay thy graces
word and deed.—Most cruelly
lonso, use me and my daughter
as a furtherer in the art;—
'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
lood,
vine, that entertain'd ambition,
ree* and nature; who, with Se-
n,
rd pinches therefore are most

;) I've kill'd your king; I do forgive
[standing
ough thou art!—Their under-
ll; and the approaching tide
ll the reasonable shores,
ol and muddy. Not one of them,
on me, or would know me—

at and rapier in my cell;
[Exit ARIEL.

ty, or tenderness of heart.

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to untie
PROSPERO.

Ar. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when cicads do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. No, no, no. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Wh'er* thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour can-
Be measur'd, or confin'd. [not

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtillies o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends
all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to SEN. and ANT.

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon
And justify you traitors; at this time [you,
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since [lost,
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

THE TEMPEST.

, Sir,
the loss; and Patience

er help; of whose soft
e her sovereign aid,
t.
ss?
as late; and, portablen
s, have I means much
omfort you; for I

y were living both in
[I wish
there! that they were,
n that cosy bed
hen did you lose your
pest. I perceive, these

o much admire,
reason; and scarce think
truth, their words
at howsoever you have
our senses, know for
nd that very duke
th of Milan; who most
(landed,
you were wreck'd, was
o more yet of this;
lay by day,
akfast, nor
ing. Welcome, Sir;
ere have I few attend-

oad: pray you, look in.
have given me again,
as good a thing;
wonder, to content ye,
edom.

opens, and discovers FER-
DA playing at chess.

ou play me false.
love,
rld.
ore of kingdoms you
e,
ir play.

one dear son

racle!
eaten, they are merciful:
hout cause.

[FERD. kneels to ALON.
lessings
ass thee about!
ou can'st here,

atures are there here!
nd is! O brave new
n't! [world,
e.
maid, with whom thou

ee cannot be three hours:
t hath sever'd us,
ogether?

al
ndence, she's mine;

† Bearable

I chose her, when I could n
For his advice; nor thought
Is daughter to this famous
Of whom so often I have he
But never saw before; of w
Received a second life, and
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:
But O, how oddly will it so
Must ask my child forgiveness

Pro. There, Sir, stop:
Let us not burden our names
With a heaviness that's gone

Gen. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoken ere t
you gods,

And on this couple drop a b
For it is you, that have chal
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonz

Gen. Was Milan thrust fr
issue

Should become kings of Na
Beyond a common joy, and
With gold on lasting pillars
Did Claribel her husband s
And Ferdinand, her brother
Where he himself was lost;]
In a poor isle; and all of us
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands

Let grief and sorrow still en
That doth not wish you joy
Gen. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the M
SWAIN amazedly se

O look, Sir, look, Sir; here
I prophesied, if a gallows w
This fellow could not drow
phemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboa
Hast thou no mouth by la
news?

Boats. The best news is, t
found

Our king, and company: th
Which, but three glasses a
split,—

Is tight and yare,† and brave
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksy† spirit!

Alon. These are not nat
strengthen,
From strange to stranger:
you hither?

Boats. If I did think, Sir,
I'd strive to tell you. We w
And, (how, we know not,
hatches,

Where, but even now, with
Of roaring, shrieking, howlin
And more diversity of sound
We were awak'd; straitway
Where we, in all her trim, f
Our royal, good, and gallat
Cap'ring to eye her: On a t
Even in a dream, were we
And were brought moping!

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence
- free.

* In his room.

† Ready.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod :

And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct* of: some oracle Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you (Which to you shall seem probable,) of every. These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,

And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; [Aside.]

Set Caliban and his companions free: Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, in-How fine my master is! I am afraid [deed! He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, [knaves,
Then say, if they be true:†—This misshapen His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power: These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

* Conductor.

† Honest.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to CALIBAN.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make Go quick away: the story of my life, [it

And the particular accidents, gone by, Since I came to this isle: And in the morn, I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—That is thy charge; then to the elements Be free, and fare thou well!—[Aside.] Please you, draw near. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.*
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

* Applause: noise was supposed to dissolve a spell

THE
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julia.

Proteus.

Valentine.

Her escape.

Valentine.

Milan.

Outlaws.

JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.

LOCETTA, Waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.

in Verona.

PROTEUS.

Young Proteus;

homely wits:

tender days

mir'd love,

many,

abroad,

at home,

idleness.

and thrive

begin.

Sweet Valentine,

you, haply, seest

thy travel

ness,

and, in thy

[danger,

holy prayers,

Valentine.

for my success.

pray for thee.

story of deep

Hellespont.

deeper love;

in love.

er boots in love;

Hellespont.

me not the

thee not.

with groans;

home streets, &c.

With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me

fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love

Inhabits in the sweetest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, [bud

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Loosing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our

leave.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in

Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, fare-

well.

[Exit VALENTINE.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at
naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my
master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark
for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd
already;

And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
As if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a
shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns,
whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circum-
stance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by
another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and
not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my
master, and my master seeks not me; there-
fore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shep-
herd, the shepherd for food follows not the
sheep, thou for wages followest thy master,
thy master for wages follows not thee: there-
fore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry
ho.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my
letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your
letter to her, a laced mutton;* and she, a laced
mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for
my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a
store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you
were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere
best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall
serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a
pound.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over
and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to
your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[SPEED nods.

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.†

Speed. You mistook, Sir; I say, she did nod:
and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set
it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing
the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to
bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly;

having nothing but the word, noddy, for my
pains.

Pro. Beshrew* me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow
purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief:
What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and
the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains: What
said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win
her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much
from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all
from her; no, not so much as a ducat for de-
livering your letter: And being so hard to me
that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as
hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no
tokens but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy
pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you,
you have testern'd‡ me; in requital whereof,
henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so,
Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
wreck;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—

I must go send some better messenger;

I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Garden of JULIA'S
house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not un-
heedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parley encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll
show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Egle-
mour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and
fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in
us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at
his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing
That I, unworthy body as I am, [shame,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him
best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast
away.

* In bedda.

† Talk.

‡ Given me a sixpence.

§ Pass sentence.

* A term for a courtship.

† A game at cards.

th never mov'd
 tuk, best loves
 s his love but
 ot, burns most
 not show their
 let men know
 h.
 m.
 m!
 low.
 ee?
 I sent, I think,
 [way,
 I, being in the
 rdon the fault,
 eedly broker!
 anton lines?
 my youth?
 reat worth,
 re.
 return'd;
 sight.
 erves more fee

[Exit.
 o'erlook'd the

again,
 n I chid her,
 m a maid,
 o my view?
 o, to that [Ay.
 rter construe,
 oush love,
 tch the nurse,
 s the rod!
 nce,
 d her here!
 to frown,
 heart to smile!
 back,
 past:—

hip?

macht on your
 [meat,

en?
 I let fall.
 g?

aat it concerns.
 where it con-
 r. [cerns,
 writ to you in

dam, to a tune:
 can set.

may be possi-
 o' love. [hle:
 ht a tune.

tion or destiny.

Jul. Heavy! belike, it hath some burden
 then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you
 sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, min-
 ion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing
 it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:*

There wanteth but a meant to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly
 base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base† for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble
 Here is a coil‡ with protestation!— [me.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
 You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would
 be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the
 same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your
 stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
 And here is writ—kind Julia;—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain,
 Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly

heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written

down?

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter.

Except mine own name; that some whirl-
 wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
 Poor *forlorn Proteus*, *passionate Proteus*,

To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, with so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your
 ther stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tall-
 tales here? [up.

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them
 Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them

down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to
 them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
 you see;

* A term in music.
 † A challenge.

‡ The tenor in music.
 } Bustle, stir. } Since.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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be, although you judge I wink.
come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

—*The same.* A room in ANTONIO'S House.

ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Pan. Pantino, what sad* talk was

your brother held you in the cloister?
of his nephew Proteus, your
what of him? [son.]

Pro. I order'd, that your lordship
him to spend his youth at home.
son, of slender reputation,
reasons to seek preferment out:
wars, to try their fortune there;
over islands far away;
studious universities.

Pro. In all these exercises,
Proteus, your son, was meet;
sent me, to importune you,
and his time no more at home,
I be great impeachment† to his
own no travel in his youth. [age,
and't thou much unpertune me
it]

Pro. Month I have been hammering.
and well his loss of time;
cannot be a perfect man,
and tutor'd in the world:
by industry achiev'd.

Pro. By the swift course of time:
whether were I best to send him?
k, your lordship is not ignorant,
panion, youthful Valentine,
emperor in his royal court.
it well.

Pro. It good, I think, your lordship
him thither:

Pro. To practise tilts and tournaments,
discourse, converse with noble-
of every exercise, [men;
both and nobleness of birth.
thy counsel; well hast thou ad-
it]

Pro. As may'st perceive how well I like
of it shall make known,
a speediest execution
ch him to the emperor's court.
morrow, may it please you, Don
onso,

Pro. Gentlemen of good esteem,
ag to salute the emperor,
and their service to his will
company; with them shall Pro-
[him.]

Pro. time,—now will we break with

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. I love! sweet lines! sweet life!
and, the agent of her heart,
ath for love, her honour's pawn:
others would applaud our loves,
appiness with their consents!
ulia!

Pro. Now? what letter are you reading?

Pro. I please your lordship, 'tis a word

Pro. A nation sent from Valentine,
a friend that came from him

Pro. Give me the letter; let me see what

Pro. Little consequence. † Reproach
utter to him.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he
writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his
wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his
wish:

Muse* not that I thus suddenly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court;

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition; thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I'm peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st, shall be sent
after thee:
No more of stay, to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Pantino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear
of burning; [drown'd:]

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you,
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go. [to,

Pro. Why thus it is! my heart accords there-
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Apartment in the
DUKE'S Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this
is but one

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's
mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being
too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know ma-
dam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First,
you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath
your arms like a male-content; to relish a love

* Wonder.

† Allowance.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

red-breast; to walk alone,
the pestilence; to sigh, like
ad lost his A, B, C; to weep,
ch that hath buried her gran-
e one that takes diet;* to
t fears robbing; to speak pul-
at Hallowmas,† You were
ugh'd, to crow like a cock;
to walk like one of the lions;
was presently after dinner;
sadly, it was for want of
ou are metamorphosed with a
I look on you, I can hard-
aster.

se things perceived in me?
all perceived without you.
e? They cannot.

ou? nay, that's certain, for,
so simple, none else would:
out these follies, that these
ou, and shine through you
an unripen'd fruit; that not an eye,
is a physician to comment

r, dost thou know my lady

you gaze on so, as she sits

observed that? even she I

I know her not.

know her by my gazing on

st her not?

hard favoured, Sir?

day, as well favoured.

as that well enough.

thou know?

is not so fair, as (of you)

at her beauty is exquisite,
ite.

ause the one is painted, and

count.

l? and how out of count?

r, so painted, to make her
unts of her beauty.

est thou me? I account of

r saw her since she was

th she been deformed?

you loved her.

her ever since I saw her;

autiful.

her, you cannot see her.

ve us blind. O, that you
your own had the lights
ave, when you chid at Sir
gartered!

I see then?

resent folly, and her pass-
e, being in love, could not
r, and you, being in love,
your hose.

then you are in love; for
ould not see to wipe my

was in love with my bed:
vinged; me for my love,
e bolder to chide you for

, I stand affected to her.

were set; no, your affec-

† Hallowmas. ‡ Whipped.

Val. Last night she enjo
some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lame?

Val. No, boy, but as well as
Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA

Speed. O excellent motion
puppet! now will he interpret

Val. Madam and mistress,
morrow.

Speed. O, 'give you good
million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and ser
thousand.

Speed. He should give her
gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me,
letter,

Unto the secret nameless friend
Which I was much unwilling
But for my duty to your lady

Sil. I thank you, gentle
clerkly† done.

Val. Now trust me, madam
For, being ignorant to whom

I writ at random, very doubtf

Sil. Perchance you think
much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead
Please you command, a the

And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I
And yet I will not name it:—

not;—

And yet take this again;—and

Meaning henceforth to trouble

Speed. And yet you will;

yet.

Val. What means your lady?

like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are ve

But since unwillingly, take th

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for y

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them

quest:

But I will none of them; they

I would have had them writ m

Val. Please you, I'll write

another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, fo

it over:

And, if it please you, so; if m

Val. If it please me, madam

Sil. Why, if it please you,

labour;

And so good-morrow, servant.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscr

As a nose on a man's face, or a

a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she

He being her pupil, to become

O excellent device! was ther

better?

That my master, being scribe, to

write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what are

with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming

have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

Val. To whom?

yourself: why, she wooes you by

figure?

A letter, I should say.

She hath not writ to me?

It need she, when she hath made yourself? Why, do you not per-

ceive me.

Believing you indeed, Sir; But I've her earnest?

Give me none, except an angry

letter, she hath given you a letter.

The letter I writ to her friend.

That letter hath she deliver'd, and

it were no worse.

Warrant you, 'tis as well:

For writ to her; and she, in modesty, out of idle time, could not again

use some messenger, that might her discover,

might her love himself to write unto her.—

It is in print, for in print I found it, Sir: 'tis dinner time.

Alas!

But hearken, Sir: though the sea can feed on the air, I am one shod by my victuals, and would be: O, be not like your mistress, moved. {Exeunt.

—Verona.—A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Patience, gentle Julia.

Where is no remedy.

Possibly I can, I will return.

Turn not, you will return the

remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

{Giving a ring.

Then we'll make exchange, here,

you this.

And the bargain with a holy kiss,

Give my hand for my true constancy;

At hour o'er-slips me in the day,

Give not, Julia, for thy sake,

One hour some foul mischance

Or my love's forgetfulness!

Give my coming, answer not;

For: nay not the tide of tears;

I stay me longer than I should;

{Exit JULIA.

Alas!—What! gone without a word?

We should do: it cannot speak,

Thou better deeds, than words, to

it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Proteus, you are staid for.

Come, I come:—

Parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

{Exeunt.

III.—The same.—A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

'Twill be this hour ere I have

all the kind of the Launces

of fault: I have received my pro-

per prodigious son, and am going

to conclusion.

† Kindred.

with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog to be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither,—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worse sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood* woman;—well, I kiss her,—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister, mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost; for it is the unkindest tide that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. {Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Milan.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

SPEED. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

* Crazy, distracted.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

or love.

s then.

you knocked him.

re sad.*

n. I seem so.

you are not?

ents.

that I am not?

of the contrary?

let you my folly?

our jerkin.

doublet.

double your folly.

ar Thurio? do you change

madam; he is a kind

re mind to feed on your

air.

Sir.

one too, for this time.

Sir, you always end ere

words, gentlemen, and

adam; we thank the giver.

servant?

et lady; for you gave the

rows his wit from your

spends what he borrows,

ny.

end word for word with

wit bankrupt.

l, Sir: you have an ex-

l, I think, no other trea-

owers; for it appears by

at they live by your bare

gentlemen, no more; here

DUKE.

ter Silvia, you are hard

ather's in good health:

ter from your friends

ll be thankful

ger from thence.

Don Antonio, your coun-

rd, I know the gentleman

worthy estimation,

rt so well reputed.

a son?

lord; a son, that well

rd of such a father.

am well?

as myself, for from our

gether:

and spent our hours to-

ave been an idle truant,

enefit of time,

th angel-like perfection;

for that's his name,

antage of his days;

but his experience old;

, but his judgment ripe;

far behind his worth

perhaps.

† Observe.

Come all the praises that I no
He is complete in feature, and
With all good grace to grace

Duke. Beshrew* me, Sir,
this good,

He is as worthy for an emper
As meet to be an emperor's co
Well, Sir; this gentleman is c
With commendation from gre
And here he means to spend l
I think, 'tis no unwelcome ne

Val. Should I have wish'd
been he.

Duke. Welcome him then
worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and ye
For Valentine, I need not 'cit
I'll send him hither to you pr

Val. This is the gentleman,
ship,

Had come along with me, but
Did hold his eyes lock'd in he

Sil. Belike, that now she h

Upon some other pawn for fee

Val. Nay, sure, I think, sh

soners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be l

blind,

How could he see his way to

Val. Why, lady, love hath

eyes.

Thu. They say, that love

at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thu

Upon a homely object love ca

Enter PROTEUS

Sil. Have done, have done
gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Prote
beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with son

Sil. His worth is warrant

him,

If this be he you oft have wis

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet

him

To be my fellow-servant to ye

Sil. Too low a mistress for s

Pro. Not so, sweet lady;

servant

To have a look of such a worl

Val. Leave off discourse of

Sweet lady, entertain him for

Pro. My duty will I boast:

Sil. And duty never yet did

Servant, you are welcome to

treas.

Pro. I'll die on him that says

Sil. That you are welcome!

Pro. No; that you are wor

Enter SERVANT

Ser. Madam, my lord yo
speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleas

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, m

I'll leave you to confer of hon

When you have done, we look

Pro. We'll both attend upon

[Exit SILVIA, THURIO]

Val. Now, tell me, how do
you came?

* Ill beside.

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love;

These high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-ache sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath cheer'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter

And I must minister the like to you. *[pills;]*

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not

Yet let her be a principality, *[divine,]*

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth

Should from her venture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies no-
she is alone. *[thing;]*

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Pardon me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

Now, more, our marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Remind'd of: how I must climb her window;

The ladder made of cords; and all the means

Plotted; and greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road, to disembark

Some necessities that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— *[Exit Val.]*

Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;

And that I love him not, as I was wont:

O! but I love his lady too, too much;

And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I dote on her with more advice,*

That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled my reason's light;

But when I look on her perfections,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—The same.—A Street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth;

for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—

that a man is never undone, till he be hanged;

nor never welcome to a place, till some certain

shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the

alehouse with you presently; where, for one

shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand

welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master

part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest,

they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with

them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with

him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand

thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst

not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll

but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is

all one

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog; if he say, ay, it will; if

he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say

nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from

me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,

* On further knowledge.

how say'st thou, that thy master is become a notable lover?

Lana. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Lana. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Lana. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Lana. Why I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Lana. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:

O sweet-suggesting* love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious than itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:†
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended‡ flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Verona.—A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, [fire;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st* it up, the more it burns;

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge [stones,
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,†
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,

"What compass will you wear your farthingale?" [Lucetta.

Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, *Luc.*

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly;†
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,

* Tempting.

† Confederatc.

‡ Intended.

* Closest.

† Truebias.

For undertaking so untaid a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Lac. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jal. Nay, that I will not.

Lac. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If Proteus like your journey, when you come, No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone.

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jal. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances as infinite of love, Varrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Lac. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jal. Base men, that use them to so base effect.

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Lac. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jal. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To hear a hard opinion of his truth: Only deserve my love, by loving him; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation; Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence: Come, answer not, but to it presently; I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan.*—An Anti-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;

We have some secrets to confer about.—

[Exit THURIO.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that [me.]

Which else no worldly good should draw from

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter.

Myself am one made privy to the plot. [Enter] I know, you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you

Down, Being unprevailed, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest

care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Early, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;

And sometimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim^a might err,

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shun'd,) I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,

That my discovery be not aimed at;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence. †

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord, Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify

My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a

while;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,

That touch me near, wherein thou must be

secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought

To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the

match [man]

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentle-

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:

Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,

froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like

duty,

I now am full resolved to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do

in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in Milan here,

Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence.

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(For long ago I have forgot to court:

Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not

words;

^a Longed for.

^a Guern. † Tempted. ‡ Guessed. § Design.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent
her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean, away;
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their
graces;

Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels'
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by
night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys
kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,* but one may enter at her
window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
ground;
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of
cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve
the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my
lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a
cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—To
Silvia?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their muster come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are
lying.*

* Hinders.

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them imper-
tune,*

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should
What's here?* [be.

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose:—
Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on
thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from
hence. [Exit *Duke*.

Val. And why not death, rather than living
torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:

She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I
strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray
you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valen-
tine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear
good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

dead?
 Valentine. Indeed, for sacred Silvia
 on me? [via!—

Valentine. If Silvia have forsworn
 us? [me!—

It's a proclamation that you
 sh'd.

Thou art banished, O, that's the
 [friend.

From Silvia, and from me thy
 sed upon this woe already,
 of it will make me surfeit,
 that I am banished?

And she hath offer'd to the

It sh'd, stands in effectual force,)
 pearl, which some call tears:
 her's churlish feet she tender'd;
 her knees, her humble self;
 hands, whose whiteness so be-
 come,

thy waxed pale for woe:
 her knees, pure hands held up,
 groans, nor silver-shedding

her uncompassionate sire;
 if he be ta'en, must die.
 Incession chaf'd him so,
 y repeat was suppliant,
 from he commended her,
 threats of 'biding there.
 unless the next word that
 ask'd it,

ignant power upon my life
 e, breathe it in mine ear,
 can of my endless doleour.
 lament for that thou canst not

for that which thou lament'st,
 so and breeder of all good.
 y, thou canst not see thy love;
 ying will abridge thy life.
 's staff; walk hence with that,
 against despairing thoughts.
 be here, though thou art hence;
 rit to me, shall be deliver'd
 k-white bosom of thy love.
 erves not to expostulate:
 ey thee through the city gate;
 with thee, confor at large
 concern thy love affairs:
 Silvia, though not for thyself,
 ger, and along with me.
 ee, Launce, an if thou seest my

aste, and meet me at the north-
 gate.
 th, find him out. Come, Valen-

ter Silvia! hapless Valentine!

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Out a fool, look you; and yet I
 think, my master is a kind of

mat's all one, if he be but one

es not now, that knows me to

I am in love; but a team of horse

that from me; nor who 'tis I

is a woman: but that woman, I

self; and yet 'tis a milk maid:

aid, for she hath had gossips:

, for she is her master's maid,

wages. She hath more qualities

aniel,—which is much in a bare

re is a cat-log [Pulling out a pa-

per) of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Pie on thee, Jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou flow'st, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk*.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale*.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew*.

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit*.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour*.

Laun. A special virtue; for thou she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin*.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues*.

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath*.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth*.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep*.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words*.

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud*.

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth*.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst*.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

* Oris.

* St. Nicholas presided over young scholars.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. I praise her liquor.
And, she shall: if she
things should be

*eral.**
cannot; for that's
her purse she shall
now, of another
cannot help. Well,

hair than wit, and
wealth than faults.
her. she was mine,
in that last article:

hair than wit,—
—at may be; I'll
salt hides the salt,
the salt; the hair
than the wit; for
What's next?
in hairs,—
O, that that were

an faults.
akes the faults gra-
and if it be a
ble,—

ell thee,—that thy
north-gate.

art thou? he hath
hee.
um?

um, for thou hast
scarce serve the

me sooner; 'pox of
[Exit.

anged for reading
slave, that will
—I'll after, to re-
[Exit.

toom in the Duke's

PROTEUS behind.

, but that she will

from her sight.

despis'd most,
tail'd at me,
ning her.

love is as a figure
an hour's heat
lose his form.

rozen thoughts,
ad be forgot.—
our countryman,
oo, gone?

his going griev-

will kill that grief.
Thurio thinks not

old of thee,
gn of good desert,)
er with thee.

oyal to your grace,
your grace.

willingly I would

and my daughter.

Graciosa! 3 Cut.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, the
How she opposes her against

Pro. She did, my lord, wh
here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely
What might we do, to make
The love of Valentine, and k

Pro. The best way is to sh
With falsehood, cowardice, s
Three things that women hig

Duke. Ay, but she'll think,
hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliv
Therefore it must, with circum
By one, whom she esteemeth

Duke. Then you must unde
him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I sh
'Tis an ill office for a gentlem
Especially, against his very f

Duke. Where your good wa
tage him,

Your slander never can enda
Therefore the office is indiffer
Being entreated to it by your

Pro. You have prevailed, i
do it,

By aught that I can speak in
She shall not long continue le
But say, this weed her love fi

It follows not that she will lo
Thur. Therefore, as you unw
him,

Lest it should ravel, and be g
You must provide to bottom i
Which must be done, by prais

As you in worth dispraise Sir
Duke. And, Proteus, we d
this kind;

Because we know, on Valent
You are already love's firm v
And cannot soon revolt and c

Upon this warrant shall you l
Where you with Silvia may c
For she is lumpish, heavy, m

And, for your friend's sake, w
Where you may temper her, by
To hate young Valentine, an

Pro. As much as I can do,
But you, Sir Thurio, are not i
You must lay lime, to tangle*

By wailful sonnets, whose co
Should be full fraught with s
Duke. Ay, much the force

poesy.
Pro. Say, that upon the alt
You sacrifice your tears, your

Write till your ink be dry; an
Moist it again; and frame son
That may discover such integ

For Orpheus' lute was str
sinews;

Whose golden touch could
Make tigers tame, and huge l
Forsake unsounded deeps to

After your dire-lamenting cle
Visit by night your lady's ch
With some sweet concert: to

Tune a deploing damp;† i
silence

Will well become such sw
This, or else nothing, will int
Duke. This discipline show

in love.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, the
How she opposes her against

Pro. She did, my lord, wh
here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely
What might we do, to make
The love of Valentine, and k

Pro. The best way is to sh
With falsehood, cowardice, s
Three things that women hig

Duke. Ay, but she'll think,
hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliv
Therefore it must, with circum
By one, whom she esteemeth

Duke. Then you must unde
him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I sh
'Tis an ill office for a gentlem
Especially, against his very f

Duke. Where your good wa
tage him,

Your slander never can enda
Therefore the office is indiffer
Being entreated to it by your

Pro. You have prevailed, i
do it,

Ths. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

1 Out. Follow, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

1 Out. Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rise you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 Out. That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
for he's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to
Aman I am, cross'd with adversity: [To 1 Out.]
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
2 Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to
rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done
so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me
Orde I often had been miserable. [Happy;]
2 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to
take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
2 Out. Know then, that some of us are gen-
tlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth,

Thrust from the company of sweet Silvia:
Myself was from Verona banish'd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as
these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—
2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd
man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
2 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou
diest.
2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we
have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with
Provided that you do no outrages [you;]
On silly women, or poor passengers.
2 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our
crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Milan.—Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spangle-like, the more she spurs my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Ths. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept
before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that
love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Ths. Ay, but, I hope, Sir, that you love not
here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Ths. Whom? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Ths. I thank you for your own. Now, gen-
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while. [Music.]

* Chorus out. † Well-looking. ‡ Language.

• Lawful. † Anger, resentment. ‡ Passionate reproaches.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

and JULIA in boy's

methinks you're
it?
cause I cannot be

merry: I'll bring
music, and see the

peak?

[Music plays.

hear 'em.

he,
end her?

did lend her

ndness:

ess;
there.

ing:
g.

sadder than you

likes you not.
can likes me not.

the strings?
that he grieves

uff! it makes me

ot not in music.
s so,
is in the music!

spite,
always play but

ne play but one
Proteus, that

gentlewoman?
e, his man, told

which, to-mor-
he must carry

company parts.
I will so plead,
g drift excels.

and Musicians.
er window.

our ladyship.
sic, gentlemen:

his pure heart's
um by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take i
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle
servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass y

Sil. You have your wish;
this,—

That presently you bid you be
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, d
Think'st thou, I am so shallow
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many w
Return, return, and make thy
Far me,—by this pale queen o
I am so far from granting thy
That I despise thee for thy wi
And by and by intend to chid
Even for this time I spend in

Pro. I grant, sweet love, t
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false if I should
For, I am sure, she is not bur

Sil. Say, that she be; yet
friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art
I am betroth'd: And art thou

To wrong him with thy import

Pro. I likewise hear, that V.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I;
Assure thyself, my love is bur

Pro. Sweet lady, let me n
earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave
thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepul

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart l
Vouchsafe me yet your picture

The picture that is hanging in
To that I'll speak, to that I'll

For, since the substance of yo
Is else devoted, I am but a sh

And to your shadow I will ma

Jul. If 'twere a substance, y
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as

Sil. I am very loath to be yo
But, since your falsehood sh

well
To worship shadows, and ador

Send to me in the morning, as
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-
That wait for execution in the

[Exit PROTEUS; and Sil

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom,* I w

Jul. Pray you, where lies S

Host. Marry, at my house
think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it bath b
night

That e'er I watch'd, and the m

SCENE III.—The

Enter EGLAMOR

Egl. This is the hour that m
Entreated me to call, and kno

There's some great matter al
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at a

Sil. Who calls?

* Holy dame, blessed

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

M. Sir Eglamour, a thousand thanks good-morrow.

Egl. As merry, worthy lady, to yourself,
According to your ladyship's impress,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

M. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, Sir, I swear, I do not.)
Valiant, wise, reverend, well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the beautiful Valentine;
How low my father would enforce me marry
Valentine, who my very soul abhor'd.
Thou'lt hasten her'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whom faith and honour I repose.
Dost not my father's eager Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unhappy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
Hast to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievance;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Seeking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

M. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

M. At friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

M. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the
cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that
I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from
drowning, when three or four of his blind
brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught
him—even as one would say precisely. Thus I
would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him,
as present to mistress Silvia, from my master;
and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber,
but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her
cup's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur
cannot keep himself in all companies! I would
love, as one should say, one that takes upon
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog
at all things. If I had not had more wit than
he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
truly he had been hang'd for't, sure as I live,
he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He
casts me himself into the company of three
or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's
table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a
plucking while; but all the chamber smelt him.
Out with the dog, says one; What cur is that?

o. Injuncheon, command.
; Owing.

↑ Plead.
; Submit.

says another; Whip him out, says the third;
Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been
acquainted with the small before, knew it was
Crab; and gave me to the fellow that whips
the dogs: Pfland, quoth I, you mean to whip the
dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him
the more wrong, quoth I; 'twere I did the thing
you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but
whips me out of the chamber. How many
masters would do this for their servant? Nay,
I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for pad-
docks he hath stolen, otherwise he had been
executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese
he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't;
then think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remem-
ber the trick you served me, when I took my
leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still
mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see
me heave up my leg, and make water against
a gentleman's fardingale? didst thou ever
see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I
can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you
whimsical peasant? [To LAUNCE.

Where have you been these two days lettering?
Laun. Marry, Sir, I carried mistress Silvia
the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she, to my little jewel?
Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
and tells you, curish thanks is good enough
for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stolen
from me by the hangman's boys in the market-
place: and then I offered her mine own; who
is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore
the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog.
Or ne'er return again into my sight. [Again,
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end,* turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you loved her not, to leave her
She's dead, belike.

[taken:

Pro. Not so, I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you
As you do love your lady Silvia: [as well
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

o. In the end.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

—Tell my lady,
 heavenly picture.
 into my chamber,
 and solitary.
 [Exit PROTEUS.
 could do such a
 entertain'd
 mbs:
 him
 with me?
 with me;
 y him.
 parted from me,
 and will:
 (nger)
 d not obtain;
 ve refus'd;
 ould have dis-
 d love;
 my master,
 myself,
 t so coldly,
 I not have him

test.
 ay you, be my
 [via.
 with madam Sil-
 er, if that I be
 at your patience
 I am sent on.
 Proteus, madam.
 picture?
 there.
 Picture brought.
 him from me,
 ights forget,
 in this shadow.
 this letter.—
 advis'd
 ould not;
 ap.
 on that again.
 um, pardon me.
 t's lines:
 protestations,
 which he will
 [break
 r ladyship this
 [me;
 that he sends it
 ousand times,
 parture:
 dan'd the ring,
 much wrong.

you tender her:
 er wrongs her
 now myself:
 test,
 eral times.
 Proteus hath for-
 at's her cause of
 am, than she is:

When she did think my master
 She, in my judgement, was as
 But since she did neglect her
 And threw her sun-expelling
 The air hath starv'd the roses
 And pinch'd the lily-tincture
 That now she is become as bla
 Sil. How tall was she?
 Jul. About my stature: for,
 When all our pageants of deli
 Our youth got me to play the
 And I was trimm'd in madam
 Which served me as fit, by all n
 As if the garment had been m
 Therefore, I know she is abou
 And, at that time, I made her
 For I did play a lamentable p
 Madam, 'twas Ariadne, pass
 For Theseus' perjury, and unj
 Which I so lively acted with
 That my poor mistress, moved
 Wept bitterly; and, would I
 If I in thought felt not her ver
 Sil. She is beholden to thee.
 Alas, poor lady! desolate and
 I weep myself, to think upon
 Here, youth, there is my pos
 this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, be
 Farewell.
 Jul. And she shall thank
 you know her.—
 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild
 I hope my master's suit will be
 Since she respects my mistress
 Alas, how love can trifle with
 Here is her picture: Let me
 If I had such a tire,† this face
 Were full as lovely as is this c
 And yet the painter flatter'd b
 Unless I flatter with myself to
 Her hair is auburn, mine is pe
 If that be all the difference in
 I'll get me such a colour'd per
 Her eyes are grey as glass; a
 Ay, but her forehead's low, an
 What should it be, that he res
 But I can make respectives‡ in
 If this fond love were not a bl
 Come, shadow, come, and take
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou sen
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, ki
 ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his i
 My substance should be statu
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mi
 That us'd me so; or else, by J
 I should have scratch'd out you
 To make my master out of love

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.—

Enter EOLAMOU

Egl. The sun begins to gild
 And now, it is about the very
 That Silvia, at Patrick's cell,
 She will not fail; for lovers be
 Unless it be to come before the
 So much they spur their exped

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a
 Sil. amen, amen! go on, go

† In disguise. ‡ In good earnest
 § Respectable.

Out at the postern by the abbey wall ;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [off ;
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.*—An Apartment in the
DUKE'S palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Tha. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, Sir, I find her milder than she was ;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Tha. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Tha. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it
loaths.

Tha. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Tha. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true ; such pearls as put out ladies'
eyes ;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Tha. How likes she my discourse ? [Aside.

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Tha. But well, when I discourse of love, and
peace.

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your
peace. [Aside.

Tha. What says she to my valour ?

Pro. O, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it coward-
dice. [Aside.

Tha. What says she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.

Tha. Considers she my possessions ?

Pro. O, ay ; and pities them.

Tha. Wherefore ?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [Aside.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus ? how now,
Thurio ?

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?

Tha. Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine ;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest ;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend confession [not ;
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently ; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot [fled ;
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Tha. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her :

I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that
love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua*—*The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and OUTLAWS.

Out. Come, come,

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with
her ?

3 Out. Being nimble footed, he hath outrun
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him. [us,

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape. [fled ;

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our cap-
tain's cave :

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee ! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was !

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—

What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day ?

These are my mates, that make their wills their
law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase :

They love me well ; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who's this comes
here ? [Steps aside.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for
you, [doth,)

(Though you respect not aught your servant
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your
love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, † but one fair look ;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I came ;

But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most
unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your
presence. [Aside.

* Julia. † Own. ‡ Foolish.

* Careless. † Sing. ‡ Reward.

hungry lion,
to the beast,
rescue me.
Valentine,
my soul;
re cannot be,)
us:
o more.
stood it next

alm look?
ill approv'd,*
they're below'd.
where he's be-

at best love,
then rend thy

those oaths
me. [two,
less thou hadst
e, better have

much by one:
end!

of moving words
ilder form,
rms' end;
e of love, force

ny desire.
uncivil touch;

that's without

acherous man!
nought but mine

ew I dare not say
ould'st disprove

hen one's right
us, [hand
thee more,
for thy sake.

O time, most

al should be the

nfounds me.—
ty sorrow
ce,
suffer,

ee honest:—

hed, [pleas'd,
for these are
h's appear'd:—
plain and free,
give thee.

[Faints

how now? what

charg'd me

VIA;

never done.

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How! let me see:—

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at

my depart,

I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim* to all thy

oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root†

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the leaser blot, modesty finds, [minds.

Women to change their shapes, than men their

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O

heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through

all sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close!

Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish

for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Tha. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or else embrace thy

death;

Come not within the measure† of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Tha. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means‡ for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made

me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it

is.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept

withal,

* Direction. † An allusion to cleaving the yin in archery.

‡ Length of my sword. † Interest.

are endued with worthy qualities;
 re them what they have committed here,
 at them be recall'd from their exile:
 no reformed, civil, full of good,
 fit for great employment, worthy lord.

2. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them,
 and thee;

3. of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Let us go; we will include* all jars
 zinnaphs,† mirth, and rare solemnity.

And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 our discourse to make your grace to
 smile:

* Corrodes

† Masks, reveals.

What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
 blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace
 than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass
 along.

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
 The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

URE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>Duke's absence. ned with Angelo</p> <p>nt to the Duke.</p>	<p>CLOWN, Servant to Mrs. Over-done. ABHORSON, an Executioner. BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner</p> <p>ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio. MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo. JULIET, beloved by Claudio. FRANCISCA, a Nun. Mrs. OVER-DONE, a Bawd.</p> <p>Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.</p> <p>SCENE, Vienna.</p>
--	--

in the Duke's
 and Attendants.

properties to un-
 [course;
 speech and dis-
 our own science,
 all advice
 en no more re-
 [able,
 s your worth is
 re of our people,
 e terms
 s pregnant in,
 ed any
 ur commission,
 ve you warp.—

lo.—
 at an Attendant.
 e will bear?
 with special soul
 pply;
 with our love;
 he organs
 k you of it?
 f worth
 and honour,

ur grace's will,

thy life,
 history
 belongings;

Endowments.

Are not thine own so proper,* as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not fleshly
 touch'd,

But to fine issues:† nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.‡ But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo;
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary:
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
 We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honour.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple: your scope§ is as mine own;
 So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your
 I'll privily away: I love the people, [hand;

* So much thy own property. † For high purposes.
 ‡ Interest. § Extent of power.

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though I do well, I do not wish well
Their loud applause, and ever vehement;
Nor do I think the name of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Isabel. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [Exit.

Isabel. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns
To look into the bottom of my plume: [she
A power I have; but of what strength and use
I am not yet instructed. [two

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Isabel. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Isabel. If the duke, with the other dukes,
came not in competition with the king of Hungary,
why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us his peace, but not
the king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Isabel. Then concluded like the executioners
plume, that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scaped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Then shall not steal?

Isabel. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions;
they put forth to steal: There's not
a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving
before meat, doth relish the petition well that
prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Isabel. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
was where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Isabel. In any proportion,† or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Isabel. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: As for example; Thou thy-
self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers
between us;†

Isabel. I grant; as there may between the
lin and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good
velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant
thee: I had as lief be a list of an English ker-
sey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French
velvet.‡ Do I speak feelingly now?

Isabel. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with
most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out
of thine own confession, learn to begin thy
health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong;
have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou
art tainted, or free.

Isabel. Behold, behold, where madam Mit-
igation comes! I have purchased as many dis-
graces under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

† Hedges. ‡ Measure. § A cut of the same cloth.
‡ A just on the law of hair by the French disease.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Isabel. A French crown* more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in
me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Isabel. Nay, not as one would say, healthy;
but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy
bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast
of thee.

Enter BARD.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has
the most profound solution?

Bard. Well, well; there's one yonder ar-
rested, and carried to prison, was worth five
thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bard. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio, signior
Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bard. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him
arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is
more, within these three days his head's to be
chopped off.

Isabel. But, after all this fooling, I would not
have it so: Art thou sure of that?

Bard. I am too sure of it: and it is for get-
ting madam Julietta with child.

Isabel. Believe me, this may be: he promised
to meet me two hours since; and he was ever
precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws some-
thing near to the speech we had to such a
purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the
proclamation.

Isabel. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt LUCIO and GENTLEMEN.

Bard. Thus, what with the war, what with
the sweat,† what with the gallows, and what
with poverty, I am custom-ashrunk. How now?
what's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bard. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bard. But what's his offence?

Clo. Graping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bard. What, is there a maid with child by
him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by
him. You have not heard of the proclamation,
have you?

Bard. What, proclamation, man.

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna
must be pluck'd down.

Bard. And what shall become of those in
the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had
gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in
for them.

Bard. But shall all our houses of resort in
the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bard. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the
commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you, good counsellors
lack no clients: though you change your place,
you need not change your trade; I'll be your
tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken
on you: you that have worn your eyes almost
out in the service, you will be considered.

Bard. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?
Let's withdraw.

* Crowned crown.

† The sweating sickness.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

er Claudio, led by the
ere's madam Juliet.
[Exeunt.

The same.
JULIET, and Officers;
Gentlemen.

st thou show me thus
I am committed.
disposition,
special charge.
god, Authority,
offence by weight,—
whom it will, it will;
yet still 'tis just.
Claudio? whence

liberty, my Lucio,

much fast,
moderate use
atures do pursue,
n their proper bane,)
we drink, we die.
so wisely under an
ertain of my creditors:
I had as lief have
the morality of im-
offence, Claudio?
peak of would offend

der?

ust go.
d friend:—Lucio, a
[Takes him aside.
y'll do you any good.

th me:—Upon a true
a's bed; [contract,
a fast my wife,
vation lack
e came not to,
flower

er friends;
met to hide our love,
us. But it chances,
tual entertainment,
is writ on Juliet.

ps?

so.

for the duke,—

glimpse of newness;

public be

ner doth ride,

at it may know

raight feel the spur:

his place,

it up,

governor

d penalties,

d armour, hung by

est have gone round,

n, and, for a name,

neglected act

y, for a name.

and thy head stands

, that a milk-maid,

it off. Send after

n.

he's not to be found.

Voraciously devour.

lickle.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this
This day my sister should th
And there receive her appro
Acquaint her with the dang
Implore her, in my voice, tha
To the strict deputy; bid her
I have great hope in that: fo
There is a prompt and speech
Such as moves men; besides,
ous art

When she will play with reas
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; a
couragement of the like, v
stand under grievous impos
enjoying of thy life, who I
should be thus foolishly lost
tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away

SCENE IV.—A M

Enter DUKE and FRI

Duke. No; holy father;
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling
Can pierce a complete bosom:
To give me secret harbour, b
More grave and wrinkled than
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak

Duke. My holy Sir, none t
you

How I have ever lov'd the lif
And held in idle price to hau

Where youth, and cost, and
I have delivered to lord Ang

(A man of stricture,[†] and fir
My absolute power and place

And he supposes me travell'
For so I have strew'd it in th

And so it is receiv'd: Now,]
You will demand of me, why

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statute

laws,

(The needful hits and curb

Which for these fourteen ye

sleep;

Even like an o'ergrown lion i

That goes not out to prey: No

Having bound up the threat'ni

Only to stick it in their child

For terror, not to use; in time

Becomes more mock'd, than f

Dead to infliction, to themse

And liberty plucks justices by

The baby beats the nurse, and

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this tied-up ju

And it in you more dread

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadf

Sith^{**} 'twas my fault to give

'Twould be my tyranny to stril

For what I bid them do: For

done,

When evil deeds have their p

And not the punishment. Th

my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the

Who may, in the ambush of

* Enter on her probation

† Completely armed.

‡ Shewy dress rustles. § Strictness

And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
What both prince and people: therefore, I pre'y-
thee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard* with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Franc. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [Within.]

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Franc. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not, you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
But in the presence of the prioress: [men,
Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit FRANCISCA.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that
calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother, Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet's you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.†

Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mock-
ing me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,†
'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison;* even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My
cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change
their names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action, but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line; of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As nice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the graces by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo. And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd|| him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and
All their petitions are as freely theirs [kneel,
As they themselves would owe|| them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;

No longer staying but to give the mother**

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.

Commend me to my brother. soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in ANGELO'S House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, PROVOST,
Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the
Setting it up to fear†† the birds of prey, [law,
And let it keep one shape, the custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gen-
tleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,††

* Breeding plenty.

† Power of gaining favour

** Abban.

† To

|| Betwixt

†† Scare.

‡ Extent

¶ Have.

|| Examine.

* On his defence. † Do not make a jest of me.
† In few and true words.

out in virtue,) in affections, or place with our blood of your own in your life you censure him, apted, Escalus, ny, er's life, a thief or two at's open made w the laws, es? 'Tis very p and take it, do not see, of it. fference, rather tell me, so offend, out my death, r, he must die. ill. mour. morning: be prepared; ritage. First Provost. m; and forgive virtue fall: e, and answer ut alone. Officers, &c. if these be ** that do no- common houses, ny. s your name? I am the poor in Elbow; I do bring in here notorious bene- at benefactors ors? r, I know not r villains they ut all profana- christians ought here's a wise re they of? El- ou not speak, at elbow. parcelt-bawd; whose house, own in the su- e; a hot-house, se too. Plain. sentence. Wealth. keeps a bagnio.

Escal. How know you that?
Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest* before heaven and your honour,—
Escal. How! thy wife?
Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—
Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?
Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?
Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.
Escal. By the woman's means?
Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.
Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?
[To Angelo.
Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.
Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, Sir.
Clo. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point; As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I cou'd not give you three-pence again.
Froth. No, indeed.
Clo. Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the forecud prunes.
Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.
Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.
Froth. All this is true.
Clo. Why, very well then.
Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.
Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.
Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.
Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, Sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?
Froth. All-hollandt eve.
Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower† chair, Sir;—'twas in the *Beach of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?
Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.
Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

* For predest. † Eve of All Saints day. ‡ Easy.

Ang. This will last out a night in Rutina,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my
leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your
lordship. [Exit ANGLO.

Now, Sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's
wife, once more?

Clo. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to
her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this
man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir: What did this gentleman do
to her?

Clo. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentle-
man's face:—Good master Froth, look upon
his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your
honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his
face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed* upon a book, his face
is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his
face be the worst thing about him, how could
master Froth do the constable's wife any harm?
I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say
you to it?

Elb. First, am it like you, the house is a re-
spected house; next, this is a respected fellow;
and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more
respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked
varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was
ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before
he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or
Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou
wicked Hannibal!† I respected with her, be-
fore I was married to her? If ever I was re-
spected with her, or she with me, let not your
worship think me the poor duke's officer:—
Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have
mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' ear, you might
have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for
it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should
do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some
offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if
thou couldst, let him continue in his courses,
till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—
Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's
come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou
varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[To FROTH.

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, Sir?

[To the CLOWN.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one hus-
band.

Clo. Nine, Sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master
Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you
acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you
master Froth, and you will hang them: Go
you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own
part, I never come into any room in a taphouse,
but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth:
farewell. [Exit FROTH.]—Come you hither to
me, master tapster; what's your name, master
tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest
thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense,
you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are
partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour
it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell
me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow, that
would live.

Escal. How would you live Pompey? by
being a bawd? What do you think of the trade,
Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey;
nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and
spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will
to't then: If your worship will take order* for
the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear
the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I
can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend
that way but for ten year together, you'll be
glad to give out a commission for more heads.
If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent
the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay:
If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pom-
pey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in
requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise
you, let me not find you before me again upon
any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling
where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat
you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to
you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have
you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you
well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good
counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and
fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow;
come hither, master Constable. How long have
you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the
office, you had continued in it some time: You
say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you!
They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't:
Are there not men in your ward sufficient to
serve it?

* Deposed, sworn.

† Constable or clown.

; For cannibal.

* Measure.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

[ACT II.]

by wit in such
they are glad to
some piece of
in the names of
efficient of your
Sir?
you well. [Exit
you?

ner with me.
death of Claudio;

as so;
and woe:
no remedy.
[Exit.

in the same.
ERVANT.
he will come
[straight.
RV.] I'll know
relent: Alas,
ream!
s vice; and he

provost?
no shall die to-
hadst thou not
[order?
sh:
ave seen,
ent hath

our place,
ardon.—
the groaning
[Juliet?

that with speed.
man condemn'd,
virtuous maid,
ed,

ed. [Exit SERV.
mov'd;
avish, means;

ELLA.
Firing to retire.
[To ISAB.] You
your will?
your honour,

st I do abhor,
blow of justice;
but that I must;
at that I am
ot.

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your hon-
our!

Lucio. [To ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him
again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire
To him, I say. [H:

Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
him, [mercy.
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the

Ang. I will not do it.
Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse*
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [To ISABELLA.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again: Well believe't this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.
[Aside.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-
morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
kitchens [heaven

We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

* Prov. † Be assured. ‡ When it is done.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice,

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gail;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Gives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,* petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
Merciful heaven! [thunder.—
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous

bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will re-
He's coming, I perceive't. [lent;

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
ourselves: [them;
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your
bosom; [know

Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-
morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my
lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall
share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all, else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested*
gold,

Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.

[Aside to ISABELLA.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I

Am that way going to temptation, [Aside.

Where prayers cross

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[Exit LUCIO, ISABELLA, and PROVOST.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or

mine? [tis!
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground

enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I

love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on [pet,

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strum-
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd
how. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you
are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
I come to visit the afflicted spirits [order,

Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child—
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

* Palsy.

† Knotted.

* Attested, stamped.

† Preserved from the corruption of the world
; See 2 Kings x. 37

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

[ACT II

ence,

row.—

while,

[To JULIET.

of the sin you

hame most pa-

u shall arraign

sound,

wrong'd you?

an that wrong'd

most offenceful

[act

of heavier kind

pent it, father.

But lest you

to this shame,—

ourselves, not

en, as we love

[it,

an evil;

he to-morrow,

on to him.—

[Exit.

O, injurious

very comfort

[Exeunt.

celo's House.

u think, I think

[words;

with my empty

ot my tongue,

my mouth,

une;

and swelling evil

reun I studied,

n read,

my gravity,

I take pride,

an idle plume,

place! O form!

ase,† thy habit,

the wiser souls

thou still art

evil's horn,

[Exit Szav.

to my heart;

f,

And dispossessing all the other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons,

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general,* subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught

Must needs appear offence. [Love

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much

better please me, [Live.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,

As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his re-

prieve,

Longer, or shorter, he may so be fitted,

That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as

good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit [Image

Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put mettle in restrained means,

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in

earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you

quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd

Stand more for number than account. [sins

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can

speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be charity in sin,

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my

suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me: [Ignorant,

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing

But graciously to know I am no better. [good,

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most

bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks

Proclaim an ensheild† beauty ten times louder

* Outside.

† Face.

‡ Enshielded, covered.

my could displayed.—But mark me; I've said plain, I'll speak more gross: her is to die.

And his offence is so, as it appears at to the law upon that pain.⁹

And I admit no other way to save his life, scribes not that, nor any other, (less of question,) that you, his sister, yourself dear'd of such a person, edit with the judge, or own great loss, shun your brother from the manacles-binding law; and that there were y mean to save him, but that either lay down the treasures of your body passed, or else let him suffer; did you do?

As much for my poor brother, as myself: Were I under the terms of death, cusion of keen whips I'd wear as myself to death, as to a bad rubric, ing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield up to shame.

How must your brother die, and 'twere the cheaper way: were, a brother died at once, a sister, by redeeming him, as for ever.

Are not you then as cruel as the sea-hare slander'd so? [tence penny] Is ransom, and free pardon, to houses: lawful mercy is skin to soul redemption.

'ou seem'd of late to make the law a yam; or prov'd the sliding of your brother and then a vice.

, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out, what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:

ing do excuse the thing I hate, advantage that I dearly love.

We are all frail.

Let me let my brother die, sedary, but only he, and succed by weakness.

say, women are frail too.

ly, as the glasses where they view themselves;

as easy broke as they make forms.

—Help heaven! men their creation mar [frail;]

ing by them. Nay, call us ten times re soft as our complexions are, belows to false prints.¹⁰

think it well:

as this testimony of your own sex, suppose, we are made to be no stronger (its may shake our frames,) let me be said;—

at your words; Be that you are, women; if you be more, you're none; one, (as you are well express'd Jarnal warrants,) show it now, ing on the destin'd livery.

have no tongue but one, gentlemy lord, atreat you speak the former language. Mainly conceive, I love you.

ly brother did love Juliet; and you tell shall die for it. [me,

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

know, your virtue hath a licence is't,

9. † Agree to. ‡ Conversation. my. § Anecdote. ¶ Own. ** Impression.

Which seems a little sadder than it is, To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the Aloud, what man thou art. [world

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austerousness of my life, My voucht against you, and my place i'the Will so your accusation overweigh, [state, That you shall stife in your own report, And swell of calumny. I have begun;

And now I give my sensual race the reins: Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

Lay by all nicety, and profusest blushes, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy

By yielding up thy body to my will; [brother Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit.

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O pernicious mouths, That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approval! Bidding the law make court sy to their will;

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:

Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, That had he twenty heads to tender down

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop

To such abhorrd pollution. Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:

More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,

And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine, But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life, [life,—

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou (Servile to all the skiey influences,) [art,

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun, And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not

noble; For all the accommodations that thou bear'st, Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means

valiant; For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,

9. Hypocrisy.

‡ Substant.

† Amusement.

‡ Determined.

et grossly fear'st
Thou art not

housand grains
v thou art not;
ou striv'st to get;
t Thou are not

range effects,*
h, thou art poor;
with ingots bows,
but a journey,
d hast thou none;
ill thee airt,
er lions,
ad the rheum,
u hast noryouth,

r's sleep,
blessed youth
g the alma
ou art old, and

ction, limb, nor
[this,
What's yet in
et in this life
s yet death we
[fear,

o die:
Let it come on.

, grace and good

n. the wish de-

t visit you again.
nk you.

ord or two with

Look, signior,

you.

se.

where I may be

ke and Provost.

the comfort?

are; most good

heaven,

sador,

ting leiger:‡

gent make with

[speed;

ly, as to save a

[head,

live;

e judge,

ree your life,

ance; a restraint,

ty? you had,

consenting to?)

that trunk you

[bear,

nt.

aprous eruptions.

preparation.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted de-
puty,—

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,*
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,

So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly† as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably‡ fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless‡ winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

* Shut up.
† Lastingly.

‡ Laced robes.

§ Freely.
|| Inwards.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, foolish coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I

think? [Fair!
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Mistris'd from his blood. Take my defence:
No; perish! might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, Hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, he, he, he!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Nay, to thee would prove itself a brew:
Thou hast that thou diest quickly. [Going.
Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
no word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you:
The satisfaction I would require, is likewise your
own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will
attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio, aside.] Son, I have over-
heard what hath past between you and your
sister. Angelo had never the purpose to cor-
rupt her; only he hath made an assay of her
virtue, to practise his judgement with the dis-
position of natures: she, having the truth of
honour in her, hath made him that gracious de-
nial which he is most glad to receive: I am
confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true;
therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not
satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fal-
sible: to-morrow you must die; go to your
knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am
wout of love with life, that I will sue to be
rid of it.

Duke. Hold; you there: Farewell.

[Exit. CLAUDIO.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost. a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my
sins promises with my habit, no loss shall
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit Provost.]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair,
hath made you good: the goodness, that is
cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in good-
ness; but grace, being the soul of your com-
plexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.
The assault, that Angelo hath made to you,
fortune hath convey'd to my understanding;
and, but that frailty hath examples for his fall-
ing, I should wonder at Angelo. How would
you do to content this substitute, and to save
your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had
rather my brother die by the law, than my son
should be unlawfully burn. But O, how much
is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever
he return, and I can speak to him, I will open
my lips in vain, or discover his government.

* Withness. † Refusal. ‡ An established habit.
§ Continues to that resolution.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as
the matter now stands, he will avoid your ac-
cusation; he made trial of you only.—There-
fore, fasten your ear on my advisiage; to the
love I have in doing good, a remedy presents
itself. I do make myself believe, that you may
most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a
merited benefit, redeem your brother from the
angry law; do no stain to your own gracious
person; and much please the absent duke, if,
peradventure, he shall ever return to have hear-
ing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have
spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in
the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana,
the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who
miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married
was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptials
appointed: between which time of the contract,
and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frede-
rick was wrecked at sea, having in that peris'd
vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how
heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman:
there she lost a noble and renowned brother,
in his love toward her ever most kind and na-
tural; with him the portion and sinew of her
fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her
combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave
her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not
one of them with his comfort; swallowed his
vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries
of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her
own lamentation, which she yet wears for his
sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed
with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take
this poor maid from the world! What corrup-
tion in this life, that it will let this man live!—
But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
heal: and the cure of it not only saves your
brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing
it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her
the continuance of her first affection; his un-
just unkindness, that in all reason should have
quenched her love, hath, like an impediment
in the current, made it more violent and unruly.
Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with
a plausible obedience; agree with his demands
to the point: only refer yourself to this ad-
vantage,—first, that your stay with him may
not be long; that the time may have all shadow
and silence in it; and the place answer to con-
venience: this being granted in course, now
follows all. We shall advise this wronged
maid to stand up your appointment, go in your
place; if the encounter acknowledge itself
hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense:
and here, by this, is your brother saved, your
honour untainted, the poor Mariana advan-
taged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The
maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt.
If you think well to carry this as you may, the
doubleness of the benefit defends the deed
from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content

* Betrothed. † Gave her up to her sorrows.
‡ Have recourse to. § Over-reached.

row to a most
holding up:
for this night
on promise of
St. Luke's;
besides this de-
all upon me;
at it may be
fort: Fare you
erant severely.
the Prison.
bow, Clown,
ody for it, but
men and wo-
all the world
is here?
since, of two
own, and the
a furr'd gown
with fox and
it, being richer
ing.
less you, good
father: What
Sir?
nded the law;
thief too, Sir;
Sir, a strange
to the deputy.
wicked bawd!
done,
hou but think
the a back,
thlyself,—
sily touches
live.
a life,
end, go, mend.
some sort, Sir;
even thee proofs
[cer;
to prison, off-
both work,
uty, Sir; he has
cannot abide
remonger, and
good go a mile
me would seem
[free!
s from seeming,
your waist, a
bail: Here's a
pey? What, at
ied in triumph?
alion's images,
now, for putting
ting it clutch'd?
st thou to this
s I not drown'd
st thou, trot? Is
uch is the way?
sweet wine.
our waist with a rope.

Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Truth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.*

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey! Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.†

Clo. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear:‡ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exit Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]
What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence, he puts transgression to L.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he wakes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion's ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir; and speak apoco-

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have

* Powdering tub.
† Fashion.

‡ Stay at home.
§ Puppet.

under the getting a hundred bastards, he paid for the nursing a thousand: no feeling of the sport, he knew the duke that instructed him to mercy. never heard the absent duke much of women; he was not inclined that

Sir, you are deceived.

Is not possible.

Is not the duke? yes, your beggar—and his use was, to put a ducat in his dish: the duke had crotchets in would be drunk too; that let me in-

do him wrong, surely.

Is, I was an inward of his: A shy the duke: and, I believe, I know of his withdrawing.

But, I prythee, might be the cause? Is, pardon,—'tis a secret must be in the teeth and the lips: but this I understand,—The greater fillet of I hold the duke to be wise.

How? why, no question but he was. very superficial, ignorant, unweigh-

After this is envy in you, folly, or the very stream of his life, and the hath helmed, must, upon a war-st, give him a better proclamation. but testified in his own bringings. he shall appear to the envious, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, unaskingly, or, if your knowledge is much darken'd in your malice.

Or, I know him, and I love him.

One talks with better knowledge, edge with dearer love.

One, Sir, I know what I know. can hardly believe that, since you what you speak. But, if ever the ra, (as our prayers are he may,) let you to make your answer before him: sent you have spoke, you have cou- istain it. I am bound to call upon I pray you, your name?

Is, my name is Lucio; well known

He shall know you better, Sir, if I report you.

Fear you not.

Do you hope the duke will return no on imagine me too unharmed an op- ut, indeed, I can do you little harm: wear this again

It be hang'd first: thou art deceived r. But no more of this: Canst thou udio die to-morrow, or no?

Why should he die, Sir?

Why? for filling a bottle with a tun- would, the duke, we talk of, were gain: this ungentur'd agent will be province with continency, spar- not build in his house-eaves, because cherous. The duke yet would have a darkly answer'd, he would never to light. would he were return'd Claudio is condemn'd for untrust- well, good friar, I prythee, pray he duke, I say to thee again, would I on Fridays. He's now past it? say to thee, he would mouth with a ough she smelt brown bread and, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man. good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit* in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's informa- tion against me. mistress Kate keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much li- cence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with di- vines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bless and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the sea, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accur'd. much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, con- tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice. a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most wil- lingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving pro- mises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your fun-

* Transgression.

† Entreated.

1. The majority of his subjects.
2. Guided. 3. Opponent.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

My debt of your
the poor gentle-
of my modesty;
ound so severe,
him, he is indeed

er the straitness
come him well;
hath sentenced

prisoner: Fare

s and Provost.
will bear,

king

grow!

hide,

side!

crimes,

al things!

y:

el;

us'd,

ting,

g.

[Exit.

RIANA's House.

u Boy singing.

y,

worn;

day,

morn:

ng again,

urn,

d in vain.

and haste thee

whose advice

discontent,—

[Exit Boy.

could wish

musical:

me no,—

but pleas'd my

ic oft hath such

rove to harm.

dy inquired for

this time have I

quired after: I

.

ve you :—The

shall crave your

† Trained.

forbearance a little; may be,

you anon, for some advantage

Mari. I am always bound to

Duke. Very well met, and

What is the news from this

Isab. He hath a garden cu

brick,

Whose western side is with a

And to that vineyard is a plai

That makes his opening with

This other doth command a li

Which from the vineyard to t

There have I made my promis

Upon the heavy niddle of the

Duke. But shall you on you

this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and

With whispering and most gu

In action all of precept, he d

The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other t

Between you 'greed, concern

ance?

Isab. No, none, but only a r

And that I have possess'd; hi

Can be but brief: for I have

I have a servant comes with

That stays upon me; whose

I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known t

A word of this :—What, he

forth!

Re-enter MARIA

I pray you, be acquainted wi

She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yo

spect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know y

found it.

Duke. Take then this your

hand,

Who hath a story ready for y

I shall attend your leisure; b

The vaporous night approach

Mari. Will't please you wa

[Exit MARIA

Duke. O place and great

false eyes

Are struck upon thee! volum

Run with these false and

quests!

Upon thy doings! thousand

Make thee the father of their

And rack thee in their fam

How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and

Isab. She'll take the ente

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say

When you depart from him, b

Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughte

He is your husband on a pre-

To bring you thus together, 't

Sith^{as} that the justice of your

* Walked round.

† Informed.

‡ Inquisitive, inquiring.

†

‡

§

Both *Scold** the decessit. Come, let us go;
Our own's to reap, for yet our tiller's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Cl. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyles: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an untaped whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Cl. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there!

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? Pile upon him, he will discredit our mystery.†

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally; a father will turn the scale. [Exit.

Cl. Pray, Sir, by your good favour, (for, truly, Sir, a good favour‡ you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Cl. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Cl. Proof.

Abhor. Every true** man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Cl. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Cl. I do desire to learn, Sir; and, I hope, if we have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:†† for, truly Sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Enter Clown and Abhorson.*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly* in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? [Knocking within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[Exit CLAUDIO.

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To qualify† in others: were he meal'd‡ With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; [come.—

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they [Knocking within.—Provost goes out.

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when The steed'd gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,

That wounds the unsating postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio But he must die to-morrow? [yet,

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,§

[comes You something know; yet, I believe, there No countermand, no such example have we:

Besides, upon the very siegell of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you answer not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

* Gilt, or varnish over.

† Thick, hard prepared for coming.

‡ Trade & countenance.

** Honest.

§ Fettered.

†† Ready.

* Stiffly.

† Perhaps.

‡ Moderate.

§ Deftly.

|| Seal.

First MESSENGER.
Purchas'd by such
[Aside.

as in:
clerity,
ly.
so extended,
offender friend-
(ed.—
Angelo, be-like,
e, awakens me
ou * methinks,
it before.

om may hear to
uted by four of
Barnardine: for
 Claudio's head
performed; with
it than we must
our office, as you

ne, who is to be
here nursed up
nine years old.
absent duke
his liberty, or
it was ever his
ht reprieves for
ll now in the
ame not to an

not denied by
f penitently in
ch'd?
leath no more
leep; careless,
past, present,
salty, and des-

hath evermore
ave him leave
drunk many
ntirely drunk.
as it to carry
him a seeming
him at all.
ere is written
nd constancy:
skill beguiles
unning, I will
whom here you
greater forfeit
hath sentenced
this in a mad-
ays respite, for
a present and

at? having the
command, under
w of Angelo?
no's, to cross
order, I warrant
our guide. Let
g executed, and

years in prison.

Proc. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.*

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Proc. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Proc. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Proc. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Proc. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death, perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Cl. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old wuzen were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dixy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starvelackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-the the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stab'd Pote, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ANTHONY.

Abber. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Cl. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

* Countenance.

Abhor. What, ho, Bernardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Cla. Your friends, Sir; the hangman: You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Cla. Pray, master Bernardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cla. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Cla. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Cla. O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, Sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him fellows; bring him to the block.

[Enter ABHORSON and CLOWN.]

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour; What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides;

Despatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; while I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Bernardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio,

To save him from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in secret holds,

Both Bernardine and Claudio: Ere twice The sun hath made his journal greeting to The under generation,* you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,

And send the head to Angelo. [Exit PROVOST.] Now will I write letters to Angelo,— [tents

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose con- Shall witness to him, I am near at home;

And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon he come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,

When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the His head is off, and sent to Angelo. [world;

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: [patience.

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I say; which you shall find

By every syllable, a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace

your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

* The antipodes.

† Your heart's desire.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

home. For my poor self,
sacred vow, [ter:
Wend* you with this let-
ing waters from your eyes
must not mine holy order,
— Who's here?

Lucio.

Provost?

Sir,

Isabella, I am pale at mine
eyes so red: thou must be
dine and sup with water
for my head fill my belly;
and set me to't: But they
here to-morrow. By my
thy brother: if the old
dark corners had been at
[Exit ISABELLA.

Isabella is marvellous little be-
s, but the best is, he lives

knowest not the duke so
better woodman than thou

answer this one day.

I'll go along with thee; I
ales of the duke.

old me too many of him
be true; if not true, none

before him for getting a

h a thing?

did I: but was fain to
ld else have married me

company is fairer than ho-

I'll go with thee to the
talk offend you, we'll

Nay, friar, I am a kind
[Exeunt.

room in ANGELO'S House.

IO and ESCALUS.

he hath writ hath dis-

n and distracted manner.

h like to madness: pray

e not tainted! And why

s, and re-deliver our au-

ld we proclaim it in an

ring, that, if any crave

they should exhibit their

s reason for that: to have

nts; and to deliver us

t, which shall then have

ust us.

you, let it be proclaim'd:

l call you at your house:

n of sort and suit,†

are you well. [Exit.

c quite, makes me un-

ngs. A deflower'd maid!

dy, that enforc'd

But that her tender shame

ed. † Figure and rank.

Will not proclaim against h
How might she tongue me?
her!—no:

For my authority bears a cr
That no particular scandal
But it confounds the breathe
liv'd.

Save that his riotous youth
Might, in the times to come,
By so receiving a dishonour
With ransom of such sham
had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace
Nothing goes right; we wo
not.

SCENE V.—Fields wit

Enter DUKE in his own habit.

Duke. These letters at ft

The provost knows our purp
The matter being afoot, kee
And hold you ever to our sp
Though sometimes you do b
that,

As cause doth minister. G
And tell him where I stay: g
To Valentinus, Rowland, a
And bid them bring the tru
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be spee

Enter VARRI

Duke. I thank thee, Varrh

good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's

Will greet us here anon, my

SCENE VI.—Street nee

Enter ISABELLA and

Isab. To speak so indirec
I would say the truth; but t
That is your part: yet I'm a
He says, to veil full|| purpos

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me,

ture

He speak against me on the
I should not think it strange
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Pete

Isab. O, peace; the friar i

Enter Friar P

F. Peter. Come, I have fou

most fit,

Where you may have such

He shall not pass you; Twi

pets sounded;

The generous** and gravest

Have hent† the gates, and

The duke is ent'ring; theref

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place

MARIANA, (veiled,) ISABEL

a distance. Enter at opp

VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO.

PROVOST, Officers, and Cit

* Calls, challenges her to do it.

† Credit unquestionable. ‡ Un

|| Availful ¶ Advantage. ** M

My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
 And faithful friend, we are glad to see
 you.
Escal. Happy return be to your
 royal grace!
 Many and hearty thankings to you
 for this.
 I made inquiry of you; and we hear
 of your justice, that our soul
 yield you forth to public thanks,
 and more requital.
 You make my bonds still greater.
 But, your desert speaks loud; and I
 could wrong it,
 in the wards of covert bosom,
 deserves with characters of brass/
 resistance, 'gainst the tooth of time,
 and of oblivion: Give me your hand,
 and subject see, to make them know
 and courtesies would fain proclaim
 that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
 walk by us on our other hand;—
 your supporters are you.

Isab. and Isabella come forward.
 Now is your time; speak loud, and
 feel before him.
 Justice, O royal duke! Vail* your
 guard
 wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
 prince, dishonour not your eye
 hanging it on any other object,
 have heard me in my true complaint,
 me justice, justice, justice, justice!
 relate your wrongs: In what? By
 whom? Be brief:
 and Angelo shall give you justice;
 himself to him.
 worthy duke,
 we seek redemption of the devil:
 yourself; for that which I must speak
 or punish me, not being believ'd,
 redress from you: hear me, O, hear
 me, here.
 My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
 sound:
 I seen a suitor to me for her brother,
 in course of justice.
 in course of justice!
 and she will speak most bitterly, and
 in range.
 most strange, but yet most truly, will
 speak:
 Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
 Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
 Angelo is an adulterous thief,
 a rite, a virgin-violator;
 in range, and strange?
 I say, ten times strange.
 is not truer he is Angelo,
 is all as true as it is strange:
 ten times true; for truth is truth
 and of reckoning.
 away with her:—Poor soul,
 is this in the infirmity of sense.
 prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-
 liev'st
 no other comfort than this world,
 neglect me not, with that opinion
 and touch'd with madness: make not
 impossible [ble,
 but but seems unlike: 'tis not impossi-
 ble wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
 as; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings,* characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O, gracious duke,
 Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
 For inequality: but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
 And hide the false, seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
 Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would
 you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
 To lose his head: condemn'd by Angelo:
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
 As then the messenger;—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
 I come to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
 For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then;
 Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
 A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
 Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed
 to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
 tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the
 To speak before your time.—Proceed. [wrong
Isab. I went
 To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
 The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
 How he refus'd† me, and how I reply'd;
 (For this was of much length,) the vile con-
 clusion
 I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
 He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
 To his concupiscible intemperate lust, [ment,
 Release my brother; and, after much debate-
 My sisterly remorse‡ confutes mine honour,
 And I did yield to him: But the next morn-
 betimes,
 His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
 For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond§ wretch, thou know'st
 not what thou speak'st;
 Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
 In hateful practice:¶ First, his integrity
 Stands without blemish:—next it imports no
 reason,
 That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

* Habits and characters of office.

† Refuted.

‡ Feels.

()

§ Pity.

¶ Conspiracy.

* Lower.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

[ACT I.]

one hath set

whose advice

above,

in ripen'd time,

trapt up

old your grace

believed go!

be gone:—An

thus permit

death to fall

beds must be a

coming hither?

here, friar Lo-

:—Who knows

'tis a meddling

(lord,

been lay, my

ust your grace

him soundly.

's a good friar,

oman here

s friar be found.

rd, she and that

cy friar,

yal grace!

have heard

both this woman

substitute;

ou with her,

[of ?

that she speaks

man divine and

edler, [holy;

man;

ever yet

our grace.

usy; believe it.

ty come to clear

y lord,

erest request,

there was com-

came I hither,

what he doth

with his oath,

up full clear,

I rat, for this

an, [woman;

us'd,)

her eyes,

st.

y, guarded; and

forward.

ngelo!—

ed fools!—

in Angelo;

o judge

witneas, friar?

ed, after speak.

+ Simple.

+ Publicly.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
Until my husband bid me. [face,

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you [wife]

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many

of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had

some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was

married;

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband

knows not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can

be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou

wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my

body,

But knows he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see

thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will wa-

mask. [Unceasing.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, [on]

Which once thou swor'st, was worth the looking

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this

woman; [marriage]

And, five years since, there was some speech of

Between myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition; but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity. since which time of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from

Upon my faith and honour. [her,

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words

from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good-

lord, [house,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-

He knew me as a wife: As this is true

a Deception.

† Her fortune fell short.

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now; [tice;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal* women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practicer out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart; [sure.—
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou,
thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,

Go with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for
he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[Exit Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
When it comes to hear this matter forth,†
Be with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Determined upon these slanderers. [well

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[Exit
Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you
knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest
person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest
is nothing, but in his clothes; and one that
hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come, and enforce them against him: we
shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
[To an Attendant.] I would speak with her:
Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question,
you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
publicly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the DUKE, in
the Friar's habit, and PROVOST.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light
at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [To ISABELLA.]
here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have
said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to
him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir: Did you set these women
on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd
you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let
the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me
speak:

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's un-
Thus to retort* your manifest appeal, [just,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke him-
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll twine you joint
by joint, [just?

But we will know this purpose:—What! un-

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.† My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, and the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him
to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, sig-
nior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the ab-
sence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the duke a
flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then
reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with
me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed,
spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I
pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love my-
self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,
after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd with-
al:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the
provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts
enough upon him: let him speak no more:—
Away with those giglots too, and with the
other confederate companion

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.]

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir;
foh, Sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal!
you must be hooded, must you? Show your
knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your

* Crazy. † Conspiracy. ‡ To the end.

* Refer back. † Accountable. ‡ Wasteful.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ang'd an hour!

ood, and discovers

e, that e'er made

se gentle three:—

(to.) for the friar

hold on him.

se than hanging.

ke, I pardon; sit

[To ESCALON.

Sir, by your leave:

[To ANGELO.

impudence,

If thou hast,

heard,

guiltiness,

like power divine,

Then, good

my shame,

confession;

sequent death,

on —

ed to this woman?

and marry her in-

h consummate,

with him, Provost.

MAHIANA, PETER,

amas'd at his dis-

[honour,

As I was then

ar business,

it, I am still

employ'd and pain'd

Isabel.

as free to us.

sits at your heart;

abacur'd myself,

and would not

ay hidden power,

ost kind maid,

is death,

er foot came on,

it, peace be with

aring death,

ar make it your

[comfort,

MA, PETER, and

el man, approach-

ath wrong'd

you must pardon

he adjudg'd your

ation [brother,

mise-breach,

Thereon dependent, for your
The very mercy of the law or
Most audible, even from his
An Angelo for Claudio, death,
Haste still pays haste, and

leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Men
Then, Angelo, thy fault's the
Which though thou would'st

vantage:
We do condemn thee to the
Where Claudio stoop'd to death
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious

I hope you will not mock me

Duke. It is your husband's

husband:

Consenting to the safeguard

I thought your marriage fit;

For that he knew you, might

And choke your good to come

Although by confiscation they

We do instate and widow you

To buy you a better husband

Mari. O, my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better

Duke. Never crave him; v

Mari. Gentle, my liege,—

Duke. You do but lose you

Away with him to death.—D

Mari. O, my good lord!—S

my part:

Lend me your knees, and all

I'll lend you, all my life to d

Duke. Against all senses

her:

Should she kneel down, in m

Her brother's ghost his paved

And take her hence in horro

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kne

Hold up your hands, say noth

They say, best men are mou

And, for the most, become

better

For being a little bad: so mu

O, Isabel! will you not lend

Duke. He dies for Claudio

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

Look, if it please you, on thi

As if my brother liv'd: I par

A due sincerity govern'd his

Till he did look on me; sinc

Let him not die: My brother

In that he did the thing for

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his

And must be buried hut as

That perish'd by the way: th

Intents but merely thoughts

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprof

any.—

I have bethought me of anot

Provost, how came it, Claud

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded

Duke. Had you a special w

Prov. No, my good lord;

message.

Duke. For which I do disc

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble l

I thought it was a fault, but

Angelo's own tongue.

+ 1

sent me, after more advice :^{*}
my whereof, one in the prison
I by private order also have died,
rev'd alive.

What's he?

His name is Barnardine.

would thou had'st done so by Claudio.
him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Am sorry, one so learned and so wise
as Angelo, have still appear'd,
so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
and temper'd judgement afterward.

Am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
it sticks it in my penitent heart,
I'd death more willingly than mercy;
serving, and I do entreat it.

PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and
JULIET.

Which is that Barnardine?

Is he, my lord.

There was a friar told me of this man :—
you art said to have a stubborn soul,
heeds no further than this world,
'at thy life according. Thou'rt con-
sum'd;

one earthly fault, I quit them all;
there, take this mercy to provide
times to come:—Friar, advise him;
as to your hand.—What wou'dst fel-
low's that?

As is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
he'd have died when Claudio lost his
neck to Claudio, as himself. [head;

[Unmasks CLAUDIO.]

Be he like your brother, for his sake

[To ISABELLA.]

on'd; And, for your lovely sake,
my hand, and say you will be mine,
another too: But fitter time for that.

As Angelo perceives he's safe;

I see a quick'ning in his eye:—

Alas, your evil quits you well:

You love your wife; her worth, worth
repent remission in myself: [yours.—

There's one in place I cannot pardon;—

Isabella.

† Requires.

You, sirrah, [To LUCIO.] that knew me for a
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury,* an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserved of you,

That you extol me thus?

LUCIO. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-
cording to the trick:† If you will hang me for
it, you may, but I had rather it would please
you, I might be whipp'd.

DUKE. Whipp'd first, Sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city;

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,

And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

LUCIO. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said even now,
I made you a duke; good my lord, do not re-
compense me, in making me a cuckold.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.

DUKE. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
store.—

Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness:

There's more behind, that is more grateful.‡

Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is your's, and what is your's is
mine:—

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know.

[Exeunt.]

* Incontinence.

† Punishment.

† Thoughtless practice.

‡ To reward.

DO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ence, favourite	A SEXTON.
dua, favourite	A FRIAR.
ro.	A BOY.
dro.	HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
ohn.	BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
rs.	MARGARET, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
	URSULA, }
	Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.
	SCENE, Messina.

ro's House.

ce, and others,

hat Don Pedro
Messina.

s; he was not
u.

ave you lost in

" and none of

self, when the
ers. I find here,

much honour
audio.

art, and equally
he hath borne

s age; doing,
ts of a lion: he

pectation, than
ou how.

in Messina will

ed him letters,
him; even so

itself modest
ternness,

tears?

ndness: There
at are so wash-

leep at joy, than

Montanto re-

me, lady; there
ay sort.

ok for, niece?

or Benedick of

d as pleasant as

Abundance.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight;* and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.†

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?‡

* At long lengths.

† A Cuckold.

‡ Even.

§ Would for a hat.

Is there no young squire^r now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bent. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Bent. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Bent. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR, and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bent. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bent. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bent. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bent. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Bent. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bent. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Bent. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bent. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Bent. Scratching could not make it worse, as 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bent. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bent. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bent. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Bent. You always end with a jade's trick; I knew you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I

tell him, we shall stay here at least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bent. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bent. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgement.

Bent. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bent. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her.

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bent. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bent. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bent. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bent. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bent. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bent. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

passion change not shortly,
could be otherwise.

n, if you love her; for the lady
thy.

ask this to fetch me in, my

my troth, I speak my thought.

n faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

my two faiths and troths, my

ne

love her, I feel.

at she is worthy, I know.

either feel how she should be

how she should be worthy, is

re cannot melt out of me; I

ne stake.

u want ever an obstinate hers-

of beauty.

ever could maintain his part,

at his will.

oman conceived me, I thank

ught me up, I likewise give her

ks. but that I will have a re-

n my forehead, or hang my

ole baldrick, tall women shall

ause I will not do them the

any, I will do myself the right

nd the fine is, (for the which I

I will live a bachelor.

all see thee, ere I die, look

nger, with sickness, or with

not with love: prove, that ever

with love, than I will get again

ok out mine eyes with a ballad-

hang me up at the door of a

r the sign of blind Cupid.

n, if ever thou dost fall from

ut prove a notable argument.

hang me in a bottle like a cat,

and he that hits me, let him

shoulder, and called Adam.†

as time shall try:

bull doth bear the yoke.

ge bull may; but if ever the

k bear it, pluck off the bull's

m in my forehead: and let me

, and in such great letters as

is good *heres to here*, let them

sign,—*Here you may see Bene-*

man.

should ever happen, thou

mad.

, if Cupid have not spent all

ce, thou wilt quake for this

r an earthquake too then.

n, you will temporize with the

an time, good signior Bene-

onato's; commend me to him,

not fail him at supper; for,

ade great preparation.

most matter enough in me

sage; and so I commit you—

ation of God: From my house,

sixth of July: Your loving

ock not, mock not: The body

is sometimes guarded‡ with

guards are but slightly bas-

re you flout old ends any fur-

conscience; and so I leave

[*Exit BENEDICK.*]

to call off the dogs.

‡ Girdle.

mous archer.

‡ Trimmed.

Claud. My liege, your high-
ness good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine
but how,

And thou shalt see how apt

Any hard lesson that may de

Claud. Hath Leonato any

D. Pedro. No child but H

Dost thou affect her, Claudio

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on i

I look'd upon her with a soul

That lik'd, but had a rougher

Than to drive liking to the n

But now I am return'd, and

Have left their places vacan

Come thronging soft and del

All prompting me how fair y

Saying, I lik'd her ere I we

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like

And tire the hearer with a b

If thou dost love fair Hero,

And I will break with her, a

And thou shalt have her: We

That thou began'st to twist

Claud. How sweetly do yo

That know love's grief by hi

But lest my liking might too

I would have salv'd it with a

D. Pedro. What need the b

er than the flood?

The fairest grant is the neces

Look, what will serve, is fit

lov'st;

And I will fit thee with the r

I know, we shall have reve

I will assume thy part in so

And tell fair Hero I am Cla

And in her bosom I'll unclas

And take her hearing prison

And strong encounter of my

Then, after, to her father wil

And, the conclusion is, she s

In practice let us put it prest

SCENE II.—A Room in L

Enter LEONATO and I

Leon. How now, brother?

Ant. How now, brother? Hath he prov

Ant. He is very busy about

I can tell you strange news th

ed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps

have a good cover, they sho

The prince and count Claus

thick-pleached; alley in my o

much overheard by a man of

discovered to Claudio, that h

your daughter, and meant t

this night in a dance; and, if

cordant, he meant to take th

the top, and instantly break

Leon. Hath the fellow any

this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow

him, and question him ym

Leon. No, no; we will hol

till it appears itself:—but I

daughter withal, that she m

prepared for an answer, if

be true. Go you, and tell h

persons cross the stage. Con

what you have to do.—O, I

friend; you go with me, and

o Once for all.

† Take

John.—Good counsels have a care this busy time.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the gougere,* my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient tolerance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and heed to no man's business, laugh when I am merry, and claw† no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without contentment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself. it is needful that you frame the reason for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

* The venereal disease.
† Dog-rout.

† Flatter.
‡ Scurious.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, overmore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst cow short home; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [To HERO.] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a

another cour-
se me.

see you one day

of some other
grieve a woman
ce of valiant
er life to a chod
none: Adam's
I hold it a sin

hat I told you:
that kind, you

music, cousin,
if the prince
is measure in
answer. For
g, and repent-
and a cinque-
hasty, like a
cal, the wed-
measure full of
comes repent-
falls into the
he stak into

passing abrew d-

; I can see a

ring; brother,

BENEDICE, BAL-
to, MARGARET,

alk about with

I look sweetly,
for the walk;
ay.

company?

ease.

on to say so?

er, for God de-

he case!

n's roof; within

ould be thatch'd.

weak love.

Takes her aside.

like me.

our own sake;

he hearers may

good dancer!

at of my sight,

ver, clerk.

clerk is an-

you are signior

gling of your

erfeit him.

so ill-well, un-

s his dry hand

are he.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not
know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue
hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces
will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had

my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;

Well, thus was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very
dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible
slanders; none but libertines delight in him;
and the commendation is not in his wit, but in
his villany; for he both pleases men, and an-
gers them, and then they laugh at him, and
beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would
he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell
him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison
or two on me, which, peradventure, not mark-
ed, or not laughed at, strikes him into melan-
choly; and then there's a partridge wing saved,
for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[Music
within.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave

them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then Enter all but Don John,

BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on
Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break
with him about it: The ladies follow her, and
but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio. I know him by
his bearing.

D. John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my bro-
ther in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I
pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no
equal for his birth: you may do the part of an
honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would
marry her to night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exit Don John and Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Clau-
dio.—

'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own

Let every eye negotiate for itself, *[tongues;*

And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,

Against whom charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, *[Hero!*

Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore,

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your

• Incredible.

† Accosted.

‡ Carriage, demeanour.

§ Paston.

‡ Entail.

own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest dower; so they sell ballocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, that she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atê† in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man

may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use* for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give you joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.†

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like

* Terrible.

† The Goddess of Discord.

* Interest.

† Turn: a phrase among the players.

husbands, if a

lady?

might have an-

grace is too

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of BEATRICE.

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Time goes on

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thee, Claudio,

I will, in the

ules' labours;

dark, and the

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Hero?

office, my lord,

and.

at the unhope-

hus far can I

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I will teach

that she shall

I, with your

nedick, that,

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with Beatrice.

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I will tell you

[Exit.

LEONATO'S

ACHIO.

(Claudio shall

Partida 10-

Bora. Yes, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cosened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; here Margaret term me Horachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrowed.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: He cunning in the working this, and thy foe is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now he would rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when

a friend.

walked ten mile afoot, to see
; and now will he lie ten nights
the fashion of a new doublet.
o speak plain, and to the pur-
onest man, and a soldier; and
d orthographer; his words are
al banquet, just so many strange
be so converted, and see with
annot tell; I think not: I will
ut love may transform me to an
take my oath on it, till he have
of me, he shall never make me
One woman is fair; yet I am
is wise; yet I am well: another
am well: but till all graces be
one woman shall not come in
ch she shall be, that's certain;
ne; virtuous, or I'll never cheap-
r I'll never look on her; mild,
ear me; noble, or not I for an
I discourse, an excellent musi-
hair shall be of what colour it
Ha! the prince and monsieur
ide me in the harbour.

[Withdraws.]

PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.
ome, shall we hear this music?
my good lord:—How still the
g is,
urpose to grace harmony!
ee you where Benedick hath hid
f?

very well, my lord: the music
d-fox* with a penny-worth.

BALTHAZAR, with music.

ome, Balthazar, we'll hear that
gain.

od my lord, tax not so bad a

sic any more than once.

is the witness still of excellency,
ge face on his own perfection:—
ng, and let me woo no more.

use you talk of wooing, I will

wooner doth commence his suit
ks not worthy; yet he woos;
ear, he loves.

ay, pray thee, come:

lt hold longer argument,

this before my notes,

note of mine that's worth the

Why these are very crotchets that
aks

orsooth, and noting! [Music.]

Dirine air! now is his soul rat-
t not strange, that sheep's guts
uls out of men's bodies!—Well,
money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

no more, ladies, sigh no more,

ten were deceivers ever;

foot in sea, and one on shore;

o one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

and be you blith and bonny;

verting all your sounds of woe

into, Hey nonny, nonny.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo^e
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leary.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest
well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that
should have howled thus, they would have
hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice
bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the
night-raven, come what plague could have
come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [To CLAUDIO.]—Dost
thou hear, Balthazar! I pray thee, get us some
excellent music; for to-morrow night we
would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-
window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit BALTHA-
ZAR and music.] Come hither, Leonato: What
was it you told me of to-day? that your niece
Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl
sits. [Aside to PEDRO.] I did never think that
lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful,
that she should so dote on signior Benedick,
whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem-
ed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that
corner? [Aside.]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell
what to think of it; but that she loves him
with an enraged affection,—it is past the in-
finite of thought.*

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was
counterfeit of passion came so near the life of
passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows
she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[Aside.]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit
you,—

You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze
me: I would have thought her spirit had been
invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord;
especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but
that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knav-
ery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it
up. [Aside.]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known
to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's
her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter
says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encoun-
ter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning
to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times
a night: and there will she sit in her smock,
till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daugh-
ter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I
remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

* Young or cub-fox.

* Longer. † Beyond the power of thought to conceive.

WHAT DO ABOUT NOTHING.

[ACT III]

it, and was
Benedick and Beat-

to a thousand
at she should
at she knew
says she, by my
if he writ to
old.

ees she falls,
ars her hair,
ck! God give

laughter says
uch overborne
me afraid she
herself; It is

Benedick knew
t discover it.

I but make a
lady worse.

ere an aim to
et lady, and,

us.

wise.
a loving Bene-

blood combat-

ten proofs to

I am sorry

ing her uncle

owed this do-

all other re-

I pray you,

at he will say.

will die: for

her not; and

love known;

either than she

ustomed cross-

should make

ble he'll scorn

, hath a con-

uan.

good outward

nd, very wise.

w some sparks

mant.

you; and in

ay say he is

with great dia-

a most Chris-

ost necessarily

acc, he ought

and trembling.

for the man

ns not in him.

Well, I am

see Benedick,

, let her wear

she may wear

urther of it by

while. I love

Thrown off
Handsome.

Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Aside.]

Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick; The conference was sadly borne.*—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is an addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit.]

Bene. Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;

* Seriously carried on.

half, then find my cousin Beatrice
ing with the Prince and Claudio:
her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
the orchard, and our whole discourse
her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
I lay steal into the pleached bower,
honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun,
the sun to enter;—like favourites,
proud by princes, that advance their
pride

that power that bred it:—there will
she hide her,
our purpose: This is thy office,
as well in it, and leave us alone.

I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. [Exit.

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come,

to trace this alley up and down,
it must only be of Benedick:

do name him, let it be thy part
to him more than ever man did merit:

so there must be, how Benedick
in love with Beatrice: Of this matter

Capitol's crafty arrow made,
by wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
the ground, to hear our conference.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
in her golden ears the silver stream,

and devour the treacherous bait:
is we for Beatrice; who even now

had in the woodbine coverture:

is not my part of the dialogue.

Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[They advance to the bower.

Ursula, she is too disdainful;

her spirits are as coy and wild
as harts of the rock.†

But are you sure,
Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
to him wrestle with affection,
never to let Beatrice know of it.

Why did you so? Doth not the gentle-
man

be as full, as fortunate a bed,

as Beatrice shall couch upon?

O God of love! I know, he doth de-
serve

as may be yielded to a man:

sure never fram'd a woman's heart

under stuff than that of Beatrice:

is and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

meeting what they look on; and her wit

is itself so highly, that to her

nothing else seems weak: she cannot love,

in no shape nor project of affection,

so self-endear'd.

Sure, I think so;

therefore, certainly, it were not good
new his love, lest she make sport at it.

Why, you speak truth: I never yet
saw man, [tur'd,

wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
rless would spell him backward: if fair-faced,

morning. † A species of hawk. ‡ Undervaluing.

She'd swear; the gentleman should be her sister

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut;

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable.

Here. No: not to be so odd, and from all
fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks;

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will
say.

Here. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with: One doth not know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgement,

(Having so swift* and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Here. He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, ma-

Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick, [dam,

For shape, for bearing, argument,† and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Here. Indeed, he hath an excellent good
name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
When are you married, madam? [it.—

Here. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come,
go in; [counsel,

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd‡ I warrant you; we have
caught her, madam.

Here. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt HERO and URSULA.

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be
true? [much?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A room in LEONATO's House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil

* Ready. † Conversation. ‡ Ensnared with birdlime.

THOUGHTS ABOUT NOTHING.

[ACT III]

ge, as to show
him to wear
nedick for his
of his head to
ch; he hath
ring, and the
him. he hath
his tongue is
t thinks, his

have been.
are sadder.

there's no true
y touch'd with
ney.

t, and draw it

tooth-ach?
or a worm?
master a grief,

ance of fancy
ut he hath to
Dutchman to-
or in the shape
German from
and a Spaniard
Unless he
at appears he
as you would

some woman,
he brushes his
that bode?
en him at the

man hath been
nament of his
s balls.

er than he did,
elf with civet.

ay, The sweet

of it is his me-

nt to wash his

himself? for the
him.

urit; which is
now governed

heavy tale for
in love.

loves him.

y too; I war-

ons; and, in

with her face

for the tooth-

th me: I have
s to speak to

ust not hear,

and LEONATO.

peak with him

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have
by this played their parts with Beatrice; and
then the two bears will not bite one another,
when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would
speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Clau-
dio may hear; for what I would speak of, con-
cerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married
to-morrow? [*To CLAUDIO.*]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows
what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray
you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let
that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by
that I now will manifest: For my brother, I
think, he holds you well; and in dearthness of
heart hath help to effect your ensuing mar-
riage: surely suit ill spent, and labour ill be-
stowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, cir-
cumstances shortened, (for she hath been too
long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your
Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out
her wickedness; I could say, she were worse;
think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to
it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but
with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-
window entered, even the night before her
wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow
wed her; but it would better fit your honour to
change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see,
confess not that you know: if you will follow
me, I will show you enough; and when you
have seen more, and heard more, proceed ac-
cordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I
should not marry her to-morrow; in the con-
gregation, where I should wed, there will I
shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to ob-
tain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till
you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till
midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watchmen.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but that
should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good
for them, if they should have any allegiance
them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, I will then take charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most deserting man to be constable?

2 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Buncle; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore let you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is hidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills* be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you look for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own ver-

gon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: as there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you. [Exit Dogberry and Verges.]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[Aside.]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed.* Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smurched† worm-eaten tapestry, where the cod-piece seems as massy as his club!

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

* Unpractised in the ways of the world.

† Smoked.

; S. shed.

* Weapons of the watchmen.

now, that I have
e lady Hero's
hero: she leans
window, bids
nt,—I tell this
thee, how the
r, planted, and
ster Don John,
as amiable en-

aret was Hero?
ince and Clau-
knew she was
this, which first
rk night, which
by my villany,
that Don John
uraged; swore
ppointed, next
re, before the
with what he
me again with-

n the prince's
ster constable:
most dangerous
known in the

as one of them;

ing Deformed

harge you, let

a goodly com-
men's bills.

n, I warrant
[Exeunt.]

NATO's House.

ed URSULA.

y cousin Bea-

[Exit URSULA.
other rabato*

leg, I'll wear

o good; and I

l thou art an-

than excellent-

browner: and

, I faith. I saw

at they praise

ay

night-gown in

and cuts, and

own sleeves,

, underborne

a fine, quaint,

yours is worth

ear it, for my

by the weight

ashamed?

i Long-sleeves.

Marg. Of what lady? of speaking honour-
ably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?
Is not your lord honourable without marriage?
I think, you would have me say, saving your
reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not
wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is
there any harm in—the heavier for a husband?
None, I think, an it be the right husband, and
the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not
heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she
comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the
sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes
without burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance
it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—
then if your husband have stables enough,
you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn
that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock cousin; 'tis
time you were ready. By my troth I am ex-
ceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.*

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk,
no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one
their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they
are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly
catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how
long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my
wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear
it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus
Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the
only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have
some morals in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no
moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle.
You may think, perchance, that I think you
are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a
fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think
what I can, nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I
would think my heart out of thinking, that you
are in love, or that you will be in love, or that
you can be in love: yet Benedick was such
another, and now is he become a man: he
swore he would never marry; and yet now, in
despite of his heart, he eats his meat without
grudging; and how you may be converted, I
know not, but methinks, you look with your
eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the
count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all
the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you
to church.

* I. e. for an ache or pain.

† I. e. don meaning.

Here. Help to dress me, good con, good Meg,
good Urtula. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO'S
House.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest
neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some con-
fidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis
a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little
off the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits
are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire
they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin
between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as
my man living, that is an old man, and no
honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palebras,
neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but
we are the poor duke's officers: but, truly, for
mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king,
I could find in my heart to bestow it all of
your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times
more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation
on your worship, as of any man in the city;
and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to
hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to
say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, ex-
cepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a
couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talk-
ing; as they say, When the age is in, the wit
is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—
Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well,
God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse,
one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith,
Sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread:
but, God is to be worshipped: All men are
not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short
of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have,
indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons,
and we would have them this morning exam-
ined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and
bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it
may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you
well.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, they stay for you to give
your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and MESSENGER.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Fran-
cis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn
to the gaol; we are now to examination these
men.

* It is worth seeing.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant
you; here's that [Touching his forehead.] shall
drive some of them to a new com: only get the
learned writer to set down our excommunica-
tion, and meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO,
FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and
BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to
the plain form of marriage, and you shall re-
count their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry
this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come
to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married
to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward
impediment why you should not be conjoined,
I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men
may do! what men daily do! not knowing
what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then
some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he?

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by
your leave!

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back,
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift.

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her
again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble
thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her hon-
our:—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious* bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would say; If I
have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;†
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

* Lascivious.

† Licentious.

I will write

orb;
blown;
your blood
animals

he doth speak

not you?

one about
non stale,
or do I bot

en, and these

uptial.

nce's brother?
us our own?
I thus, mylord?
ne question to

power
power truly.
art my child.
ain I beset!—

to your name.
can blot that
[name

virtue.
you yesternight
selve and one?
to this.
that hour, my

no maiden.—

mine honour,
eaved count,
ar last night,
er window;
eralt villain,
ey have had

he spoke of;
language,
Thus, pretty

onment.
ndst thou been,
been placed
ts of thy heart?
most fair! fare-

is purity!
tes of love,
ature hang,
s of harm,
ious.†

here a point
[HERO SINGS.
in? wherefore

these things,

Don John, and

tractive.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Bene-
dick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'st not quickly
die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?*

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smarch'd; thus, and mired with infamy,

I might have said, No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown veins?

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so stir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is strong-
er made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-
ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her
Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

* Disposition of things.

† Sallied.

what man is he you are accus'd
know, that do accuse me; I know
of any man alive,
his maiden modesty doth warrant,
a lack mercy!—O my father,
if any man with me convers'd
set, or that I yesternight [ture,
a change of words with any crea-
te me, torture me to death.
is some strange misprison* in
places.
of them have the very beat of ho-
redness be raised in this,
if it lives in John the bastard,
toll in frame of villanies.
w not; If they speak but truth
hall tear her; if they wrong her
if them shall well hear of it.
yet so dried this blood of mine,
t up my invention,
ade such havoc of my means,
so rest me so much of friends,
And, awak'd in such a kind,
of limb, and policy of mind,
me, and choice of friends,
them thoroughly.
a while,
equal away you in this case.
t hate the princes left for dead;
be secretly kept in,
t, that she is dead indeed:
erring ostentation;
family's old monument
t epitaphs, and do all rites
unto a burial.
hall become of this? What will
it?
y, this, well carried, shall on
half
to remorse; that is some good:
t, dream I on this strange course,
avail look for greater birth.
it must be so maintain'd,
unt that she was accus'd,
nted, pitied, and excus'd,
r: For it so falls out,
have we prize not to the worth,
joy it; but being lack'd and lost,
rack† the value; then we find
at possession would not show us
ours:—So will it fare with Clau-

hear she died upon his words,
r life shall sweetly creep
of imagination;
ely organ of her life
parell'd in more precious habit,
delicate, and full of life,
ad prospect of his soul,
se liv'd indeed:—then shall he
ad interest in his liver,)
ad not so accused her;
thought his accusation true.
and doubt not but success
as event in better shape
it down in likelihood.
but this be levell'd false,
n of the lady's death
se wonder of her infamy:

And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you:
And though you know, my inwardness, and
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and partly, as your soul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.
Come, lady, die to live on this wedding day;
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience,
and endure.
[Exit FRIAR, HERO, and LEONATO.
Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me, that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you; Is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not:
It were as possible for me to say, I loved no-
thing so well as you: but believe me not; and
yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny
nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.
Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me;
and I will make him eat it, that says, I love
not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to
it: I protest, I love thee.
Beat. Why then, God forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour,
I was about to protest, I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There
is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me,
than fight with mine enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a
villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishon-
oured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!
—What! bear her in hand; until they come to
take hands; and then with public accusation,
uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—(

a. † White. ; Over-rate. † By.

* Intimacy

† Delude her with hopes.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

a man! I would eat his heart
out.

Beatrice;—
a man out at a window!—a

Beatrice;—
pro!—she is wronged, she is
undone.

and counties! Surely, a
goodly count-ess;†
O that I were a man
that I had any friend would
like! But manhood is melted
into compliment, and
into tongue, and trim ones
as Hercules, that only
ears it:—I cannot be a man
before I will die a woman

ood Beatrice: By this hand,

my love some other way than

in your soul the count Clau-
Hero?

ure as I have a thought, or a

I am engaged, I will chal-
kiss your hand, and so leave
it, Claudio shall render me a
you hear of me, so think of
your cousin: I must say, she
farewell. [Exeunt.

E II—A Prison.

, VEROES, and SEXTON, in
WATCH, with CONRADE and

hole disassembly appeared?
and a cushion for the sexton!
be the malefactors?

that am I and my partner.
it's certain, we have the ex-

ch are the offenders that are
let them come before master

ry, let them come before me.—
ne, friend?

edown—Borachio.—Yours,

ttleman, Sir, and my name is

own—master gentleman Con-
do you serve God?

a, Sir, we hope.

down—that they hope they
write God first; for God de-

and go before such villains!—
ed already that you are little

aves; and it will go near
shortly. How answer you

r, we say we are none.

lious witty fellow, I assure
o about with him.—Come you

ord in your ear, Sir; I say to
you are false knaves.

y to you, we are none.

and aside.—Fore God, they
Have you writ down—that

r constable, you go not the

† A nobleman made out of sugar.

† Ceremony

way to examine; you must
that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's
Let the watch come forth:—
you, in the prince's name, a

1 Watch. This man said,
the prince's brother, was a

Dogb. Write down—prince
Why this is flat perjury, to
ther—villain.

Horn. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow
like thy look, I promise the

Sexton. What heard you

2 Watch. Marry, that he h
said ducats of Don John, fo
Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as e

Verg. Yea, by the mass,

Sexton. What else, fellow

1 Watch. And that count
upon his words, to disgra

whole assembly, and not m
Dogb. O villain! thou
into everlasting redemption

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more,
can deny. Prince John is th
stolen away; Hero was in th
in this very manner refused
of this, suddenly died.—M
these men be bound, and br
I will go before, and show
tion.

Dogb. Come, let them be

Verg. Let them be in bas

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! w
let him write down—the p
comb.—Come, bind them
varlet!

Con. Away! you are an

Dogb. Dost thou not

Dost thou not suspect my
were here to write me do
masters, remember, that I
it be not written down, yet
an ass:—No, thou villain, t
as shall be proved upon th
I am a wise fellow; and, w
ficer; and, which is more,
which is more, as pretty a
is in Messina; and one, th
go to; and a rich fellow en
fellow that hath had losses
two gowns, and every thin
him:—Bring him away.
writ down—an ass.

ACT. V

SCENE. I.—Before L

Enter LEONATO and

Ant. If you go on thus, ye
And 'tis not wisdom, thus
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease
Which falls into mine ears
As water in a sieve: give
Nor let no comforter delight
But such a one whose wrong
Bring me a father, that so
Whose joy of her is overw
And bid him speak of path

the length and breadth of

every strain for strain;
And such a grief for such,
In branch, shape, and form:
Smile, and stroke his beard;
I and hem, when he should

[drunk]
Proverbs; make misfortune
His; bring him yet to me,
gather patience.

A man: For, brother, men
Speak comfort to that grief
They not feel; but, tasting it,
As to passion, which before
Stial medicine to rage,
Sees in a silken thread,
And agony with words;
It's office to speak patience
Under the load of sorrow;
He, nor sufficiency,
Can he shall endure
Herefore give me no counsel
Or than advertisement.*
Men from children nothing

Peace: I will be flesh and
Or yet philosopher, [blood;
The tooth-ach patiently;
I writ the style of gods,
At chance and sufferance.
Still the harm upon yourself;
To offend you, suffer too.
I speak at reason: nay, I

See, Hero is belied, [prince,
Claudio know, so shall the
Not thus dishonour her.

PEDRO and CLAUDIO.
As the prince, and Claudio,

Den, good den.
To both of you.
My lords,—
Have some haste, Leonato.
To, my lord!—well, fare you
Lord:—
Now?—well, all is one.
Do not quarrel with us, good

Right himself with quarreling,
He low.
Kings him?

Wrong me, thou dissembler,
Hand upon thy sword,

Shrew my hand,
Our age such cause of fear:
Meant nothing to my sword.
H, man, never flee and jest
Dotard, nor a fool, [at me-
Of age, to brag {do,
Being young, or what would
Know, Claudio, to thy head,
I'd mine innocent child and
Lay my reverence by, [me,
Irs, and bruise of many days,
To trial of a man.
Ilied mine innocent child;
Gone through and through her
D with her ancestors: [heart,
Are never scandal slept,

* Admonition.

Save this of her's tram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare?

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,*

His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. A way, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast

kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foaming fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd

my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know

them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost

scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and

slander,

Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies if they

And thus is all. [durst,

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake

your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with no-

thing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exit LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we

went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news!

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior. You are almost

come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two

noses snapped off with two old men without

teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What

think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we

should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true va-

lour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek

thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and

would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use

thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard, Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

* Skill in fencing.

† Throwing.

ugh very many
will bid thee
draw, to plea-
man, he looks

What though
enough in thee

t in the career,
—I pray you,

another staff;

changes more
indeed.

ow to turn his

your ear!

challenge!

st not:—I will

with what you

me right, or I

ou have killed

fall heavy on

so I may have

st?

hath bidt me

he which if I

y, my knife's

clock too?

well; it goes

atrice praised

ou hadst a fine

ne. No, said I,

reat gross one;

d she, it hurts

eman is wise;

on Nay, said

ere, said she,

Monday night,

ning; there's

en. Thus did

thy particular

d with a sigh,

Italy.

t heartily, and

but yet, for all

on deadly, she

an's daughter

, God saw him

set the savage

edick's head?

rneath, Here

you know my

our gossip-like

garts do their

s, hurt not.—

esies I thank

company: your

Messina: you

and innocent

there, he and I

be with him.

rit BENEDECK.

eat; and, I'll

trice.

† Invited.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a dootor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, 'two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my truth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero: how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whilst he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of And fled he is upon his villany. [trachery:—

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed against Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

• Serious.

† Invited.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his
That when I note another man like him, [eyes;
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bona. If you would know your wronger look
on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath
hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bona. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bell'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge your-
self;

Impose* me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Punish the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daugh-
Almost the copy of my child that's dead, [ter,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her
And so dies my revenge. [cousin,

Claud. O, noble Sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd† in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bona. No, by my soul, she was not; [me;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to
But always hath been just and virtuous,
Is any thing that I do know by her.

Degr. Moreover, Sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it
be remembered in his punishment. And also,
the watch heard them talk of one Deformed
they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock
hanging by it; and borrows money in God's
name, the which he hath used so long, and
never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,
and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray
you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Degr. Your worship speaks like a most
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God
for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Degr. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Degr. I leave an artful knave with your
worship; which, I beseech your worship, to
correct yourself, for the example of others.
God keep your worship; I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health: I humbly give
you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting
may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neigh-
bour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and WATCH.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you
to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk
with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd*
fellow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bona. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands, by helping me to
the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty?

Bona. In so high a style, Margaret, that no
man living shall come over it; for, in most
comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why,
shall I always keep below stairs?

Bona. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's
foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bona. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will
not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call
Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers
of our own.

Bona. If you use them, Margaret, you must
put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dan-
gerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who,
I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.

Bona. And therefore will come.

*The god of love, [Singing.]
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander
the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer
of pandars, and a whole book full of these
quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet
run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,
why, they were never so truly turned over and
over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot
show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out
no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme;
for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*,
a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No,
I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I
cannot woo in festival terms.†

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I
called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid
me.

Bona. O, stay but till then!

* Continued. † Acquaint. ‡ Combined.

* Ignorant.

† Holiday phrases.

u well now:—
th that I came
at hath passed

ereupon I will

ind, and foul
breath is poi-
kissed.

word out of his
But, I must
goes* my chal-
hear from him,
And, I pray
my bad parts
me?

which main-
that they will
ermingle with
good parts did

net! I do suffer
inst my will.
I think, alas!
y sake, I will
ever love that

to woo peace-

cession: there's
that will praise

Beatrice, that
onrs: if a man
n tomb ere he
monument, than
reeps.

ink you?

ur in clamour,
fore it is most
Worm his con-
the contrary,)
tues, as I am
myself, (who,
praise-worthy,)
r cousin?

d mend: there
es one in haste.

to your uncle;
s proved, my
ased, the prince
and Don John
and gone: will

ewa, signior?
die in thy lap,
t moreover, I
[Exeunt.

y a Church.

ATTENDANTS,
rs,

f Leonato?

angues

ongs

r dies:

; Howard.

So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn
hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graces, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your
torches out:

The wolves have pray'd; and look, the
gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his se-
veral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier haste
speed's,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEA-
TRICE, URSULA, FRIAR, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so
well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves; [all,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd coun-
tenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite
her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had
from me, [will!

From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your
Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;

We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. *[Exit ANTONIO.]*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage
bull:— *[gold,*

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
And got a calf in that same noble feat, *[cow,*
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other
reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me
see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy
I am your husband, if you like of me. *[friar;*

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other
wife: *[Unmasking.]*

And when you loved, you were my other hus-
band.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is
dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slan-
der lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Bea-
trice?

Beat. I answer to that name; *[Unmasking.]*
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do
not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves
For here's a paper, written in his hand, *[her;*
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another, *[pocket,*
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands
against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee;
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and,
partly, to save your life, for I was told you
were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[Kissing her.]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the
married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour:
Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epi-
gram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains,
he shall wear nothing handsome about him:
In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will
think nothing to any purpose that the world
can say against it; and therefore never flout at
me for what I have said against it; for man is
a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For
thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten
thee; but in that* thou art like to be my kins-
man, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled
thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double
dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's
have a dance ere we are married, that we may
lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play,
music.—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee
a wife: there is no staff more reverend than
one tipped with horn.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in
flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow, I'll
devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike
up, pipers. *[Dance.]*

[Exeunt.]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OBBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.
PEASBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARDSEED, } Fairies.
PYRAMUS,
THISBE,
WALL,
MOONSHINE, } Characters in the Interlude per-
LEON, } formed by the Clowns.
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.
SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,* con-
 ceits, [gave
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messen-
 Of strong prevailment in unhardn'd youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
 heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious
 duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.
 The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
 maid:
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
 Her. So is Lysander.
 The. In himself he is:
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.
 Her. I would, my father look'd but with my
 eyes.
 The. Rather your eyes must with his judg-
 ment look.
 Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty.

* Jewels.

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's
You can endure the livery of a nun ; [choice,
For aye* to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and by the next
new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will ;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would :
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crossed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my
love ;

And what is mine my love shall render him ;
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted† and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so
much, [thereof ;
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me.
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or else the law of Athens yield you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta ; What cheer, my love ?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire we follow you.
[Exeunt THEA. HIP. EGE. DEM. and train.

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek
so pale ?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike for want of rain ; which I could
well

Beteech them* from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But, either it was different in blood ;

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to
low !

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;

Her. O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends :

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eye ?

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary† as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied‡ night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and
earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ; [sighs,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's§ followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven
leagues ;

And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us : If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;
By his best arrow with the golden head ;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ; [loves ;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke ;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love : Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair : O happy fair !
Your eyes are lode-stars ;|| and your tongue's
sweet air.

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching ; O, were favour¶ so !
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye, [melody.

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

* Ever.

† Wicked.

* Give, bestow.

† Momentary.

‡ Black.

§ Loves.

|| Pole-stars.

¶ Countenance.

translated.
 with what art
 us' heart.
 loves me still.
 ould teach my
 gives me love.
 such affection
 he follows me.
 he hateth me.
 fault of mine.
 Would that
 more shall see
 is place,—
 see,
 me:
 do dwell,
 to hell I
 we will unfold:
 with behold
 lass,
 dedil grass,
 still conceal,
 devis'd to steal.
 ere often you
 went to lie,
 ounsel sweet:
 shall meet
 way our eyes,
 er companies.
 y thou for us,
 metrius!
 starve our sight
 deep midnight.
 I rit HERMIA.
 ena adieu:
 en you!
 rit LYSANDER.
 other some can
 is fair as she.
 nks not so;
 he do know.
 na's eyes,
 e quantity,
 dignity.
 but with the
 painted blind:
 gement taste;
 heedly haste:
 a child,
 gail'd.
 elves forswear,
 where:
 erma's cyne,
 was only mine;
 m Hermia felt,
 eaths did melt.
 a's flight:
 arrow night,
 gence
 pense.
 pain.
 k again. [Exit.
 m in a Cottage.
 NOUT, QUINCE,
 e?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
 man by man, according to the scrip.
 Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
 name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
 to play in our interlude before the duke and
 duchess, on his wedding-day at night.
 Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what
 the play treats on; then read the names of the
 actors, and so grow to a point.
 Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamen-
 table comedy, and most cruel death of Pyra-
 mus and Thisby.
 Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
 you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
 call forth your actors by the scrull: Masters,
 spread yourselves.
 Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
 the weaver.
 Bot. Rendy: Name what part I am for, and
 proceed.
 Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
 Pyramus.
 Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?
 Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
 lantly for love.
 Bot. That will ask some tears in the true
 performing of it: If I do it, let the audience
 look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will
 condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet
 my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play
 Hercules rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to
 make all split.
 "The raging rocks,
 "With shivering shocks,
 "Shall break the locks
 "Of prison-gates:
 "And Phibbus' ear
 "Shall shine from far,
 "And make and mar
 "The foolish fates."
 This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the
 players.—This is Hercules' vein, a tyrant's vein;
 a lover is more condoling.
 Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
 Flu. Here, Peter Quince.
 Quin. You must take Thisby on you.
 Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?
 Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
 Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman;
 I have a beard coming.
 Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in
 a mask, and you may speak as small as you
 will.
 Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
 Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little
 voice,—*Thune, Thune,—Ah, Pyramus, my
 lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*
 Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and,
 Flute, you Thisby.
 Bot. Well, proceed.
 Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.
 Star. Here, Peter Quince.
 Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play
 Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.
 Snout. Here, Peter Quince.
 Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, This-
 by's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's
 part—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.
 Snug. Have you the lion's part written?
 pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of
 study.
 Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is
 nothing but roaring.
 Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,
 that I will do any man's heart good to hear
 me, I will roar, that I will make the duke say,
Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

Quin. As you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek. and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

But I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an' 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

But. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

But. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. — But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to use them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,† such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

But. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

But. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.‡

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a FAIRY at one door, and PUCK at another

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubbies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lovest of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here

to-night;

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all

her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

* As if † Articles required in performing a play.

‡ At all events. § Curious. || A term of contempt.

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,*
But they do square;† that all their elves, for
fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,

That fright the maidens of the villagery;

Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;‡

And bootless make the breathless housewife

churn;§

And sometime make the drink to bear no

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their

harm?¶

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good

luck:

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab,||

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And tumbles cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and

loffe;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that

he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and
TITANIA, at another, with hers.

Obe. I'll meet by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip
hence;

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded; and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Tita-

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, ¶

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-

ing night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Egle break his faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or on the beached margin of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

* Shining. † Quarrel. ‡ Mill. § Yeast. || Wild apple

THE SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

[ACT II

in the land,
so proud,
continents :
his yoke in vain,
and the green

in'd a beard :
owned field,
merrain flock ;
up with mud ;
anton green,
ruishable :
winter here ;
parot blest :—
ess of floods,
he air,
ound :
ire, we see
ed frosts
son rose ;
y crown,
ummer buds
ng, the summer,
inter, change
'mazed world,
s not which is

comes
ention ;
al.
t lies in you :
Oberon ?
boy,

ld of me.
y order :
by night,
my side ;
yellow sands,
on the flood ;
e sails conceive,
e wanton wind :
swimming gait,
with my young

the land,
again,
rchandise.
oy did die ;
her boy :
rt with him.
ood intend you

seus' wedding-

our round,
go with us ;
are your haunts.
I will go with

Fairies, away :
longer stay.
a, and her train.
n shalt not from

ry—

ou remember'st
tory,
lphin's back,
onious breath,
her song ;
m their spheres,
contain them.

onably.

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry

moon ;
And the imperial vot'reas passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.*
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower.—
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's

wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee
once :

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood'd within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted ad-
mant ;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel : Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the
I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius, {more.
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike

me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog ?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit ;

For I am sick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night,

* Exempt from love. † Mad, saying.

‡ Bring in question.

And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as
you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe [go:
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. *Pis.* Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should he woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon* the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wan-
derer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip† and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush‡ woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
A sweet Athenian lady is in love [grove:
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies.
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel,§ and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice¶ for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep
back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders
At our quaint spirits:¶ Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

* By. † The greater cowslip. ‡ Vigorous.
§ A kind of dance. ¶ Bats. ¶ Sports.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts,* and blind-worms,† do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners hence:
Cottles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*—*TITANIA sleeps*

Enter OBERON.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on *TITANIA's* eye-lids.
Do it for thy true love's sake;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce,‡ or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. } *Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in
the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence;
Love take the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! [They sleep.

* Efts. † Slow-worms. ‡ The small tiger

I gone,
gone,
approve
riring love.
is here?
wear:
and,
maid:
sleeping sound,
ground.
not lie
courtesy.
throw
doth owe:
love forbid
did.
one;
ron. [Exit,
a, running.
me, sweet De-
d do not haunt
leave me? do
one will go.
at DEMETRIUS.
his fond chase!
is my grace.
she lies,
live eyes.
Not with salt
d than hers.
ay for fear:
metrius
thus.
lass of mine
rma's sphery
n the ground!
no wound.—
awake.
I will, for thy
[Waking.
ere shows art,
a see thy heart.
t a word
ny sword!
say not so:
hermia? Lord,
en be content.
No: I do repeat
have spent.
or a dove?
away'd;
rtner maid.
n their season:
not to reason;
human skill,
my will,
ere I o'ertook;
chest book.
een mockery
erve this scorn?
young man,
can,
ectrius' eye,
ncy?

† In the dark.

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you
In such disdainful manner me to woo. [da.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep
thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and
might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help
me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
word?

Alack, where are you? speak, as if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;* I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—The same.—The Queen of Fairies
lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELLING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous
convenient place for our rehearsal: This green
plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake
our tying-house; and we will do it in action,
as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of
Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please.
First, Pyramus must draw his sword to kill
himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How
answer you that?

Snout. By'rlinkin,† a parlous† fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing
out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make
all well. Write me a prologue: and let the
prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with
our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed
indeed: and, for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus,
but Bottom the weaver: This will put them
out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue;
and it shall be written in eight and six.—

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written
in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the
lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with
yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion
among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for
there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than

* By all that is dear.
† Dangerous.

† By our ladykin.
‡ Terrible.

your lion, singing; and we ought to look to it.
Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble, my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Song. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the shewcase; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

Song. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall, or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake* and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

Bot. hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. *[Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! *[Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
 Most briny jewel,† and the most lovely Jew,

* Thicket

† Young man.

As true as trust hares, that yet would never
 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus' tomb. *[Sire,*
Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, once* and all.—Pyramus enter; your one is past; it is, never fire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass' head.

This. O,—As true as trust hares, that yet would never fire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are Pray, masters! Sy, masters! help! *[haunted.*

[Exeunt Clowns]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar

and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at ever

turn. *[Exit]*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.†

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated *[Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.*

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thrortle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? *[Waking]*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
 The plain-song cuckoo† gray,
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
 And dures not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again. Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; [me, And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go,

* The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

† Afraid.

‡ The Cuckoo with his uniform note.

§ Joke.

er thou wilt or
ate; [no.
n my state,
go with me;
u thee;
s from the deep:
ed flowers dost
asness so,
rit go.—
and Mustard-

to this gentle-
in his eyes;
ewberries,
nd mulberries;
humble-bees,
waxen thighs,
worm's eyes,
arise,
ted butterflies,
s sleeping eyes:
courtesies.

oy, heartily.—

re acquaintance
ut my finger, I
er name, honest

me to mistress
aster Peasood,
eas-blossom, I
aintance too.—

ed, I know your
rdly, giant-like
a gentleman of
r kindred hath
I desire you
Mustard-seed.
lead him to my
[eye;
with a watery
ry little flower,
stity.
ng him silently.
[Exeunt.

of the Wood.

awak'd;
ne in her eye,
emity.

ow now, mad

this haunted

ster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches* rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass' now! I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him
spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears,
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd
too.—

And the Athenian woman by his side; [ey'd.
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the
man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. [sof

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the
moon

May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I, [cruelty:

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is
he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds [then?

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

* Simple fellows.
† Ass.

‡ Fluid company.
§ Infected.

Thou wilt tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Should not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood, (mood:
He is be dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get
therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more,—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
Be me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
vile:

him, therefore, for a while I will remain.
Lysander's heaviness doth heavier grow
For that that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
For his tender here I make some stay.

Obt. What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
taken quite, (sight:
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's

If thy misprision must perforce ensue (true-
Love true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man
holding truth,
A million fold, commanding oath on oath.

Obt. About the wood go swifter than the
last Helena of Athens look thou see: (wind,
All fancy-sick; she is, and pale of cheek,
With signs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Obt. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obt. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That best please preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should
woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

* Vexat.
; Love-sick.

† Mistaken.
‡ Countenance.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy day.
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. (Asking.) O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyes?
Crystal is madd'ry. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congested white, high Taurus' snow,
Fus'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your marriage.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superstrate my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. (none:
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, so-
journ'd;

And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. (know,
Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy
dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his func-
tion takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

* Heartily. † Degree. ‡ Pay dearly for it.

of light.
not this make

leave thee so?
k, it cannot be.
confederacy!
n'd, all three,
te of me.
teful maid!
with these con-
on? [triv'd
have shar'd,
we have spent,
ooted time
ergot?
uldhood inno-
gods, [cencel
both one flower,
n one cushion,
n in one key;
es, and minds,
grew together,
ug parted,

one stem:
st one heart;
eraldry,
with one crest.
love asunder,
at poor friend?
nly:
e you for it;
ry
ionate words:
ou scorn me.
der as in scorn,
es and face?
metrius,
n me with his

vine, and rare,
e speaks he this
with Lysander
his soul,
uch,
r consent?
as you,
unate;
h'd?
an despise.
t you mean by
rfect sad looks,
turn my back,
sweet jest up:
be chronicled.
manners,
an argument.
me own fault;
shall remedy.
r my excuse;
Helena!

so.
can compel.
more than she
ngth, than her

I do;
se for thee,
love thee not.
than he can do.
, and prove it

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, Sir—he will [low;

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would fol-
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile
thing let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what
change is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with
thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I per-
ceive, [word.

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm
than hate? [love?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you
left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest shall I say!

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
He certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blos-
som! [night

You thief of love! what, have you come by
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes
the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height forsooth, she hath prevail'd with

him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gen-
tlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice; [think,

Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may

Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with
I evermore did love you, Hermia, [me.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd

Save, that, in love unto Demetrius, [you;

I told him of your stealth unto this wood:

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

* A worm that preys on buds of flowers

† Shrewish or mischievous.

Wry Lys.

Will let me quiet go,
I bear my folly back,
no farther: Let me go:
uple and how fond* I am.
et you gone: Who is't that
you?
heart, that I leave here behind?
ith Lysander?
metrius.

ould she shall not harm thee,
; she shall not, though you take
t.
e she's angry, she is keen and
;
t, when she went to school;
e be but little, she is fierce.
again? nothing but low and
ffer her to flout me thus?
her.

gone, you dwarf;
hind'ring knot grass[†] made;
horn.
e too officious,
st scorns your services.
speak not of Helena;
st: for if thou dost intend
how of love to her,
it.

holds me not;
thou dar'st, to try whose right,
e, is most in Helena.

I say, I'll go with thee, cheek
[Exit Lys. and Dem.
istress, all this coil is 'long of
th.

st trust you, I;
in your curst company,
th mine, are quicker for a fray;
get though, to run away. [Exit.
max'd, and know not what to
[Exit, pursuing HELENA.
thy negligence still thou mis-

'st thy knaveries wilfully.
e me, king of shadows, I mis-

I me, I should know the man
in garments he had on?
eless proves my enterprise,
inted an Athenian's eyes:
I glad it so did sort,
ngling I esteem a sport.
est, these lovers seek a place to

Robin, overcast the night;
sin cover thou anon
fog, as black as Acheron;
teasty rivals so astray,
st within another's way.
for sometime frame thy tongue,
stir up with bitter wrong;
rall thou like Demetrius;
other look thou lead them thus,
crows death-counterfeiting sleep;
gs and batty wings doth creep;
e herb into Lysander's eye;
ath this virtuous property,
ence all error, with his might,
eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
A wake, all this diction
ream, and fruitless vision;
thens shall the lovers wend,[‡]

† Anciently knot-grass was believed to
be of children. § Pretend. † Happen.
any ¶ Go

With league, whose date till death shall never
end.

While I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste; [fast,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here
and there, [all,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's Love* have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit OBERON.
Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[Exit Lys. as following the voice.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
stars,

Telling the bushes that thou looks for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,
thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here. [Exit.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me
on;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down.
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[Sleeps.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not?

* Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

st; for well I

g every place;
me in the face.

st me. Thou

ustraineth me
is cold bed.—
sited.

down and sleeps.

g and tedious

[east;

turts, from the

day-light,

pany detest:—

ts up sorrow's

company.

[Sleeps.

come one more;

up four.

ad sad:—

es mad.

o in woe;

nd torn with

er go;

th my desires.

ak of day.

y mean a fray!

[Lies down.

YSANDER's eye.

st,

eye:

erb known,

u take his own,

be shown:

all;

all;

again, and all

HIL. &c. sleep.

ne.

RIES attending;

en.

en this flowery

to boy,* [bed,

k smooth head,

my gentle joy.

ae-blossom.—

monsieur, get

kill me a red-

hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,* monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desire'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwist,—the female ivy so Enrings the barked fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.

OSSEON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obs. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity. For meeting her of late, behind the wood, Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her, and fall out with her: For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flourers' eyes, Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed soul From off the head of this Athenian swain; That he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair; And think no more of this night's accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Tit. His bed o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen?
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tit. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this hood.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all those here the senses.
Tit. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Ob. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine
own self's eyes peer.

Ob. Sound, music. [Still Music.] Come, my
queen, take hands with me, [be.
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers
Now thou and I are now in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And turn it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Ob. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence and,
Till we see the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tit. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [Sound.
[Horns sound within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEOUS, and train.

Th. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward* of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus,
Once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Th. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind, [hang
So low'd, so sanded; and their heads are
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Cock-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thracian
bulls; [bells,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Bells under each. A cry more tunable
Was never heard to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what
symphony are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is; [asleep:
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

Th. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

* Forepart.

† Sound.

‡ The horns are the huge shape of a horned.

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Helena should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.
Th. Go, bid the hushmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and about with. DEMETRIUS, LYSAN-
DER, HELENA, and HERMIA, wake and stir
up.

Th. Good-morrow friends. Saint Valentine
is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Ege. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.
Th. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival suitors;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Ege. My lord, I shall reply amazingly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—
I came with Helena hither: our intent [he
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defaced you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helena told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy* following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,†
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Th. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
(Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exit THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEOUS, and train.
Dem. These things seem small, and undis-
tinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I see these things with part-
ed eye,

When every thing seems double.
Her. So methinks.

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me, [think,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you

* Love.

† Toy.

SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

[ACT A

follow him?

to the temple.
e. let's follow

our dreams.

[Exeunt.

makes.

call me, and I

Pyramus.—

the bellows-

veling! God's

me asleep! I

I have had a

ay what dream

go about to

at I was—there

thought I was,

man is but a

say what me-

hath not heard,

man's hand is

conceive, nor

dream was. I

ballad of this

om's Dream,

I will sing it

ore the duke:

ore gracious,

[Exit.

in QUINCE'S

and STAR-

om's house? is

Out of doubt,

play is mar-

at?

ave not a man

Pyramus, but

best wit of any

erson too: and

cl voice.

a paramour

ght.

oming from the

ree lords and

port had gone

men.

Thus hath he

life; he could

an the duke

oy for playing

ould have de-

Pyramus, or no-

here are these

irageous day!

ourse wonders:

tell you, I am

ou every thing,

tom.

that I will tell

ned: Get your

apparel together; good strings to your beards,
new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently
at the palace; every man look o'er his part;
for, the short and the long is, our play is pre-
ferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean
linen; and let not him, that plays the lion,
pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the
lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no
onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet
breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them
say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words:
away; go, away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*—*An Apartment in the
Palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these
lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething
brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:^{*}

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That in, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
A local habitation, and a name. [thing

Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us [bed!

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your
The. Come now; what masks, what dances
shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for
this evening? [gulls!

What mask? what music? How shall we be-
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief,[†] how many sports
are ripe;

* Are made of mere imagination. † Briefly.
† Faintly. ‡ Short enough.

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

Tha. [Reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung.

By an Athenian runach to the harp.

We'll none of that—that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device, and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The three three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten

words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Tha. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in

Athens here,

Which never laboured in their minds till now;

And now have toll'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

Tha. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel

To do you service. [pain,

Tha. I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places,

ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-

And duty in his service perishing. [charg'd,

Tha. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no

such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this

kind.

Tha. The kinder we, to give them thanks for

nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Twist their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace the prologue is

address'd.

• Unmistaken.

† Ready.

Tha. Let him approach.

[Flourish of trumpet.]

Enter PROLOGUE.

ProL. If we offend, it is with our good will,

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite,

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight, [you,

We are not here. That you should here repent

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Tha. This fellow doth not stand upon points

Lye. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough

colt, he knows not the stop. A good moral, my

lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak

true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue,

like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not

in government.

Tha. His speech was like a tangled chain;

nothing impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is

next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE,

and LION, as in dumb show.

ProL. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at

this show; [plain.

"But wonder on, till truth make all things

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth

present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers

sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls they are

content

"To whisper; at the which let no man

wonder. [thorn,

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of

"Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will

know,

"By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to

woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright;

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did

stain:

"Amos comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain.

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful

blade, [breast;

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody

"And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do re-

main."

[Exit PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, and

MOONSHINE.

Tha. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,

when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

"And such a wall, as I would have you think,

"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and

"Did whisper often very secretly. [Thisbe,

"This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone

doth show;

• A musical instrument.

† Call.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

create,
 P.
 s three
 e's hand
 e stand;
 nor scar,
 such as are
 en be.—
 associate,
 ut;†
 r ber bless,
 th sweet peace:
 rest,
 est.

† Way.

Meet me all by break of day
 (Exeunt OBERON, TIT.
 Puck. *If we shadows have offend'd*
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd
While these visions did ascend
And thus weak and idle times
No more yielding but a dream
Gentles, do not reprehend
If you pardon, we will mend
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearn'd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue
We will make amends ere long
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you!
Give me your hands, if w
And Robin shall restore a

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE KING, King of Navarre.

LORDS, } Lords, attending on the King.

LADIES, } Lords, attending on the Princess
of France,

BERNARDO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

DANIEL, a Curate.

WILKS, a Schoolmaster.

CONSTABLE.

A CLOWN.

MOTH, Page to Armado.
A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a Country Wench.

OFFICERS, and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

Scene, Navarre.

ACT I.

I.—Navarre.—A Park, with a Palace in it.

THE KING, **BERNARD**, **LONGAVILLE**, and **DUMAIN**.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Interd upon our brazen tombs,
And grace us in the disgrace of death;
Pile of cormorant devouring time,
Savour of this present breath may buy
Sour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And we heirs of all eternity.

O, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
Against your own affections,
A huge army of the world's desires,
Which do strongly stand in force:
Which shall be the wonder of the world;
Which shall be a little Academe,
Contemplative in living art.
O, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
For three years' term to live with me,

As scholars, and to keep those statutes,
Recorded in this schedule here:
Which are past, and now subscribe your names;

Whose own hand may strike his honour down,
Whose latest the smallest branch herein:
Which am'd to do, as sworn to do,
Which to your deep oath, and keep it too.
I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;

Which shall banquet, though the body pine:
Which have lean pates, and dainty bites
Which ch the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
Whose manner of these world's delights
Which upon the gross world's baser slaves:
Which to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
Which these living in philosophy.

I can but say their protestation over,
O, dear liege, I have already sworn,
To live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances:

As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, as if you
Which only swore, to study with your grace, [please;
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study
To know the thing I am forbid to know: [so
As thus—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

ook, (while
while truth the
at of his look :
ght of light be-

darkness lies,
g of your eyes.
indeed,
be his heed,
it blinded by.
us sun,
h'd with saucy

ever won,
rs' books.
ven's lights,
el star,
ning nights,
wot not what
[same ;
w nought but
name.
reason against

p all good pro-
d still lets grow
hen green geese

me.
me.
ous sneeping†

ts of the spring.
should proud

cause to sing ?
e birth ?
ose [shows ; †
new fangled }
ason grows. }
ate,
the little gate.
home, Biron ;

have sworn to
am spokemore,
ge you can say,
ive swore,
ree years' day.
the same ;
rite my name. }
rescues thee }

no woman shall

ague.—

with that dread

ost gentility.
be seen to talk
three years, he
the rest of the

ames, sports,

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For, well you know, here comes an embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to
speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords ? why, this was
quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshoot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this
decree ;
She must lie* here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three
years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace :
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name :

[Subscribes.
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions† are to others, as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you
know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight, §
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's de-
bate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, † ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be
our sport ;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow ; What would'st ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,
for I am his grace's thurberough : † but I would
see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commands you.
There's villany abroad ; this letter will tell
you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touch-
ing me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope
in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having : God
grant us patience !

* Reside. † Temptations. ‡ Lively, sprightly.
§ Called. ¶ i. e. Third-borough, a peace-officer.

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb to the marriage.

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.*

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, Sir; all these three: I was seen with her in the manner house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] Great deity, the world's disposer, and our dominator of Nature, my own earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did command the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, be-
[Reads.] The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which be called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I talked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that chacious and most preposterous event, that drencht from my snow white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, &c. and: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited cousin, that base minnow of thy birth,

Cost. Me.

King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King.—that shallow vessel,

Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, kight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.—certain and concerted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to my wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the word of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

* In the fact.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (as is the tender vessel called, which I apprehended with the oft-renew'd swim,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, Sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with nutten and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

—My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, [scorn.—

These oaths and laws will prove an idle sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the same.—ARMADO'S HOUSE.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

* Young man.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[ACT 2

pretty, and my
ying pretty?
ttle.

little: Where-

use quick.

braise, master?

with the same

genious?

ck in answers:

trary, crosses*

[Aside.

dy three years

our, Sir.

he told?

itteth the spirit

and a gamester,

re both the var-

now how much

ounts to.

more than two.

do call, three.

piece of study?

ce you'll thrice

ut years to the

rs in two words,

[Aside.

k, I am in love:

to love, so am I

ll drawing my

fection would

thought of it, I

ransom him to

devised cour-

thinks, I should

e, boy: What

More authori-

sweet my child,

and carriage.

was a man of

for he carried

e a porter. and

strong-jointed

my rapier, as

ing gates. I am

on's love, my

ree, or the two;

at complexion?

p, Sir.

omplexions?

and the best of

slour of lovers:

our, methinks,

current.

Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.*

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Heggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week: for this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.† Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—
Moth.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exit DULL and JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

* Of which she is naturally possessed.

† Transgression.

‡ Day-woman.

Moth. No, Sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt be prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of dissimulation that I have seen, some shall see—
Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[**Exeunt** **MOTH** and **COSTARD**.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar: love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced: and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, dumb! for your manager is in love; yea, he hath. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.—A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Imports a personal conference with his grace.

* Love. † Arrow to shoot at butts with. ‡ Best.

Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills [power.]

It should none spare that come within his

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd: [ill;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time,
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter **BOYET**.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he, and his competitors* in oath,
Were all address'd† to meet you, gentle lady
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre, [The Ladies *musk*.]

Enter **KING**, **LONGAVILLE**, **DUMAIN**, **BIRON**,
and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court
of Navarre.

* Confederates.

† Prepared.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

you back again; and,
the roof of this court
, and welcome to the
mine.

Welcome, madam, to my

come then; conduct me

your lady; I have sworn

my lord! he'll be for-

world, fair madam, by my

will break it; will, and

is ignorant what it is.

so, his ignorance were

[rance.
edge must prove igno-

sworn out house-keep-

that oath, my lord,

so sudden-bold;

seemeth me.

purpose of my coming,

me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.
l, if suddenly I may.

paper, that I were away;

d, if you make me stay.

ance with you in Bra-

with you in Brabant

did.

was it then

be so quick.

that spur me with such

hot, it speeds too fast,

the rider in the mire.

day?

ools should ask.

all your mask!

it covers!

many lovers!

be none.

ill I be gone.

father here doth intimate

red thousand crowns;

of an entire sum,

r in his wars.

, (as neither have,)
t there remains unpaid

more, in surety of the

s bound to us, (which,

the money's worth.

father will restore

is unsatisfied,

ent in Aquitaine,

p with his majesty.

little purposeth,

nd to have repaid

crowns; and not de-

red thousand crowns,

n Aquitaine;

had departs withal,

y our father lent,

ed as it is.

at his requests so far

From reason's yielding, you
make

A yielding, 'gainst some reas
And go well satisfied to Fra

Prin. You do the king my
wrong,

And wrong the reputation of
In so unseemly to confess
Of that which hath so faithf

King. I do protest, I never
And, if you prove it, I'll rep
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word
Boyet, you can produce acqu
For such a sum, from special
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your gra
not come,

Where that and other specia
To-morrow you shall have a

King. It shall suffice me

All liberal reason I will yiel

Mean time, receive such wel

As honour, without breach o

Make tender of to thy true v

You may not come, fair prin

But here without you shall t

As you shall deem yourself l

Though so denied fair harb

Your own good thoughts ex

well:

To-morrow shall we visit yo

Prin. Sweet health and fa

your grace!

King. Thy own wish wi

place! [*Exeunt H*

Biron. Lady, I will comm

heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my

would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you hear

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it g

Ros. My physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't w

Ros. No poynt,† with my

Biron. Now, God save th

Ros. And yours from long

Biron. I cannot stay thank

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a

is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alen

name.

Dum. A gallant lady! A

well.

Long. I beseech you a wo

the white?

Boyet. A woman sometime

in the light.

Long. Perchance, light i

sire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one

sire that, were a sh

Long. Pray you, Sir, wh

Boyet. Her mother's, I h

Long. God's blessing on

Boyet. Good Sir, be not

She is an heir of Falconbr

Long. Nay, my choler is

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir;

† Fall.

* Aye, yes.

† A French

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter ARMANDO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Conscience!— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him fastidiously^e hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou? bawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[†] to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenchas—that would be betrayed without these; and make them see of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all thou three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Munia[‡], honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so.

Is that lead slow which is str'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

^e Hastily.

[†] A kind of dance.

[‡] Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.

[§] Dutch, ready.

Arm. What's her name, in the cup?
Boyet. Katherine, by good hap.
Arm. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or no.
Arm. You are welcome, Sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [Exit Boyet.—Ladies unmask.
Mr. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap.
Not a word with him but a jest. [Loud;
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Arm. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mr. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not sheeps? [Lips.
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your

Mr. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you great pasture for me.

Mr. Not so, gentle beast; [Offering to kiss her.
My lips are no common, though several[§] they

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mr. To my fortunes and me.

Arm. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentlemen, agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his back-men; for here 'tis
shamed.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) [eyes,
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with

Desire me not now, Navarre is infected.

Arm. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle,
affected.

Arm. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make
their retire [sire:
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough de-

His heart, like an agate, with your print im-

pressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be.

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair: [eye,
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tawdring their own worth, from where

they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
As you give him for my sake but one loving

kiss.

Arm. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dis-

pos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which
his eye hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Arm. Thou art an old love-monger, and
speak'st skilfully.

Mr. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
news of him.

Arm. Then was Venus like her mother; for
her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear my mad wenchas?

Mr. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Arm. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exeunt.

[§] A quibble, several signified untried heads.

the bullet, that's

[he:—

[Exit.

soluble and free

I must sigh in

gives thee place.

STAND.

ere's a Costard*

le. come,—thy

no *l'envoy*; no

tain, a plain

no salve, Sir,

t laughter; thy

heaving of my

s smiling: O,

inconsiderate

word, *l'envoy*,

other? is not

or discourse,

uth tofore been

[sain.

umble-bee,

at three.

ncoy.

Say the moral

le humble-bee,

at three:

ut of door,

ling four.

and do you fol-

umble-bee,

at three:

t of door,

four.

in the goose;

a bargain, a

[fat.—

o your goose be

unning as fast

at's a fat goose.

er: How did

rd was broken

in; Thus came

goose that you

[bought;

here a Costard

, Moth; I will

safely within,

ke my shin.

r in the shin.

anchise thee.

ng verses, which

address the poem

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances:—I mean some *l'envoy*, some goose, is this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [Giving him money.] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I,—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony* Jew!— [Exit Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady; When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her; And to her white hand see thou do commend This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guardon;† go. [Gives him money.

Cost. Guardon,—O sweet guardon! better than remuneration; elevenpence farthing better: Most sweet guardon!—I will do it, Sir, in print;—Guardon—remuneration. [Exit.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpy, wining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The appointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

* Delightful.

† With the utmost exactness.

‡ Reward.

§ Hooded, veiled.

Dread prince of plackets,* king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting peritors,†—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her cunnich and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his mighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and
green;
Some man must love my lady, and some Joan.
[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a FORESTER.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now; [brow.
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by
O heresy in fair, fit for these days! [merit.]

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill. [ill.
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may
To any lady that subdues a lord. [afford

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-dea* all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so;
truth is truth. [wit,

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine; [carve;

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can break up this capon.†

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear: [ear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rugs? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

* Petticoats.

† The officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

* God give you good even.

† Illustrious.

† Open this letter.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[ACT IV.]

is he, that is—
k? did you ever
but I remember
bad, going o'er
hard, that keeps
[sport
one that makes
tes.

give it?
y
ich lady?
good master of
d Rosaline.
letter. Come,

be thine anoth-
ess and Truce.
is the suitor?
w?
eauty.
bow.

horns; but, if
[carry.
that year mis-

oter.
?
orns, yourself:

er, Boyet, and
ower: Have I

e with an old
king Pepin of
ning the hit it!
e with one as
aren Guinever
s touching the

ut it, [Singing.
good man.
not,

os and KATH.
ant! how both
shot; for they

at that mark;
to mete at, if

I faith your
earer, or he'll

then, belike
shot by cleav-

greasily, your
pricks, Sir;

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night,
my good owl.

[Exit BOYET and MARIA.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple
clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put
him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony
vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so chacefully,
as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her
fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most
sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological hit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within.
[Exit CUSTARD, running.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and
DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done
in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater,* who now
hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the
sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth
like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the
land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epi-
thets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the
least: But, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of
the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *hand credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *hand credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind
of insinuation, as it were, *in vis*, in way, of
explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or
rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his incli-
nation,—after his undressed, unpolished, un-
educated, unpruned, untrained, or rather un-
lettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—
to insert again my *hand credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *hand credo*;
'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, his cactus!—
O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost
thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties
that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper,
as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intel-
lect is not replenished; he is only an animal,
only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that
we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those
parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, in-
discreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see
him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's
Many can brook the weather, that love not the
wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell
by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's
not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna,
good man Dull.

* A species of apple

† A low fellow.

Dan. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A-Side to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And mightst not to five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dan. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dan. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a prickot that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a prickot.

Nath. Pardon, good master Holofernes, pardon; as it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The princely princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing prickot;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or prickot, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a laughing.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!

Of one sore I am hundred made, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dan. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, notions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of the matter; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui parca loquitur*: a soul feminine saileth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armato: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fenestre, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Vinegia, Vinegia,

Chi non te vede, ei non te piglia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lage, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

[wrong, Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse^{*} his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exit Cost. and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

* Reached.

* Horse adorned with ribands.

father, I do fear
turn to the ver-
Nathaniel?

pen.
father's of a
before repast,
table with a
have with the
pupil, under-
will prove those
either savouring
beseech your

society, (saudi
most infallibly
I do invite you
panca verba.
game, and we
[Exeunt.

of the same.

per.

ng the deer; I
pitch'd a toil;
at defiles; de-
down, wor-
and, and so say
wit! By the
Ajax: it kills
Well proved
love: if I do,
O, but her eye,
I would not
Well, I do
and lie in my
and it hath
melancholy;
and here my
one o' my son-
the fool sent
down, sweeter
world, I would
were in: Here
give him grace
up into a tree.

paper.

en!—Proceed,
him with thy
taith secrets.—

the golden sun

on the rose,

rays have smole

down flows:

so bright

of the deep,

mine give light;

I do weep:

thee,

arose;

in me,

rief will show:

wilt keep

me weep.

ou excel!

of mortal tell.—

I'll drop the

no is he comes

[Steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Hiron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool,

appear! [Aside.

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure,

wearing papers. [Aside.

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in

shame! [Aside.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the

name. [Aside.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd

so?

Biron. [Aside] I could put thee in comfort;

not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of

society, [plicity.

The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up sin-

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power

to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on

wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserves not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My row was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost

shine,

Exhalest this vapour row: in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, What fool is not to wiser,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which

makes flesh a delity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out

o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Com-

pany I stay. [Stepping aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old in-

fant play:

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eyes.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my

wish; [dish!

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Hiron. O most profane coxcomb! [Aside.

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal

eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there

you lie. [Aside.

Dum. Her amber hairs for soul have amber

coted.*

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well

noted. [Aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun

must shine. [Aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

* Outstripped, surpassed.

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Ah, as I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she brings in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incline

Would let her out in snickers; Sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can very wit. [*Aside.*

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!) Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee:

Then for whom even Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*Advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush I know,

To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, [*Advancing.*] you blush;

as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your

low sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

You would for paradise break faith and troth;

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

A faith infrag'd, which such a zeal did swear?

How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-

prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,

There is no certain princess that appears:

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did

But I a beam do find in each of three. [*See;*

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast—

A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you,

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time

In pruningg me? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jag. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither, [*geth*

The treason, and you, go in peace away to—

Jag. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas reason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[*Giving him the letter.*

Where hadst thou it?

Jag. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost

thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace

needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and there-

fore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his

name. [*Picks up the pieces.*

Biron. Ah, you whorson loggerhead, [*To*

COSTARD.] you were born to do me

shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to

make up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you

more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

* Grief. † Cynic. ‡ In trimming myself.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

true; we are four :—
 Let us be gone?
 — Sirs; away.
 — Beside the true folk, and let the
 stay. [Exit COST. and JAC.
 lords, sweet lovers, O let us
 be!
 — are, as flesh and blood can be:
 and flow, heaven show his face;
 and will not obey an old decree:
 is the cause why we were born;
 — hands must we be forsworn.
 — did these rent lines show some
 thine?
 — hey, quoth you? Who sees the
 only Rosaline,
 — le and savage man of Inde,
 — t opening of the gorgeous east,
 — assal head; and, stricken blind,
 — base ground with obedient
 — y eagle sighted eye [breast?
 — upon the heaven of her brow,
 — ded by her majesty?
 — zeal, what fury hath inspir'd
 w?
 — mistress, is a gracious moon;
 — nding star, scarce seen a light.
 — us are then no eyes, nor I Birón:
 — y love, day would turn to night!
 — ions the cull'd sovereignty
 — as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
 — worthies make one dignity;
 — thing wants, that want itself doth
 — ourish of all gentle tongues,—
 — ed rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
 — le a seller's praise belongs;
 — s praise; then praise too short
 ul.
 — mit, five-score winters worn,
 — ke off fifty, looking in her eye:
 — arnish age, as if new-born,
 — the crutch the cradle's infancy.
 — that maketh all things shine!
 — ven, thy love is black as ebony.
 — ny like her! O wood divine!
 — uch wood were felicity.
 — ve an oath? where is a book?
 — swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
 — n not of her eye to look:
 — fair, that is not full so black.
 — adox! Black is the badge of hell,
 — of dungeons, and the scowl of
 — rest becomes the heavens well.
 — is soonest tempt, resembling
 of lights.
 — ny lady's brows be deckt,
 — that painting, and usurping hair,
 — deters with a false aspect;
 — fore is she born to make black
 — ne the fashion of the days;
 — blood is counted painting now;
 — red, that would avoid dispraise,
 — elf black, to imitate her brow.
 — k like her, are chimney-sweepers
 — since her time, are colliers count-
 — ight.
 — thops of their sweet complexion
 — needs no candles now, for dark
 — t
 — mistresses dare never come in
 — away.
 — heir colours should be wash'd

King. 'Twere good, your grace
 tell you plain,
 I'll find a fairer face not w
 Birón. I'll prove her fair, or
 day here.
 King. No devil will fright th
 as she.
 Dum. I never knew man h
 dear.
 Long. Look, here's thy lov
 her face see. [J
 Birón. O, if the streets w
 thine eyes,
 Her feet were much too
 Dum. O vile! then as she go
 lies
 The street should see as
 King. But what of this? A
 love?
 Birón. O, nothing so sure;
 forsworn.
 King. Then leave this chat;
 now prove
 Our loving lawful, and o
 Dum. Ay, marry, there;—
 this evil.
 Long. O, some authority be
 Some tricks, some quillots,
 devil.
 Dum. Some saive for perjur
 Birón. O, 'tis more than me
 Have at you then, affection's
 Consider, what you first did s
 To fast,—to study,—and to m
 Flat treason 'gainst the king!
 Say, can you fast? your stomach
 And abstinence engenders me
 And where that you have vow'
 In that each of you hath forsw
 Can you still dream, and p
 look?
 For when would you, my lord
 Have found the ground of stu
 Without the beauty of a woman
 From women's eyes this doct
 They are the ground, the bool
 From whence doth spring the
 Why, universal plodding pris
 The nimble spirits in the arts
 As motion, and long during s
 The sinewy vigour of the tra
 Now, for not looking on a w
 You have in that forsworn th
 And study too, the causer of
 For where is any author in th
 Teaches such beauty as a wo
 Learning is but an adjunct to
 And where we are, our learn
 Then, when ourselves we see
 Do we not likewise see our h
 O, we have made a vow to st
 And in that vow we have for
 For when would you, my lieg
 In leaden contemplation, hav
 Such sery numbers, as the pr
 Of beauteous tutors have ear
 Other slow arts entirely keep
 And therefore finding barren
 Scarce show a harvest of thei
 But love, first learned in a la
 Lives not alone immured in th
 But with the motion of all ele
 Courses as swift as thought u
 And gives to every power a d
 Above their functions and the

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus' groes in
For valour, is not love a Hercules, [taste:
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as spunk; as sweet and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the
gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove
fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to
[Enter Soldiers]

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon
them lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
Is conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloves
by.

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us
devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct
them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
We run fair Love, strewing her way with
flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd
no corn; [sure:

And justice always whirls in equal mea-
sure; light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
sworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your rea-
sons* at dinner have been sharp and senten-
tious; pleasant without scurrility, witty with-
out affectation,† audacious without impudency,

* Discourses.

† Affectation.

learned without opinion, and strange without
heresy. I did converse this quondam day with
a companion of the king's, who is intituled,
nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour
is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
fiend, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical,
and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and
theatrical.* He is too picked,† too spruce,
too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate
as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his ver-
bosity finer than the staple of his argument. I
abhor such fanatical phantasies, such unsooth-
able and point-devise; companions; such rackers
of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when
he should say, doubt; det, when he should
pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he
clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour,
vocatur, nebour, neigh, abbreviated, ne: This
is abominable, (which he would call abomi-
nable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligit
domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laud deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for bend: *Priscian* a little
scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videamus quis venit?*

Hol. *Vide, et gaudes.*

Arm. Chirra!

[To Moth.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of
languages, and stolen the scraps.

[To COSTARD aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-
basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not
eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long
by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou
art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.‡

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not let-
ter'd?

Moth. Yes, yee; he teaches boys the horn-
book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on
his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—
You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you
repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it;
o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediter-
ranean, a sweet touch,|| a quick venew of
wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth
my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man;
which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go,
whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and
I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*;
A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world,

* Boastful. † Over-dressed. ‡ Fictitious exactness.

|| A small inflammable substance, swallowed in a glass
of wine. ¶ A hit.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

gingerbread:
ration I had of
se of wit, thou
an the heavens
ert but my bas-
ist thou make
dunghill, at the
dunghill for
we will be
o you not edu-
on the top of

for the moun-
at sweet pleas-
ate the princess
ers of this day;
the afternoon.
ay, most gene-
and measurable
is well cull'd,
ure you, Sir, I

ble gentleman;
ou, very good
etween us, let
remember thy
parel thy head;
e and most ac-
import indeed,
I must tell thee,
the world) some-
oulder; and with
with my excre-
t sweet heart,
I recount no fa-
ours it pleaseth
ado, a soldier,
een the world:
of all is,—but,
ecrecy,—that the
at the princess,
ightful ostenta-
antick, or fire-
that the curate
at such crup-
out of mirth, as
u withal, to the

t before her the
as concerning
me show in the
ndered by our as-
k, and this most
ed gentleman,—
one so fit as to

nd men worthy
self, or this gal-
arus; thuswain,
point, shall pass
Hercules.

is not quantify
nb he is not so

he shall present
er and exit shall
I will have an

so, if any of the

† Confidential.
‡ Cluck.

audience hiss, you may cry:
cules! now thou crushest the one
way to make an offence gracious
have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the wor

Hol. I will play three myself!

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentles

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this

antick. I beseech you, follow

Hol. *Viz.*† goodman Dull!

ken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none!

Hol. *Alas!* we will employ

Dull. I'll make one in a dan

will play on the tabor to the w

them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dul

away.

SCENE II.—Another part of t
the PRINCESS' Pavi

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHAR
and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shal
depart,

If fairings come thus plentiful

A lady wall'd about with diam

Look you, what I have from th

Ros. Madam, came nothing

that?

Prin. Nothing but this? ye

in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a

Writ on both sides the leaf, m

That he was fain to seal on C

Ros. That was the way to m

wax;‡

For he hath been five thousand

Kath. Ay, and ashrewd unph

Ros. You'll ne'er be frien

kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melas

heavy;

And so she died: had she bee

Of such a merry, nimble, stin

She might have been a grand

And so may you: for a light

Ros. What's your dark m

of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in

Ros. We need more light t

ing out.

Kath. You'll mar the light,

snuff;||

Therefore, I'll darkly end the

Ros. Look, what you do,

i'the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for

wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not

fore light.

Kath. You weigh me no

care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, I

past care.

Prin. Well bandied both;

play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a fav

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fa

My favour were as great; be

* Suit. † Courage.
‡ Formerly a term of endearment

me too, I thank thee: [two
me; such were the stumbling
in golden on the ground:
a twenty thousand firs.
in my picture in his letter!
ing like?

a the letters; nothing in the

as as left; a good conclusion.

a text B in a copy-book.

small! How! let me not die
here,

oh, my golden letter:

o were not as full of O's!

of that jest! and bestow all

! not was sent to you from this

it

, this glove.

not send you turn?

advice; and moreover,

rumor of a faithful lover:

inn of hypocrisy.

profound simplicity.

I these pearls, to me sent Lon-

long by half a mile.

no less: Dost thou not wish in

langer, and the letter short?

would these hands might never

rise girls, to mock our lovers so.

were fools to purchase mock-

: I'll torture ere I go.

he were but in by the week!

like him slain, and bag, and

soon, and observe the times,

edical wits in bootless rhymes;

service wholly to my behests;

would to make me proud that

would I o'erway his state,

as my fool, and I his fate.

as so surely caught, when they

h'd.

id: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

arrant, and the help of school;

race to grace a learned fool.

I of youth burns not with such

it to wantonness.

sole bears not so strong a note,

: wise, when wit doth dote;

var thereof it doth apply,

, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

me Boyet, and mirth is in

am stabb'd with laughter!

her grace?

va, Boyet?

e, madam, prepare!—

um! encounters mounted are

are: Love doth approach dis-

ants; you'll be surpris'd:

s; stand in your own defence;

as like cowards, and fly hence.

temis to saint Cupid! What

breath against us! say, scout,

the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The king and his companions warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by.

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence majestic would put him out:

For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy replied, An angel is not erid:

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the

shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises holder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fear'd, and

swore.

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cried, *Vin!* we will do't, come what will come:

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well;*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prim. But what, but what, come they to visit

us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd

thus.—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prim. And will they so? the gallants shall

be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me

thine;

So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—

And change you favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these remove.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours meet

in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your in-

tent?

Prim. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prim. No; to the death, we will not move a

foot:

Nor to their pleas'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the

speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prim. Therefore I do it; and, I make no

doubt,

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport e'er

thrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but *ours own!*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

working intended game;
 3, depart away with shame.
[Trumpets sound within.
at sounds; be mask'd, the
oe. [The ladies mask.

ON, LONGVILLE, and DU-
 bnts, and masked; MOTH,
 ndants.

richest beauties on the earth!
 e richer than rich taffata.
 of the fairest dames,
 turn their backs to him.
 backs—to mortal views!
 villain, their eyes.
 urned their eyes to mortal

indeed.
 favours, heavenly spirits,
[vouchsafe
 id, rogue.
 old your sun-beamed eyes,
 named eyes—
 ot answer to that epithet;
 e, daughter beamed eyes.
 mark me, and that brings

perfectness? be gone, you
 ese strangers? know their
 language, 'tis our will
 recount their purposes:
 ld.
 d you with the princess?
 peace, and gentle visita-

hey, say they?
 peace, and gentle visita-

ey have; and bid them so
 ou have it, and you may
 we have measur'd many
 ith her on this grass.
 hat they have measur'd

ith you on this grass.
 ask them, how many inches
 y have measur'd many,
 one is easily told.
 ither you have measur'd

e princess bids you tell,
 fill up one mile.
 e measure them by weary

erself.
 eary steps,
 ou have o'ergone,
 ravel of one mile?
 nothing that we spend for
 e, infinite, [you;
 all without accmpt.
 e sunshine of your face,
 a, may worship it.
 a moon, and clouded too.
 e clouds, to do as such

oon, and these thy stars,
 d,) upon our wat'ry eyne.
 ner! beg a greater matter;
 ut moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our mean
 safe one change:
 Thou bid'st me beg; this beg
 Ros. Play, music, then:
 soon.

Not yet;—no dance:—thou
 moon.

King. Will you not dance
 thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon
 she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the m
 The music plays; vouchsafe

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe
 King. But your legs show

Ros. Since you are strang
 by chance,

We'll not be nice: take ha
 dance.

King. Why take we hanc
 Ros. Only to part friends

Court'ay, sweet hearts; a
 King. More measure of
 not nice.

Ros. We can afford no m
 King. Prize you yourself
 company?

Ros. Your absence only.
 King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be be
 Twice to your visor, and ha

King. If you deny to dar
 chat.

Ros. In private then.
 King. I am best pleas'd

[
 Biron. White handed w
 word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, a
 three.

Biron. Nay then, two trey
 so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malma
 There's half a dozen sweets

Prin. Seventh sweet, ad
 Since you can cog, I'll play

Biron. One word in secr
 Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my
 Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore most.

[
 Dam. Will you vouchsafe
 a word?

Mar. Name it.
 Dam. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair l
 Take that for your fair lady

Dam. Please it you,
 As much in private, and I'll

[
 Kath. What, was your vi
 tongue?

Long. I know the reason,
 Kath. O, for your reason!

Long. You have a double
 mask,

And would afford my speec
 Kath. Veal, quoth the D

Long. A calf, fair lady?
 Kath. No, a fair lord calf

Long. Let's part the word
 Kath. No, I'll not be you

Take all, and wean it; it m

Long. Look, how you hurt yourself in these sheep necks!

Will you give better, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Take this a calf, before your hands do grow.

Long. I had need to private with you, ere I die.

Kath. What softly then, the butcher hears you cry. [They converse apart.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchas are as keen

As is the year's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sun of sense: so something
Janneth their countenance; their comcoils have wings,

Faster than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
quicker things.

do. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. My heaven, all dry-beaten with pure wit!

King. Farewell, mad wenchas; you have simple wits.

[Exeunt KING, LORDS, MORN, MUSIC and ATTENDANTS.

Prin. Twenty fellows my father Muscovites—
Are these the breed of wits as wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet burning puff'd out.

Bo. Well-fitting wits they have; green, green; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor first!
Will they not, thank you, hang themselves to-night?

Or over, hat in vices, show their faces?
His put Biron was out of countenance quite.

Bo. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-tips for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mr. Dumaiz was at my service, and his sword:

Boyet, "quoth I; and my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
And drew you, what he call'd me? [heart;

Prin. Oaths, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Bo. Well, better wits have worn plain state-caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mr. Dumaiz is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
Immediately they will again be here [ear:

In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Readers, change favours; and, when they repair,
How like sweet roses in the summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mark'd, are roses in their bud:

Mark'd, their damask sweet commixture
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Aye, aye, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

* A quibble on the French adverb of negation.
† Their wits may be found among children.
‡ Between, countenance.

Rea. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:

Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as soon run over land.
[Exeunt PRIN, ROS, KATH, and MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIZ, in their proper habits.

King. Fair Sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent, Please it your majesty—
Command me any service to her father? [ty,

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she; I know, my lord.

Biron. This fellow peeks up wit, as pigeons pease;

And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs,
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenchas on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lip: Why, this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean; most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whales' bone; †
And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and ATTENDANTS.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou, [now?

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now [then,

To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

* Unsmooth. † Rustic merry-meetings.
‡ The tender in music. § The tooth of the horse-whale.

as pure
test,
ould endure,
house's guest:
e to be
tegrity.
olation here,
our shame.
at so, I swear;
e, and pleasant
of late.
as?

and of state.
It is not so, my
days," [lord;
praise.
re with four
d an hour.
our, my lord,
happy word
this I think,
ould fain have

—Fair, gentle
[greet
ish; when we
fiery eye,
capacity
uge store
rich things but
ed rich; for in
poverty.
cloth to you be-
rom my tongue.
that I possess.

as it, that you
nsort why de-
hat superfluous
the better face.
ll mock us now
n it to a jest.
hy looks your
he'll swoon!

Muscovy.
own plagues for
onger out?—
ll at me;
ound me with
[rance;
ough my igno-
een conceit;
to dance,
habit wait.
pen'd,
boy's tongue;
end, t
nd harper's
rise, [song:
nce affectation,
n r-dies
got ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
(Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your
eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these
tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to un-
do us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with
you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an
end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did re-
spect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you
will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear; [swear.

Your oath once broke, you force* not to for-
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Hous-
line.

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me
dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Must honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life,
my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it
plain,

You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did
give;

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she
wear;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,†
(Knowing beforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy: (sany,‡
some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight

* Misnomer.

* Make no difficulty. † Conspiracy. ‡ Buffoon.

Some humble-pate, some trencher-knight,
Some Dick,— [Strick
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Mach upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To HOYET.
Furnish our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,*
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
No when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You look upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a loaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hark this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I
have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Whereas, pure wit! them partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know, [No.
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, Sir; but it is vain fine,
For every one purports three.

Biron. And three times three is nine.

Cost. Not so, Sir; under correction, Sir; I
hope, it is not so:

You cannot beg us, Sir, I can assure you, Sir;
we know what we know:

I hope, Sir, three times thrice, Sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know where-
until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should
get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, Sir, the parties themselves,
the actors, Sir, will show whereuntil it doth
amount: for my own part, I am, as they say,
but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man;
Pompey the great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of
Pompey the great: for mine own part, I know
not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand
for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir; we will
take some care. [Exit COSTARD.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not
approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and
'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and
his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prim. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule
you now; [how:

That sport best pleases, that doth least know
Where real strives to content, and the contents
Die in the seal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth; [birth.

When great things labouring perish in their

Biron. A right description of our sport, my
lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense
of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace
of words.

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers
him a paper.]

Prim. Doth this mean serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prim. He speaks not like a man of God's
making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
monarch. For, I protest, the schoolmaster is
exceeding fantastical, too, too vain, too, too
vain: But we will put it, as they say, to for-
tuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of
mind, most royal complement! [Exit ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the great, the parish curate,
Alexander; Armado a page, Hercules, the pe-
dant, Judas Machabees.

And if these four worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the
other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-
priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novam;† and the whole world
again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in
his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she
comes again.

[Seals brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs
be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, Sir;—Pompey surnam'd the
great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
my foe to sweat:

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come
by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass
of France.

If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I
had done.

Prim. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I
was perfect: I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves
the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the
world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my
conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alexander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for
it stands too right.

* Rule.

† A game with dice.

† Pick out.

VE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[ACT 7.]

in this, most
d: Proceed,
d, I was the
you were so,
ard.
or, take away

ou have over-
You will be
loth for this:
x sitting on a
na: he will be
, and afraid to
ander. {NATH.
e you; a fool-
look you, and
s good neigh-
bowler: but,
ow 'tis;—a lit-
orthies a com-
e other sort.
ey.

r Judas, and
ules.

ted by this imp,
that three-head-

a shrimp,
in his manus:

vanish.
[Exit MOTH.]

isplain Judas.
How art thou

u, Judas.

himself.
elder.
was hang'd on

countenance.
face.

ng.
an coin, scarce

r's faulchion.
on a flask.*
ek in a brooch.†
lead.
cap of a tooth-

have put thee in

countenances.
thee faces.
them all.

we would do so.
ass, let him go.
y, why dost thou

horn.
ng hat-lands, &c.

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Ifel. This is not generous, not gentle, not
humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas: it grows
dark, he may stumble.

Prim. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he
been baited!

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of
this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-
timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter: for he makes
faces.

Arm. The omnipotent Mars, of lances* the al-
mighty,

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace.

The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the hair of Ilium;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, you
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it
runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rot-
ten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the
buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But
I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty,
[to the PRINCESS.] bestow on me the sense of
hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.]

Prim. Speak, brave Hector; we are much
delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she
is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Tro-
jan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick;
the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamize me among po-
tentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Ja-
quenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd,
for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great
Pompey, Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates,* more
Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

* Lance-men.

† Atë was the goddess of discord.

Dum. Hester will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood
In's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;^a I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—
I pray you let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward† for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADÉ.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal† opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely
All causes to the purpose of his speed; [form
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbidden the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it [lost,
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

^a A clown.

† Clothed in wool, without linen.
‡ Free to excess.

Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested* us to make: Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false.

By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast, and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been; and therefore met your

In their own fashion, like a merriment. [*loves*

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote† them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning:

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood:

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin
weeds,‡

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of our love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house;

Raining the tears of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what
to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
rank;

You are attaint with faults and perjury;

Therefore if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.

* Tempted.

† Regard.

‡ Clothing.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

me, my love? but what

board, fair health, and

wish you all these three.

ay, I thank you, gentle

rd;—a twelvemonth and

[say :
that smooth-fac'd wooers

both to my lady come,

love, I'll give you some.

be true and faithfully till

ot, lest you be forsworn

month's end,

own for a faithful friend.

patience; but the time is

few taller are so young.

ly? mistress look on me,

nds thy answer there;

on me for thy love.

rd of you, my lord Birón,

the world's large tongue

can replete with mocks;

nd wounding flouts;

ates will execute,

vey of your wit: [brain;

and from your fruitful

in me, if you please,

am not to be won,)

month term from day to day

rk, and still converse

es; and your task shall

deavour of your wit, [be,

impotent to smile.

laughter in the throat of

ossible: [death?

soul in agony.

the way to choke a gibling

got of that loose grace,

ing hearers give to fools:

in the ear

never in the tongue

then, if sickly ears,

mour of their own dear

orns, continue then,

and that fault withal;

throw away that spirit,

empty of that fault,

reformation.

nts? well, befall what will

h in an hospital. [befal,

y lord; and so I take my

[To the KING.

we will bring you on

doth not end like an old

ese ladies' courtesy

e our sport a comedy.

wants a twelvemonth and

[a day,

ong for a play.

† Immediate.

Enter ARMADO

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouch

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of

Arm. I will kiss thy royal

leave: I am a votary; I have

netta to hold the plough for he

years. But, most esteemed g

hear the dialogue that the two

compiled, in praise of the owl

it should have followed in the

King. Call them forth quick.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATH

COSTARD, and others

This side is Hiems, winter

spring; the one maintained

other by the cuckoo. Ver, b

SONO.

Spring. When daisies pied, an

And lady-smocks at

And cuckoo-buds of y

Do paint the meads

The cuckoo then, on e

Mocks married men,)

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O u

Unpleasing to a marri

II.

When shepherds pipe

And merry larks are

When turtles tread, an

And maidens bleach th

The cuckoo then, on e

Mocks married men,)

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O u

Unpleasing to a marri

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by

And Dick the shep

And Tom bears logs

And milk comes fro

When blood is nipp'd

Then nightly sings ti

To-who

To-whit, to-who, a m

While greasy Joan a

IV.

When all about the n

And roughing druc

And birds sits broodi

And Marian's nos

When roasted crabs

Then nightly sings ti

To-who

To-whit, to-who, a m

While greasy Joan a

Arm. The words of Mercu

the songs of Apollo. You,

way.

* Cool.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
 Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
 Prince of Arragon, }
 Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.
 Bassanio, his Friend.
 Salanio, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 Salerio, }
 Gratiano, }
 Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
 Shylock, a Jew.
 Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.
 Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
 Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.

Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.
 Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.
 Balthazar, } Servants to Portia.
 Stephano, }
 Portia, a rich Hebrew.
 Nerissa, her Waiting-maid.
 Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.
 Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.
 Scene, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice.—A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
 It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn;
 And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.
 Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
 There, where your argosies* with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsey to them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.
 Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture
 The better part of my affections would {forth,
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the
 wind; {roads;
 Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.
 Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailingt her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone, {rocks?
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
 thought
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,

That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me
 But, tell not me; I know, Antonio {sad?
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
 Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, {it,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
 Salar. Why then you are in love.
 Ant. Fie, fie!
 Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say,
 you are sad,
 Because you are not merry: and, 'twere as easy
 For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are
 merry, {Janus,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their
 eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect, {smile,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
 We leave you now with better company.
 Salar. I would have staid till I had made
 you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.
 Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.
 Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
 Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
 laugh? Say, when?
 You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
 Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
 yours.
 {Exit SALARINO and SALANIO.
 Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
 Antonio,
 We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

* Ships of large burthen.

† Lowering.

For Antonio,
on the world:
much care.
ly chang'd.
the world, Gra-
t play a part,

wrinkles come;
th wine,
ving groans.
warm within,
haster? [dice
into the jana-
nt, Antonio,—
at speaks;—
visages
ending pond;
ain,
u opinion
conceit;
acle,
og bark!
ese,
wise,
very sure,
ost damn those
[fools.
l their brothers,
er time:
ly bait,
nion.—
e well, a while;
iner.
u then till dis-

ub wise men,
ak.
y but two years
[tongue.
el of thine own
er for this gear.
ce only is com-
[ble.
naid not vendi-
and LORENZO.

ute deal of no-
th Venice: His
eat hid in two
ek all day ere
ave them, they

ndy is this same
grimage
me off?
on, Antonio,
e estate,
welling port
t continuance:
abridg'd
y chief care
reat debts,
o prodigal,
Antonio,
n love;
arranty
urposes,
s I owe.
oo, let me know
t still do, [it;
sur'd,
uest means,

Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am press'd* unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Belmont.—A Room in Portia's House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no more happiness therefore, to be seated in the moon; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to

* Hoody.

† Formerly.

follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter carb'd by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations, therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them: and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt,* indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather he married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords, they have acquainted me with their determination: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa—Sirrah, go before.—While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice.—A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

* A handy, gay youngster

† Count

* Temper, qualities.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

putation to the

my meaning, in
have you under-
yet his means
an argosy bound
dies; I under-
alto, he hath a
England,—and
ander'd abroad:
sailors but men:
ater-rats, water-
mean, pirates,
waters, winds,
withstanding, suf-
rats;—I think, I

may; and, that I
think me: May I

he with us.
eat of the habi-
Nazarite, con-
ay with you, sell
k with you, and
t with you, drink
What news on
here?

awning, publican

uplicity,
and brings down
us in Venice.
the hip,
dge I bear him.
and he rails,
most do congre-

well-won thrift,
ed be my tribe,

resent store;
memory,
e grows
What of that?
y tribe,
ow many months
r, good signior;
[To ANTONIO.
en in our mouths.
er lend nor bor-
eas, [row,
of my friend,
t possess'd,t

d ducats.

months, you told
t me see,—But
[row,
her lend, nor bor-

is uncle Laban's

raham was
his behalf,)
as the third.

may t informed

Ant. And what of him? did
Shy. No, not take interest; I

say,
Directly interest: mark what
When Laban and himself were
That all the earlings which were
pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire;
In the end of autumn turned
And when the work of general
Between these woolly breeders
The skilful shepherd peel'd me
And, in the doing of the deed
He stuck them up before the
Who, then conceiving, did in
Fall party-colour'd lambs,
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and
And thrift is blessing, if men

Ant. This was a venture,
serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to be
But sway'd, and fashion'd,
heaven.

Was this inserted to make int
Or is your gold and silver, ew

Shy. I cannot tell; I make I
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio
The devil can cite scripture for
An evil soul, producing holy
Is like a villain with a smiling
A goodly apple rotten at the
O, what a goodly outside falls

Shy. Three thousand ducats
round sum.

Three months from twelve, th

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we
you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many
In the Rialto you have rated
About my monies, and my us
Still have I borne it with a patience
For sufferance is the badge of love
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine
And all for use of that which I
Well then, it now appears, you
Go to then; you come to me,
Shylock, we would have monies
You, that did void your rheum
And foot me, as you spurn a dog
Over your threshold; monies
What should I say to you? Shall I
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats
Shall I bend low, and in a bow
With bated breath, and whispering
Say this,—

Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
You spurn'd me such a day; as you
You call'd me—dog; and for that
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee
If thou wilt lend this money,
As to thy friends; (for where
A breed for barren metal of his house
But lend it rather to thine enemy
Who, if he break, thou may'st exact
The penalty.)

Shy. Why, look you, how you
I would be friends with you
love.

Forget the shames that you
Supply your present wants, and

• Nature.

Of course for my service, and you'll not hear
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Sly. This kindness will I show :—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you employ me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sum, as we
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be substituted for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a
bond.

And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Sly. You shall not seal to such a bond for
I'll rather dwell^a in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within three months, that's a month before
His bond expires, I do expect return
Of three three times the value of this bond.

Sly. O father Abraham, what these Chris-
tians are :

When our hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, goats, or goats. I say,

To bet his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

Ant. For my love, I pay you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Sly. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purge the ducats straight ;
He to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unscrupulous knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. His thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows
Sly. I like not fair terms, and a villain's
mind.

Ant. Come on : in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont.—A Room in PORTIA'S
House.

Arrival of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MO-
DENA, and his Train ; PORTIA, NESSA, and
other of her Attendants.

Mar. Unlike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred,
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incisions for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd ; the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our climate
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
Besides the lottery of my destiny
Consent the lottery of my destiny
But me the right of voluntary choosing.
But, if my father had not scantied me,
And hadg'd me by his wit, to yield myself

^a Abide.

^b Allusion to the custom custom for lovers to satisfy
their passions by cutting themselves in their own breast
sides.

^c Terrified.

His wife, who wins me by that means I told
you,

Yourselves, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mer. Even for that I thank you :
Therefore, I pray you, lend me to the markets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cub from the she-
bear.

Yes, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose
Never to speak to lady afterward

In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.^b

Mer. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after din-
Your hazard shall be made.

Mer. Good fortune then !

To make me bless'd, or curs'd 't among men.

SCENE II.—Venice.—A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is
at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me,
Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good
Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs,
take the start, run away : My conscience says,—
no ; take heed honest Launcelot, take heed, honest
Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gob-
bo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels :
Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ;
ris' says the fiend ; away ! says the fiend, for
the heavens ; rouse up a brave mind, says the
fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging
about the neck of my heart, says very wisely
to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an
honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's
son,—for, indeed, my father did something
smack, something grow to, he had a kind of
taste ; well, my conscience says, Launcelot,
budge not ; budge, says the fiend ; budge not,
says my conscience. Conscience, says I, you
counsel well ; fiend, says I, you counsel well :
to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay
with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the
mark^c) is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from
the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who,
saying your reverence, is the devil himself :
Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnat-
ion ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is
but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to coun-
sel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives
the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my
heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you ;
which is the way to master Jew's ?

^a Not precipitate.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

this is my true
more than sand-
we me not:—I

man, I pray you,
w's?

right hand, at the
t turning of all,
ery next turning,
own indirectly to

it be a hard way
ther one Launce-
ed with him, or

master Launce-
now will I raise
g master Launce-

poor man's son;
n honest exceed-
thanked, well to

be what he will,
celot.

and Launcelot,

old man, *ergo*, I
young master

ase your master-

elot, talk not of
the young gen-
al destinies, and
three, and such
leed, deceased;
terms, gone to

the boy was the
rop.

gel, or a hovel-
you know me,

you not, young
me, is my boy,

ad?
father?

blind, I know

had your eyes,
me: it is a wise
ild. Well, old
your son: Give
come to light;
man's son may;

up; I am sure,

no more fooling
blessing; I am
your son that is,

my son.

think of that:
man, and, I am

by mother.

indeed: I'll be
ou art mine own

happ'd might be
ou hast got

Dobbin my thill-

, that Dobbin's
ure he had more

shaft horse.

hair on his tail, than I have
I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou
dost thou and thy master agree
him a present; How 'gree yo

Laun. Well, well; but, for
as I have set up my rest to ru
not rest till I have run some
ter's a very Jew: Give him
him a halter: I am famish'
you may tell every finger I h
Father, I am glad you are
your present to one master B
deed, gives rare new liverie
him, I will run as far as God
—O rare fortune! here com
him, father; for I am a Jew, i
any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEON.
Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but
ed, that supper be ready at th
of the clock: See these lette
the liveries to making; and
to come anon to my lodging.

Leon. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worsh
Bass. Gramercy; Would'st

me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a
Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, I

man; that would, Sir, as my
elfy,—

Gob. He hath a great info
would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short a
serve the Jew, and I have a
ther shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, (a
ship's reverence,) are scarce

Laun. To be brief, the very
Jew, having done me wrong
as my father, being I hope a
frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish
would bestow upon your w
suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the su
to myself, as your worship a
honest old man; and, though

old man, yet, poor man, my fi
Bass. One speak for both

you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect

Bass. I know thee well, th
thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke v
And hath preferr'd thee, if it
To leave a rich Jew's service,

The follower of so poor a gen
Laun. The old proverb is

between my master Shylock a
have the grace of God, Sir, an

Bass. Thou speak'st it well
thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master,
My lodging out:—Give him a

More guarded* than his fellow

Laun. Father, in:—I cann
no;—I have ne'er a tongue in

[*Looking on his palm.*] if any
a fairer table,† which doth of

* Ornamented. † The palm of

a book.—I shall have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives.* Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought, and orderly be-
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night [stow'd,
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; bid thee, go.

Lor. My best endeavours shall be done
herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Lor. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with
you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee,
Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appears not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal:—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild be-
lie misconstrued in the place I go to, [haviour,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-
murely; [eyes

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.†

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gaze me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*—A Room in SHY-
LOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,

* Green, contentious.

† Show of staid and serious demeanour.

; Carriage, deportment.

And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Lor. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a
Christian do not play the knave, and get thee,
I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit;
adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin it is in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*—A Street.

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and
SALANIO.*

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-
bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
order'd;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two
To furnish us:— [hours

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Lor. An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair
And whiter than the paper it writ on, [hand;
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Lor. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lor. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jes-
sica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it
straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath
directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*—Before SHYLOCK'S
House.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be
thy judge,

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[ACT II.]

and Bassanio:—
gormandise,
at, Jessica!—
apparel out;—

do not bid thee
nt to tell me, I
ug.

will?
r, Jessica;
fore should I
r me: [go?
pon
a, my girl,
loath to go;
ards my rest,
to night.
my young mas-

d together,—I
esque; but if
hing that my
nday last, at
out that year
r in the after-

s? Hear you
[drum,
n you hear the
ry-neck'd fife,
rents then,
blic street,
arnish'd faces:
mean my case-

perly enter
ad, I swear,
to-night:
ne, sirrah;

er all this;
by,
[Exit LAUN.
Hagar's off-

well, mistress;
gh, but a huge

ps by day
tive not with

part with him
elp to waste
ssica, go in;
tely;

, fast find;
mind. [Exit.
fortune be not

, lost. [Exit.

me.
to, masked.

under which
[Lorenzo

Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited! [wont,
Gra. That ever holds: Who rises from a
feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed* bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this
hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's
within.

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-
tainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness
that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my
shames? [light.

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild my-
self
With some more ducats, and be with you
straight. [Exit, from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no
Jew.

Lor. Besbrow me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true;
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

* Decorated with flags.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking meets by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Ha, ha, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
To nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more de-
light,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Belmont.—A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mer. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears;—

[sire.]
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men de-
The second; silver, which this promise car-
ries;—

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as
blunt;—

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mer. Some god direct my judgement! Let
me see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for
lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men de-
sire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia. *[ture.]*

One of these three contains her heavenly pic-

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere dam-
nation,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib^e her oercloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in
England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel

Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd† upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Per. There, take it, prince, and if my form
lie there,

Then I am yours. *[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

Mer. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,

Often have you heard that told:

Many a man his life hath sold,

But my outside to behold:

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbs, in judgement old,

Your answer had not been inscrōl'd:

Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost;

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[Exit.]

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the cur-
tains, go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*Venice.—A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

*And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious
stones,*

Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him, *[ducats.]*

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his

Or he shall pay for this. *[day,]*

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:

I reason'd† with a Frenchman yesterday;

Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part

* Enckne.

† Engraven.

‡ Converted.

miscarried
draught:
he told me;
were not his.
Antonio what
grieve him.
treads not the
[earth.
ake some speed
to not so,
Bassanio,
ine;
hath of me,
ore:
test thoughts
st of love
there:
ing with tears,
nd behind him,
isible,
so they parted.
the world for
tim out, [him.
viness?

[Exit.]

Room in PORTIA'S

Servant.

thee, draw the
on his oath,
ently.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON
Trains.

askets, noble

on contain'd,
he solemniz'd;
peech, my lord,
n mediately.

o observe three
e [things:
xt, if I fail
life

age; lastly,
ice,

be gone.

every one doth

orthless self.

me: Fortune

[lead.

lver, and base

azard all he hath:

e, or hazard.

let me see:—

at many men de-

[meant

many may be

ise by show,

eye doth teach;

, but, like the

atward wall,

usualty.

in desire,

common spirits,

as multitudes.

y

he is fond of

Agree with.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house?
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves
And well said too: For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none resume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices, [honour
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then, should cover that stand bare
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you
find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia? [ings?
How much unlike my hopes, and my desert.
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head!

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The five seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Sitter'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, Sir, you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.*

[Exit ARRAGON, and Train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtains, Nerissa.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets:†

To wit, besides commends, and courteous

breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half-afraid,

Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising

him.—

• Know.

† Salutations.

Come, come, Shylock; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so sweetly.
Nay, Antonio, lend love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice.—A Street.

Enter SALARIO and SALARINO.

Salar. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there necked'd,
That Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd
on the narrow seas, the Goodwins, I think they
call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,
where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie
buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an
honest woman of her word.

Salar. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her
neighbours believe she wept for the death of a
third husband. But it is true,—without any
stip of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway
of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest
Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough
to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salar. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the
end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his
losses!

Salar. Let me say amen betimes, lest the de-
vil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the
livery of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the
merchants?

Sly. You know, none so well, none so well
as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew
the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salar. And Shylock, for his own part, knew
the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the com-
plexion of these all to leave the dam.

Sly. She is dam'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be
her judge.

Sly. My own flesh and blood to rebel.

Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at
three years?

Sly. I say, my daughter is my flesh and
blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy
flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory;
more between your bloods, than there is be-
tween red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do
you hear whether Antonio have had any loss
at sea or no?

Sly. There I have another bad match: a
bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show
his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used
to come so snug upon the mart;—let him look
to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—
let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend
money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look
to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt
not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Sly. To bait fish withal: if it will feed no-
thing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath
degraded me, and hindered me of half a mil-
lion; laughed at my losses, mocked at my
gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bar-
gains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies;
and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not
a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed

with the same food, hurt with the same weap-
ons, subject to the same diseases, healed by
the same means, warmed and cooled by the
same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If
you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle
us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we
not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not
revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will
resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chris-
tian, what is his humility? revenge; If a
Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suf-
ferance be by Christian example? why, re-
venge. The villainy, you teach me, I will
execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better
the instruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at
his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek
him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salar. Here comes another of the tribe; a
third cannot be matched, unless the devil him-
self turn Jew.

[Exeunt SALAR. SALAR. and SERVANT.]

Sly. How now, Tubal, what news from Ge-
nova? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her,
but cannot find her.

Sly. Why there, there, there! a dia-
mond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in
Frankfort! The curse never fall upon our nation
till now; I never felt it till now;—two thou-
sand ducats in that; and other precious, pre-
cious jewels.—I would, my daughter were
dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!
'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the
ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why,
so:—and I know not what's spent in the
search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief
gone with so much, and so much to find the
thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no
ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoul-
ders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears,
but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; An-
tonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Sly. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—bath an argosy cast away, coming
from Tripolis.

Sly. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true?
is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that
escaped the wreck.

Sly. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news,
good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I
heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Sly. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I
shall never see my gold again: Fourscore
ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's credi-
tors in my company to Venice, that swear he
cannot choose but break.

Sly. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him;
I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he
had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sly. Out upon her! Thou torturest me,
Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of
Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not
have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Sly. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go,

• A precious stone.

Take him a fortnight's heart of him, if Venice, I can go, go, Tubal, go, good Tubal. [Exeunt.]

Now in PORTIA'S

SHRINE, NERISSA, are set out.

For a day or two, being wrong, forbear a while. (It is not love,) know yourself, quality:

Stand me well, (but thought,) month or two, could teach you, I am forsworn; I miss me; wish a sin, threw your eyes, divided me; half yours,— if mine, then

mighty times and their rights; Prove it so, not I. size* the time; in length,

rack. in? then confess with your love. reason of mistrust, wing of my love: out life en and my love. upon the rack, any thing. I'll confess the d live.

confession: rurer overance! the caskets. ck'd in one of

nd me out.— all aloof.— make his choice; wantlike end, mparison eye shall be the

He may win; n music is subjects low such it is, break of day, bridegroom's ear. Now he goes, with much more

did redeem wling Troy

gnity of mien.

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice, The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, With bleared visages, come forth to view The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! [may Live thou, I live:—With much much more dis- I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.]

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply. 2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.
Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being season'd with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple, but assumes Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars; Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

And these assume but valour's excrement, To render them redoubted. Look on beauty, And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it: So are those crisped, snaky golden locks, Which make such wanton gambols with the Upon supposed fairness, often known (wind, To be the dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiled shore To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times put on To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee: Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead, Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, And here choose I; Joy be the consequence! For. How all the other passions fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,

And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy. O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy, In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess; I feel too much thy blessing, make it less, For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.] Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar

* Love. † Winning favour. ‡ Curled.
§ Treacherous. || Likeness, portrait.

Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in
her hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made
one,

[his,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how
far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this
In underprizing it, so far this shadow [shadow,
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the ricke,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!*

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content and seek no new.

If you be well pleas'd with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,

And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;

[Kissing her.

I come by note, to give, and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause, and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I
stand,

Such as I am: though, for my self alone,

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet, for you,

I would be trebled twenty times myself;

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;

But it only to stand high on your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed account: but the full sum of me

Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschoold, unpractis'd:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; and happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,

As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours

Is now converted: but now I was the lord

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,

This house, these servants, and this same myself,

Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring,

Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love.

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:

And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke

By a beloved prince, there doth appear

Among the buzzing pleased multitude;

Where every something, being blent * together,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

Express'd, and not express'd: But when this

ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;

O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,

To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;

For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:

And, when your honours mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,

Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission *

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:

For wooing here, until I sweat again;

And swearing, till my very roof was dry

With oaths of love: at last,—if promise last,—

I got a promise of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your fortune:

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for
a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your
leave.

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part,
my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,

To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord,

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio

Commends him to you.

[Gives BASSANIO a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you' stranger: bid her
welcome. [Venice?

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. Would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you'
same paper,

Bassanio's cheek :
 nothing in the
 situation [world
 worse and worse ?
 half yourself,
 half of any thing
 you.

Want'st words,
 gentle lady,
 give to you,
 with I had
 gentleman;
 and yet, dear lady,
 shall see
 When I told you
 and then have told

ing; for, indeed,
 dear friend,
 enemy,
 letter, lady;
 friend,
 wound,
 true, Salerio?
 What, not one
 and England, [hit?
 India?
 dreadful touch

at if he had
 ge the Jew,
 did I know
 shape of man,
 and a man:
 and at night;
 of the state,
 nty merchants,
 gnificoes*
 aded with him;
 the envious plea
 is bond.
 m, I have heard

countrymen,
 Antonio's flesh,
 of the sum
 now, my lord,
 deny not,
 onio.
 l, that is thus in
 me, the kindest

carried spirit
 in whom
 ore appears,
 n Italy.
 Jew?
 and ducats.

face the bond;
 n treble that,
 tion
 anio's fault.
 ed call me wife:
 our friend;
 tia's side
 hall have gold
 times over;
 ue friend along:
 mean time,
 s Come, away;
 wedding-day;

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] Sweet Bassanio, my ships
 have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my
 estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit;
 and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should
 live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I
 might but see you at my death: notwithstanding,
 use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade
 you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be
 gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go
 away,

I will make haste: but till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice.—A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARIO, ANTONIO, and Jailer.

Shy. Jailer, look to him;—Tell not me of
 mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

Jailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against
 my bond;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
 Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a
 cause:

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
 The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
 Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond †
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
 speak: [more.]

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
 I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

Salario. It is the most impenetrable cur,
 That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me;
 Therefore he hates me.

Salario. I am sure, the duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of
 For the commodity that strangers have [law;
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

Well, jailer, on;—Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Belmont.—A Room in PORTIA'S
 House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
 and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
 You have a noble and a true conceit [presence,

* Yare.

† Foolish.

Of god-like pity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this
honour,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Per. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Per. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend
on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Per. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jes-
sica.—[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]
Now, Bellario,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And see thou all the endeavour of a man,
Is speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the transept, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Bell. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [Exit.]

Per. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in
hand, [bands,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our hus-
band before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Per. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and
boy,

With a good voice; and turn two mising steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all:—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued
school

Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand new tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Per. Plo! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The same.—A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Lam. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children;
therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was
always plain with you, and so now I speak my
agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good
cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any
good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope
neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lam. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed; so the sins of my mother should be visited
upon me.

Lam. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mo-
ther: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he
hath made me a Christian.

Lam. Truly the more to blame he: we were
Christians enough before; e'en as many as
could well live, one by another: This making
of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we
grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly
have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what
you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo;
Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I
am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no
good member of the commonwealth; for, in
converting Jews to Christians, you raise the
price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth, than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Lam. It is much, that the Moor should be
more than reason: but if she be less than an
honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took
her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word!
I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn
into silence; and discourse grow commendable
in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid
them prepare for dinner.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[ACT IV.]

they have all sto-

out-snapper are
inner.

only, cover is

know my duty.

with occasion!

th of thy wit in

stand a plan

to thy fellows;

in the meat,

shall be served

be covered, for

why, let it be as

vern.

LAUNCELOT.

his words are

memory {suited!

I do know

ter place,

ucky word

st thou, Jessica?

opinion,

assano's wife?

is very meet,

ght life;

us lady,

re on earth;

in it, it

to heaven.

some heavenly

tly women.

something else

poor rude world

a wife.

an too of that.

is go to dinner.

a, while I have a

serve for table-

[things

st, 'mong other

[*Exeunt.*

court of Justice.

fices; ANTONIO,

ARINO, SALANIO,

re?

grace.

thou art come to

an wretch

empty

pains to qualify

ce he stands ob-

n carry me

oppose

am arm'd

spirit,

his.

he Jew into the

Solen. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'll show thy mercy, and remorse,* more Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: (strange And where? thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back; Enough to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turka, and Tartara, never To offices of tender courtesy. [trai'd We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour; † Is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are, love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose, Cannot contain their urine; For affection, ‡ Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame, As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loath- I hear Antonio, that I follow thus [ing, A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question** with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; † You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard,

* Pay. † Scorning. ‡ Whereas. † Particular fancy.
‡ Prejudice. † Craving. ** Conversation.

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and
You use in abject and in slavish parts, [mules,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, lie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, [court,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salari. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NEARSSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [Presents a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.

Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness

Of thy sharp envy.* Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit,
Govern'd a wolf; who, hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, while thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four
of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand,
that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick:
but in the instant that your messenger came, in
loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and
Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books
together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which,
better'd with his own learning, (the greatness
whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with
him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's re-
quest in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of
years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend
estimation; for I never knew so young a body with
so old a head. I leave him to your gracious ac-
ceptance, whose trial shall better publish his com-
mendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bel-
lario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause,
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you fol-
low: Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law [low;
Cannot impugn* you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,† do you not?

[To ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me
that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

then show likest God's,
 Justice. Therefore, Jew,
 I pray thee, consider this,—
 Justice, none of us
 Can do pray for mercy;
 But teach us all to render
 As we have spoke thus much,
 For thy plea;
 In a strict court of Venice
 To plead against the merchant

my head! I crave the
 Of my bond. [law,
 To discharge the money?
 For it for him in the court;
 That will not suffice,
 At ten times o'er,
 My head, my heart:
 I must appear
 In truth. And I beseech
 Your authority: [you,
 A little wrong;
 In of his will.

there is no power in
 Washed: [Venice
 Precedent;
 The same example,
 It cannot be.
 To judgement! yea, a

How do I honour thee!
 He look upon the bond.
 Reverend doctor, here it is.
 Thrice thy money of-

th, I have an oath in
 Of my soul?

Is forfeit;
 The Jew may claim
 By him cut off
 Heart:—Be merciful;
 He bid me tear the bond.
 According to the tenor.—
 A worthy judge;
 For exposition

I charge you by the
 Observing pillar, [law,
 By my soul I swear,
 The tongue of man
 On my bond.
 Do beseech the court

It is.
 Bosom for his knife:
 O excellent young man!
 The purpose of the law
 The penalty,
 Due upon the bond.

O wise and upright
 Art thou than thy looks!
 Are your bosom.

h it not, noble judge!—
 Are the very words.
 Here balance here, to
 [weigh

dy.
 surgeon, Shylock, on

he do bleed to death.
 In the bond?
 Press'd; But what of
 Much for charity. [that?
 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have
 say?

Ant. But little; I am arr
 par'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassan
 Grieve not that I am fallen
 For herein fortune shows be
 Than is her custom: it is sti
 To let the wretched man on
 To view with hollow eye, an
 An age of poverty; from wh
 Of such a misery doth she c
 Commend me to your honou
 Tell her the process of Anto
 Say, how I lov'd you, speak
 And, when the tale is told,
 Whether Bassanio had not o
 Repent not you that you sh
 And he repents not that he
 For, if the Jew do but cut
 I'll pay it instantly with all

Bass. Antonio, I am marr
 Which is as dear to me as li
 But life itself, my wife, and
 Are not with me esteem'd a
 I would lose all, ay, sacrific
 Here to this devil, to deliver

Por. Your wife would giv
 for that,

If she were by, to hear you

Gra. I have a wife, whom
 I would she were in heaven.

Entreat some power to chang

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it
 The wish would make else

Shy. These be the Chris
 have a daughter;

'Would, any of the stock of
 Had been her husband, rather

We trifle time; I pray thee,
 Por. A pound of that san

is thine;
 The court awards it, and th

Shy. Most rightful judge

Por. And you must cut
 his breast;

The law allows it, and the
 Shy. Most learned jud

come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there:
 This bond doth give thee he

The words expressly are, a
 Take then thy bond, take

But, in the cutting it, if tho
 One drop of Christian blo

Are, by the laws of Venice,
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!
 learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the
 For, as thou urgest justice,

Thou shalt have justice, mor

Gra. O learned judge!
 learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer th
 thrice,

And let the Christian go.
 Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all
 He shall have nothing but

Gra. O Jew! an upright
 judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare
 flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor out thou lose, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gre. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Jew, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Per. Why doth the Jew pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Per. He hath refus'd it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gre. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Per. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit—
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew. [ture

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Per. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gre. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of
our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Per. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not
that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Per. What mercy can you render him, An-
tonio?

Gre. A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's
sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this fa-
vour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,
Done in the court, of all he does possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Per. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost
thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Per. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from
hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gre. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers; [more,

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[Exit SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to
dinner.

Per. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves
you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit DUKE, MARGARET, and TRUTH.

Bass. Most worthy gentlemen, I and my
friend,

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Per. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you
farther;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Per. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield. [sake;

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you:— [more;

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir,—alas, it is a trifle,
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Per. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Per. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was given me by
my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Per. That 'scuse serves many men to save
their gifts.

And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit PORTIA and NERISSA.

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the
ring;

B b

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

love withal,
s commandment.
and overtake him,
ring him, if thou

ay, make haste.
[Exit GRATIANO.
r presently;
all we both
Antonio.

[Exeunt.

—A Street.

NERISSA.
ouse out, give him

way to-night,
shands home:
ome to Lorenzo.

no.
ill overtaken:
re advice,*
, and doth entreat

hankfully,
Furthermore,
d Shylock's house.

ith you:—
and's ring,
[To PORTIA.

ar to keep for ever.
ant: We shall have

away to men;
outswear them too.
ow't where I will

you show me to
[Exeunt.

ence to PORTIA'S

JESSICA.

right:—In such a

ntly kiss the trees,
, in such a night,
the Trojan walls,
the Grecian tents,
nt.

p the dew;
ere himself,

n her hand
nd wav'd her love

ed herbs

wealthy Jew:
d run from Venice,

ne lov'd her well;
y vows of faith,

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a littl
Slander her love, and ho forgi
Jes. I would out-night yo
come:

But, hark, I hear the footing
Enter STEPHANO

Lor. Who comes so fast in silk
Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend
pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my na
word,

My mistress will before the b
He here at Holmont: she doth
By holy crosses, where she ki
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy her
I pray you, is my master yet?

Lor. He is not, nor we hav
But go we in, I pray thee, Je
And ceremoniously let us pre
Some welcome for the mistrea

Enter LAUNCELO

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho
Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see
and mistress Lorenzo! sola,!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man;

Laun. Sola! where! where

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a pe
master, with his horn full of
master will be here ere morni

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in,
their coming.

And yet no matter;—Why sh
My friend Stephano, signify,
Within the house, your mistr
And bring your music forth i

How sweet the moonlight
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the
Creep in our ears; soft stillne
Become the touches of sweet
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the
Is thick inlaid with patines*
There's not the smallest orb
hold 'st,

But in his motion like an ang
Still quiring to the young-ey
Such harmony is in immortal
But, whilst this muddy vesture
Doth grossly close it in, we c

Enter Musicians

Come, ho, and wake Diana v
With sweetest touches pier
And draw her home with mu

Jes. I am never merry, w
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spi
For do but note a wild and w
Or race of youthful and unbu
Fetching mad bounds, bellow
loud,

Which is the hot condition of
If they but hear perchance a
Or any air of music touch th
You shall perceive them mak
Their savage eyes turn'd to a

* A small flat dish, used in the
Eucharist.

By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the
past [Sings ;
Did signs that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
flow'rs ; might we stonish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his afflictions dumb as death :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
How shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by, and then his state
Buries itself, as doth an island brook
Into the main of waters. Music 'hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended, and, I think, [hark,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !—
Hence, hark ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! [Music ceases.

Ner. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,

By the loud voice.

Ner. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd ?

Ner. Madam, they are not yet ;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,

Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—

Ner. You, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.

Ner. Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet :

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-
light sick,

It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Anti-
podes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be
light ;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And ever be Bassanio so for me ;

And God sort all !—You are welcome home,
my lord.

Ner. I thank you, madam : give welcome
to my friend.—

• A flourish on a trumpet.

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all senses be much bound
to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.*

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.

Gre. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me
wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the
matter?

Gre. About a hoop of gold, a paitry ring
That she did give me ; whose poetry was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not.

Ner. What talk you of the poetry, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,† and have
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk !—but well I knew,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

Gre. He will, as if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gre. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain
with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
As 'twere to me, I would be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand
off,

And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.

Gre. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd
mine : [sought

And neither man, nor master, would take
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,

Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

ted but the ring,
of your displea-

rtue of the ring,
ve the ring,
a the ring,
ed with the ring.

reasonable,
ended it
d the modesty
emony?

lieve;
had the ring.

madam, by my
doctor, (soul,
d ducats of me,
ch I did deny
d away; (him,
ery life

uld I say, sweet
um; [lady?

ourtesy;
titude

ne, good lady;
of the night,

ou would have

thv doctor.
r come near my

at I lov'd,
to keep for me,

ave,
and's bed:

are of it:
watch me, like

[Argus:
s yet my own,

liellow.
ore be well ad-

own protection.
e not take him

g clerk's pen-
subject of these

ou are welcome

enforced wrong;
ny friends,

own fair eyes,

s himself:
our double self,

oul I swear,
h with thee.

for his wealth;
your husband's

[To PORTIA.
e bound again,

our lord

visedly.

Per. Then you shall be his surety: Give him
this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Per. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd
it?

Per. Speak not so grossly.—You are all
amaz'd:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life,
and living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Per. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
There do I give to you, and Jessica, [See—

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Per. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
(Of these events at full): Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

g in exile.
Brother to the Duke, and Usurper
of his Dominions.
Lords attending upon the Duke in
his banishment.
Courtier attending upon Frederick.
is Wrestler.
Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
servants to Oliver.
a Clown.
MARTEXT, a Vicar.
Shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country Fellow, in love with
Audrey.
A Person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country Wench.
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages,
Foresters, and other Attendants.
The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House;
afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court,
and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

—An Orchard, near OLIVER's House.
Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

remember, Adam, it was upon this
meathed me: By will, but a poor
owns; and, as thou say'st, charged
on his blessing, to breed me well:
begins my sadness. My brother
keeps at school, and report speaks
his profit: for my part, he keeps
ly at home, or, to speak more pro-
me here at home unkept: For call-
eping for a gentleman of my birth,
not from the stalling of an ox? His
bred better; for, besides that they
th their feeding, they are taught
ge, and to that end riders dearly
I, his brother, gain nothing under
with; for the which his animals on
lls are as much bound to him as I.
is nothing that he so plentifully
be something that nature gave me,
nance seems to take from me: he
d with his binds, bars me the place
, and, as much as in him lies, mines
y with my education. That is it,
t grieves me; and the spirit of my
ich I think is within me, begins to
just this servitude: I will no longer
though yet I know no wise remedy
id it.

Enter OLIVER.

under comes my master, your bro-
apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear
I shake me up.
, Sir! what make you here? *
hing: I am not taught to make any
it mar you then, Sir?

* What do you here?

Orl. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar
that which God made, a poor unworthy brother
of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employed, and be
naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks
with them? What prodigal portion have I
spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orl. O, Sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows
me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and,
in the gentle condition of blood, you should so
know me: The courtesy of nations allows you
my better, in that you are the first-born; but
the same tradition takes not away my blood,
were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have
as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I
confess, your coming before me is nearer to his
reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too
young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: * I am the youngest son
of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father;
and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a
father begot villains: Wert thou not my bro-
ther, I would not take this hand from thy
throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue
for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself,

Adam. Sweet masters be patient; for your
father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear
me. My father charged you in his will to give
me good education: you have trained me like
a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all
gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my fa-
ther grows strong in me, and I will no longer

* Villain is used in a double sense; by Oliver for a
worthless fellow, and by Orlando for a man of base ex-
traction.

such exercises
or give me the
by testament;
ones.
beg, when that
in: I will not
shall have some
leave me.

you than be-
dog.

Most true, I
vice.—God be
not have spoke
no and ADAM.
to grow upon
ss, and yet give
dola, Dennis!

uke's wrestler,
ere at the door,
ts]—Twill be
e wrestling is.

orship.
—what's the

court, Sir, but
he is banished
w duke; and
put themselves
hose lands and
therefore be
k.

nd, the duke's
father.

daughter, her
ver from their
he would have
to stay behind
no less loved
ster; and never

ive?

in the forest of
with him; and
Robin Hood of
g gentlemen
at the time care-
n world.

orrow before the

I came to ac-
given, Sir, so-
ounger brother,
me in disguis'd
morrow, Sir, I
that escapes me
and acquit him
ng, and tender;
both to foil him,
if he come in:
I came hither
ther you might
or brook such
to; in that it is
end altogether

thy love to me,
kindly requite.

I had myself notice of my brother's purpose
herein, and have by underhand means laboured
to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute.
I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest
young fellow of France; full of ambition, an
envious emulator of every man's good parts, a
secret and villanous contriver against me his
natural brother; therefore use thy discretion;
I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his
finger: And thou wert best look to't! for if
thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do
not mightily grace himself on thee, he will
practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by
some treacherous device, and never leave thee
till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect
means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost
with tears I speak it, there is not one so young
and so villanous this day living. I speak but
brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him
to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and
thou must look pale and wonder.

Alas, I am heartily glad I came hither to you:
If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his pay-
ment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never
wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep
your worship!

Old. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I
stir this gamester:* I hope, I shall see an end
of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates
nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never
schooled, and yet learned; full of noble de-
vice; of all sorts † enchantingly beloved; and
indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and
especially of my own people, who best know
him, that I am altogether misprised: but it
shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear
all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy
thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be
merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I
am mistress of; and would you yet I were mer-
rier? Unless you could teach me to forget a
banished father, you must not learn me how to
remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with
the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle,
thy banished father, had banished thy uncle,
the duke my father, so thou hadst been still
with me, I could have taught my love to take
thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the
truth of thy love to me were so righteously tem-
pered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my
estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but
I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when
he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he
hath taken away from thy father perforce, I
will render thee again in affection: by mine
honour, I will; and when I break that oath,
let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose,
my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise
sports. let me see; What think you of falling
in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport
withal: but love no man in good earnest: not
no further in sport neither, than with safety of
a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off
again.

* Frolicsome fellow.

† Of all ranks.

shall be our sport then?
we sit and mock the good house-
s, from her wheel, that her gifts
th be bestowed equally.
Id, we could do so; for her bene-
ly misplaced: and the beautiful
dash most mistake in her gifts to

we: for these, that she makes
a makes honest; and these, that
not, she makes very ill-favour-

now then great great fortune's
s's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the
the fragments of nature.

Enter TUCCHURON.

When nature hath made a fair
she not by fortune fall into the
nature hath given us wit to
a, hath not fortune sent in this
the argument?

I, there is fortune too hard for
fortune makes nature's natural
of nature's wit.

nature, this is not fortune's work
nature's; who perceiving our
too dull to reason of such god-
of this natural for our whetstone:
dullness of the fool is the whet-
stone.—How now, wit? whither

hast, you must come away to

we made the messenger?
by mine honour; but I was bid

learned you that oath, fool!
certain knight, that swore by
bay were good pancakes, and
scour the mustard was naught.
I to it, the pancakes were naught,
and was good; and yet was not
sworn.

rove you that, in the great heap
edge?

ry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.
d you both forth now: stroke
ed swear by your beards that I

beards, if we had them, thou art.
my knavery, if I had it, then I
you swear by that that is not,
sworn: no more was the knight,
is honour, for he never had any;
e had sworn it away, before ever
pancakes or that mustard.
in, who is't thou mean'st?

that old Frederick, your father,

her's love is enough to honour
! speak no more of him; you'll
taxation,* one of these days.

more pity, that fools may not
what wise men do foolishly.
truth, thou say'st true: for since

that fools have, was silenced,
ry, that wise men have, makes a
there comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

de mouth full of news.

he will put on us, as pigeons
eg.
shall we be news-cramm'd.

* Satire.

Col. All the better; we shall be the more
marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:*
What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much
good sport.

Col. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall
I answer you?

Res. As wit and fortune will.

Tench. Or the destinies decree.

Col. Well said; that was laid on with a
surral.

Tench. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Res. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze* me, ladies: I would
have told you of good wrestling, which you
have lost the sight of.

Res. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and,
if it please your ladyships, you may see the
end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where
you are, they are coming to perform it.

Col. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and
baried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his
three sons,—

Col. I could match this beginning with an
old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of ex-
cellent growth and presence;—

Res. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known*
unto all men by these presents,—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled
with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which
Charles in a moment threw him, and broke
three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life
in him; so he served the second, and so the
third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man,
their father, making such pitiful dole over
them, that all the beholders take his part with
weeping.

Res. Alas!

Tench. But what is the sport, monsieur, that
the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Tench. Thus men may grow wiser every day!
it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking
of ribs was sport for ladies.

Col. Or I, I promise thee.

Res. But is there any else longs to see this
broken music in his sides? Is there yet another
dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this
wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for
here is the place appointed for the wrestling,
and they are ready to perform it.

Col. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us
now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, OR-
LANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not
be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Res. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Col. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks suc-
cessfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin?
are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Res. Ay, my liege? so please you give us
leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I
can tell you, there is such odds in the man: In
pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dis-
suade him, but he will not be entreated.

* Puzles, confuses.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

see if you can move
ed Monsieur Le Beau.
t be by.

[Duke goes apart.
challenger, the prin-

all respect and duty.
ve you challenged

is the general chal-
others do, to try with
ith.

your spirits are too
have seen cruel proof
if you saw yourself
yourself with your
your adventure would
ual enterprise. We
ke, to embrace your
this attempt.

our reputation shall
: we will make it
the wrestling might

sh me not with your
confess me much
excellent ladies any
eyes, and gentle
trial: wherein if I be
amed that was never
dead that is willing
ends no wrong, for
e, the world no in-
g, only in the world
be better supplied
that I have, I would

ut here.
ay heaven, I be de-

be with you.
young gallant, that
is mother earth?
is will hath in it a

ut one fall.
ur grace; you shall
rond, that have so
um a first.
ne after; you should
ore: but come your

e thy speed, young
visible, to catch the

nd ORLANDO wrestle.
man!

rbolt in mine eye, I

is is thrown. *Shout.*
ore.

ur grace; I am not

Charles?
ik, my lord.

[CHARLES is borne
young man!

, the youngest son

hadst been son to

ther honourable,
ne enemy: [deed.
pleas'd me with this

Hadst thou descended from
But fare thee well; thou art
I would, thou hadst told me

[Exeunt DUKE FRED. Ty
Cel. Were I my father, coz

Orl. I am more proud to
son,

His youngest son;—and wou
To be adopted heir to Frede

Ros. My father loved Sir B
And all the world was of my

Had I before known this yo
I should have given him tear

Ere he should thus have ven
Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and en
My father's rough and envio

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you
If you do keep your promise

But justly, as you have exce
Your mistress shall be happi

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a el

Wear this for me; one out
tune;†

That could give more, but th
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well,
Orl. Can I not say, I than

parts
Are all thrown down; and

stands up,
Is but a quintain;‡ a mere li

Ros. He calls us back: I
my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would
Sir, you have wrestled well,

More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fai
[Exeunt Ros

Orl. What passion hangs th
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she

Re-enter LE BEAU

O poor Orlando! thou art ov
Or Charles, or something wea

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in
sel you

To leave this place: Albeit,
High commendation, true ap

Yet such is now the duke's c
That he misconstrues all that

The duke is humorous; wha
More suits you to conceive,

of.
Orl. I thank you, Sir; an

me this;
Which of the two was daugh

That here was at the wrestlin
Le Beau. Neither his daug

by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter

The other is daughter to the
And here detain'd by her us

To keep his daughter compa
Are dearer than the natural

But I can tell you, that of lat
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst

Grounded upon no other argu
But that the people praise her

And pity her for her good fat
And, on my life, his malice

† Appellation. ‡ Turned out
§ The object to dart at in martial

¶ Temper, disposition.

ask forth.—Sir, fare you well;
better world than this,
e love and knowledge of you.
a bounden to you: fare you
[Exit LE BEAU.

the smoke unto the smother;
e, unto a tyrant brother:—
called! [Exit.

[—A Room in the Palace.

ELIA and ROSALIND.

sin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid
at a word?

e throw at a dog.
words are too precious to be
ours, throw some of them at
me with reasons.

e were two cousins laid up;
ould be lamed with reasons,
d without any.

this for your father?

of it for my child's father: O,
is this working-day world!

at burs, cousin, thrown upon
olery; if we walk not in the
ur very petticoats will catch

ake them off my coat; these
art.

away.
ry; if I could cry hem, and

e, wrestle with thy affections.
ke the part of a better wrestler

wish upon you! you will try
ite of a fall.—But, turning
service, let us talk in good
ssible, on such a sudden, you
o strong a liking with old Sir
gest son.

e my father loved his father

efore ensue, that you should
rly? By this kind of chase, I
for my father hated his father
ite not Orlando.

hate him not, for my sake.
ld I not? doth he not deserve

ve him for that; and do you
e I do:—Look, here comes the

yes full of anger.

FREDERICK, with Lords.

ess, despatch you with your
aste,
n our court.

cousin;
days if that thou be'st found
ic court as twenty miles,

ch your grace,
ledge of my fault bear with
hold intelligence, [me:
tance with mine own desires;
ream, or be not frantic,
um not,) then, dear uncle,
as in a thought unborn,
r highness.

do all traitors;
a did consist in words,

* Inveterately.

They are as innocent as grace itself:—

Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter,
there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your
sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem
more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
I cannot live out of her company. [liege;

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, pro-
vide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou
go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I
am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Hath banish'd me his daughter? [duke

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umbert smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

* Compassion.

† A dusky, yellow-coloured earth.

C c

AS YOU LIKE IT.

in common tall,
like a man?
my thigh,
and (in my heart
his fear there will,)
a martial outside;
wards have,
semblances.

when thou art a
name than Jove's
me, Ganymede.

a reference to my
[state;
we assay'd to steal
our father's court?
our travel?
the wide world with

Let's away,
wealth together;
safest way
will be made
in content,
ment. [Exeunt.

est of Arden.
and other Lords,
resters.

s, and brothers in
his life more sweet
' Are not these

the envious court?
y of Adam,
the icy fang,
winter's wind;
ws upon my body,
I smile, and say,—
counsellors
what I am.

sity;
and venomous,
in his head:
rom public haunt,
inks in the running

d in every thing.
at: Happy is your

ornness of fortune
a style.
and kill us veni-

dappled fools,—
is desert city,—
tnes, with forked
gor'd. [heads;

ves at that;
ou do more usurp
hath banish'd you,
and myself,
ay along

ie root peeps out
along this wood:
equester'd stag,
bad ta'en a hurt,
indeed, my lord,
d forth such groans,

; Barbed arrows.

That their discharge did st
coat

Almost to bursting; and the
Cour'd one another down hi
In piteous chuse: and thus t
Much marked of the melanch
Stood on the extreamest verge
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jau
Did he not moralize this spec

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thou
First, for his weeping in the
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak
As worldings do, giving thy
To that which had too much: I
Left and abandon'd of his vel
'Tis right, quoth he; this mis
The flux of company: Anon,
Full of the pasture, jumps al
And never stays to greet
Sweep on, you fat and greasy c

'Tis just the fashion: Wherefo
Upon that poor and broken ban
Thus most invectively he pier
The body of the country, city
Yea, and of this our life: sw
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, a
To fright the animals, and to
In their assign'd and native c

Duke S. And did you leave
temptation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, w
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place
I love to cope* him in these
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to |

SCENE II.—A Room in

Enter Duke FREDERICK, LORD

Duke F. Can it be possible,
It cannot be: some villains of
Are of consent and sufferance

1 Lord. I cannot bear of
The ladies, her attendants of
Saw her a-bed; and, in the m
They found the bed untreas
treas.

2 Lord. My lord, the roy
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh
Hesperia, the princess' gentle
Confesses, that she secretly o
Your daughter and her cousin
The parts and graces of the w
That did but lately foil the sin
And she believes, wherever t
That youth is surely in their c

Duke F. Send to his brothe
lant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brot
I'll make him find him: do th
And let not search and inquis
To bring again these foolish

SCENE III.—Before Or

Enter ORLANDO and AD

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young
gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you m

* Encounter.

† Sink into dejection.

Howland I why, what makes you here?
You virtuous? Why do people love
you? (Lant?)

Where are you gentle, strong, and val-
iant you be so fond * to overcome
prizer of the humorous duke?
He is come too swiftly home before you.
Is not, master, to some kind of men
you serve them but as enemies?
do yours, your virtues, gentle master,
filled and holy traitors to you.
A world is this, when what is comely
is him that bears it?

Fig, what's the matter?

O unhappy youth,

Within these doors; within this roof
my of all your graces lives:

—(no, no brother; yet the son—
the son;—I will not call him son—
I was about to call his father.)—

and your praises, and this night he
means

the lodging where you use to lie,
within it: if he fail of that,

have other means to cut you off:
and him, and his practices.

To place, † this house is but a butchery;
to fear it, do not enter it.

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

The matter whither, so you come not
here.

That, wouldst thou have me go and
beg my food?

Is a base and boisterous sword, enforce
us living on the common road?

Must do, or know not what to do:

I will not do, do how I can;

will subject me to the malice
of blood, ‡ and bloody brother.

But do not so: I have five hundred
crowns,

My hire I sav'd under your father,
I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

service should in my old limbs lie lame,
regarded age in corners thrown;

and He that doth the ravens feed,
widely caters for the sparrow,

best to my age! Here is the gold;
I give you: Let me be your servant;

I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
my youth I never did apply

I rebellious liquors in my blood;
not with unbashful forehead woo

me of weakness and debility;
re my age is as a lusty winter,

but kindly: let me go with you;
be service of a younger man

our business and necessities.
O good old man; how well in thee ap-

pears

stant service of the antique world,
service sweat for duty, not for meed!

It not for the fashion of these times,
some will sweat, but for promotion;

ring that, do choke their service up
like the having: it is not so with thee.

or old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
must so much as a blossom yield,

of all thy pains and husbandry:
we thy ways, we'll go along together;

we have thy youthful wages spent,
glit upon some settled low content.

Master, go on; and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debitor.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in Boy's clothes; CELIA dressed
like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but
I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doubtless
and hose ought to show itself courageous to
petticoat: therefore, courage, good Almond.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go
no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
you, than bear you: yet I should bear no
cross, † if I did bear you; for, I think, you
have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more
fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better
place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look
you, who comes here; a young man, and an
old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do
love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love as,)

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phoebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I
was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone,

and bid him take that for coming knight to
Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of
her bettlet; and the cow's dugs that her pretty

chopp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember
the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from
whom I took two cods, and, giving her them
again, said with weeping tears, Wear these for

† Mangled, residence.
‡ Mangled from its natural course.

* A piece of money stamped with a cross.
† In the night.

‡ The instrument with which washmen beat clothes.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

out are true lovers, run into
 out as all is mortal in nature,
 love mortal in folly.

What wiser, than thou art

shall ne'er be 'ware of mine
 my shins against it.

this shepherd's passion
 on my fashion.

er, but it grows something
 me.

one of you question yond
 give us any food; [man,

ath.

ou, clown!

, he's not thy kinsman.

ters, Sir.

ev very wretched.

y:—

friend.

, gentle Sir, and to you all.

shepherd, if that love, or gold,

place buy entertainment,

we may rest ourselves, and

{press'd,

maid with travel much op-

our.

py her,

ake, more than for mine own,

more able to relieve her:

to another man,

the fleeces that I graze;

ish disposition,

find the way to heaven

ospitality. {feed,

his flocks, and bounds of

and at our sheepcote now,

essence, there is nothing

on: but what is, come see,

most welcome shall you be.

that shall buy his flock and

swain that you saw here but

er buying any thing.

if it stand with honesty,

ze, pasture, and the flock,

to pay for it of us.

ll mend thy wages: I like

d waste my time in it.

the thing is to be sold:

like, upon report,

and this kind of life,

thful feeder be,

ar gold right suddenly.

{Exeunt.

V.—The same.

S. JACQUES, and others.

SONG.

Greenwood tree,

lie with me,

merry note

bird's throat,

ne hither, come hither;

ill he see

ay,

rough weather.

I pr'ythee more.

you melancholy, monsieur

• Come.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I
 can suck melancholy out of a

sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee

Ami. My voice is ragged;*

please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you
 desire you to sing: Come, m-

za; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, mons-

Jaq. Nay, I care not for

owe me nothing: Will you?

Ami. More at your request

myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I th-

thank you: but that they ca-

like the encounter of two do-

a man thanks me heartily,

given him a penny, and he re-

garly thanks. Come, sing;

not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the s-

the while; the duke will drir-

—he hath been all this day to

Jaq. And I have been all

him. He is too disputable†

I think of as many matters.

heaven thanks, and make a

Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [

And loves to live i'the sun.

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleas'd with what he

Come hither, come hither, co

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weath

Jaq. I'll give you a verse I

made yesterday in despite o'

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,

That any man turn ass

Leaving his wealth and ea

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame

Here shall he see,

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that ducdame.

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocati

into a circle. I'll go sleep if

not, I'll rail against all the fir

Ami. And I'll go seek the c

is prepar'd.

SCENE VI.—The

Enter ORLANDO and

Adam. Dear master, I can

I die for food! Here lie I do

out my grave. Farewell, k

Orl. Why, bow now, Ad

heart in thee? Live a little;

cheer thyself a little: If th

yield any thing savage, I wi

for it, or bring it for food to t

is nearer death than thy powe

be comfortable; hold death a

end: I'll here be with thee

I bring thee not something to

* Ragged and rugged had formerly
 † Disputatious.

die: but if thou diest before I come,
a member of my labour. Well said!
k'nt cheerily: and I'll be with thee
—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come,
or thee to some shelter; and thou shalt
lack of a dinner, if there live any
his desert. Cheerily, good Adam!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The same.

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS,
Lords, and others.

I think he be transform'd into a beast;
no where find him like a man.

My lord, he is but even now gone
hence;

he merry, hearing of a song.

If he, compact of jars,* grow mu-
sical,

have shortly discord in the spheres:—
him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JACQUES.

He saves my labour by his own ap-
proach.

Why, how now, monsieur! what a
life is this, [pany?

our peer friends must woo your com-
pany look merrily.

A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i'the
forest;—a miserable world!— [forest,

live by food, I met a fool;

I him down and bask'd him in the sun,

'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

crowd fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,

not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:

he drew a dial from his poke;

king on it with lack-lustre eye,

ry wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

an hour ago, since it was nine;

an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

and, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

why hangs a tale. When I did hear

they fool thus moral on the time,

he began to crow like chanticler,

he should be so deep-contemplative;

he laugh, sans intermission,

by his dial.—O noble fool!

my fool! Motley's the only wear.†

What fool is this?

A worthy fool!—One that hath been a

courtier;

and, if ladies be but young, and fair,

he the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

as dry as the remainder biscuit

of a voyage,—he hath strange places

cramm'd

in observation, the which he vents

in led forms:—O, that I were a fool!

ambitious for a motley coat.

Thou shalt have one.

It is my only suit;

that you weed your better judgements

in union that grows rank in them,

in wise. I must have liberty

as large a charter as the wind,

on whom I please; for so fools have:

they that are most galled with my folly,

must laugh: And, why, Sir, must

they so?

up of discords.

he was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

The why is plain as way to parish church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomis'd

Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and

through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou

wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but

good?

Duke S. Most mischievous soul sin, in child-

ing sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neigh-

Or what is he of basest function, [bour?

That says, his bravery* is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; How, what then? Let me see

wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy

distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny

point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,†

And know some nurture: ‡ But forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with rea-

I must die. [son,

Duke S. What would you have? Your gen-

tleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to

our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I

pray you:

I thought, that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time

If ever you have look'd on better days;

* Flattery. † Well brought up. ‡ Good manners

AS YOU LIKE IT.

[ACT III.]

knoll'd to church;
a feast;
wip'd a tear,
and be pitied;
forcement be:
nd hide my sword.
e have seen better

knoll'd to church;
ts; and wip'd our

th engender'd:
in gentleness,
hat help we have,
e ministred.

our food a little
nd my fawn,
an old poor man,
every step
be first suffic'd,—
its, age and hus-
[ger,—

ill you return.
e bless'd for your
[Exit.
e not all alone un-
stre [happy:
is than the scene

re,
merely players:
their entrances;
eys many parts,
At first, the infant,
nurse's arms;
ool-boy, with his

creeping like snail
then, the lover;
woful ballad

row: Then, a sol-
[pard,
bearded like the
and quick in quar-
on [rel,
: And then, the

ed capon lin'd,
d of formal cut,
ent instances,
he sixth age shifts
pantaloons;
d pouch on side;
a world too wide
is big manly voice,
ish treble, pipes
Last scene of all,
ual history,
were oblivion;
taste, sans every

with ADAM.
vn your venerable
[burden,
him.

you for myself.
I will not trouble

t your fortunes:—
od console, sing.

† Trite, common.

ANSIMS sings,
Song.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind*
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd;† not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Row-
land's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly linn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your
fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory, [thine
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in
I never lov'd my brother in my life. [thine

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him
out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent; upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,‡ and turn him going.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love: [surveys
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above, [sees
Thy huntress' name, that my whole life doth
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in these barks my thoughts I'll character;

* Unnatural.

† Seize by legal process.

‡ Remembering.

Expediently.

eye, which in this forest looks,
By virtue witness'd every where,
Lends; curv'd, on every tree,
A shade, and unexpensive^o shade.
[Exit.]

TOUCHSTONE AND TITHE.

How like you this shepherd's life,
Tithe?
Nay, shepherd, in respect of itself,
I like it; but in respect that it is a
life, it is naught. In respect that
I like it very well; but in re-
spect it is in the fields, it pleaseth
it in respect it is not in the court, it
As it is a spare life, look you, it
suits well; but as there is no more
it goes much against my stomach.
Philosophy in thee, shepherd?

None, but that I know, the more
the worse at ease he is; and that
in money, means, and content, is
a good friend:—That the property
'tis not, and fire to burn: That good
his fat sheep: and that a great
light, is lack of the sun: That
is learned no wit by nature nor art,
is of good breeding, or comes of
fathers.

Is a cow is a natural philosopher.
In court, shepherd?

Truly.

Are thou art damned.

I hope,—

Nay, thou art damned; like an ill-

all on one side.

Not being at court? Your reason.

By, if thou never wast at court,

ne'er of good manners; if thou never

manners, then thy manners must

and wickedness is sin, and sin is

Thou art in a perilous state, shep-

a whit, Touchstone: those, that

mares at the court, are as ridicu-

country, as the behaviour of the

most mockable at the court. You

in a minute not at the court, but you

and; that courtesy would be un-

courtiers were shepherds.

Alas, briefly; come, instance.

I, we are still handling our ewes;

for, you know, are greasy.

By, do not your courtier's hands

is not the grease of a mutton as

as the sweat of a man? Shallow,

better instance, I say; come.

For, our hands are hard.

For lips will feel them the sooner.

Alas: A more sounder instance,

they are often tarr'd over with the

or sheep; And would you have us

be courtier's hands are perfumed

not shallow man! Thou worms-

spect of a good piece of flesh: In-

ra of the wise, and prepend: Civet

birth than tar; the very uncleanly

Mend the instance, shepherd.

Have too courtly a wit for me; I'll

It thou rest damn'd? God help

^o Inexpensive

thee, shallow man! God make hidden in thee!
thou art raw."

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I wear that I
eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy
no man's happiness; glad of other men's good,
content with my harm: and the greatest of my
pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs
suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to
bring the ewes and the lambs together, and to
offer to get your living by the copulation of
cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to
betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a
crooked-pated, old ewekindly ram, out of all
reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd
for this, the devil himself will have no shep-
herds; I cannot see else how thou should'st
escape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede,
my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures faint in't
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years to-
gether; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours
excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank
to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sleep and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do
you infect yourself with them.

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on
a tree.

Touch. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall
graft it with a medlar: then it will be the ear-
liest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten
e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue
of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely
or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall creek, crying aloud,
Hence, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Doubles in his sun of age.

^o Unpeopled.

¹ Complexion, beauty.

[†] Delimited.

[‡] Grave, solemn.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

I roses
 of friend and friend:
 rest boughs,
 silence' end,
 a write;
 hat read, to know
 of every sprite
 in little show.
 nature chang'd
 should be fill'd
 wide enlarg'd:
 thy distill'd
 at not her heart;
 gently;
 part;
 modesty.
 many parts
 quod was deris'd;
 mes, and hearts,
 ouches' dearest priz'd.
 hat she these gifts should
 and die her state. [Here,
 Jupiter!—what tedious
 wearied your parishion-
 r cried, *Have patience,*
 ack friends;—Shepherd,
 ith him, sirrah.
 herd, let us make an ho-
 ough not with bag and
 ip and scrippage.
 CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.
 r these verses?
 I them all, and more too;
 in them more feet than
 er; the feet might bear
 t were lame, and could
 without the verse, and
 in the verse.
 ear, without wondering
 be hanged and carved
 the nine days out of the
 ame; for look here what
 e: I was never so be-
 ras' time, that I was an
 hardly remember.
 hath done this?
 at you once wore, about
 colour?
 it is a hard matter for
 ountains may be removed
 so encounter.
 is it?
 e now, with most peti-
 l me who it is.
 nderful, and most won-
 yet again wonderful,
 it whooping!†
 exion! dost thou think,
 d like a man, I have a
 y disposition? One inch
 th sea off discovery. I
 it? quickly, and speak
 couldst stammer, that
 a concealed man out of
 comes out of narrow-
 r too much at once, or
 ee take the cork out of
 drink thy tidings.

† Out of all measure.

Cel. So you may put a man
 Ros. Is he of God's making
 of man? Is his head worth a
 worth a beard?
 Cel. Nay, he hath but a lit
 Ros. Why, God will send
 will be thankful: let me stay
 beard, if thou delay me not
 his chin.
 Cel. It is young Orlando; t
 wrestler's heels, and your l
 instant.
 Ros. Nay, but the devil take
 sad brow, and true maid.*
 Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.
 Ros. Orlando?
 Cel. Orlando.
 Ros. Alas the day! what sh
 doublet and hose?—What di
 saw'st him? What said he?
 Wherein went he? What ma
 he ask for me? Where remai
 ed he with thee? and when s
 again? Answer me in one w
 Cel. You must borrow m
 mouth first: 'tis a word too gr
 of this age's size: To say, ay
 particulars, is more than to
 chism.
 Ros. But doth he know t
 forest, and in man's appar
 freshly as he did the day he
 Cel. It is as easy to count a
 solve the propositions of a lo
 taste of my finding him, and
 good observance. I found l
 like a dropp'd acorn.
 Ros. It may well be called,
 it drops forth such fruit.
 Cel. Give me audience, goo
 Ros. Proceed.
 Cel. There lay he, stretch
 wounded knight.
 Ros. Though it be pity to s
 well becomes the ground.
 Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tong
 curvets very unseasonably. I
 like a hunter.
 Ros. O ominous! he comes
 Cel. I would sing my song w
 thou bring'st me out of tune.
 Ros. Do you not know I am
 I think, I must speak. Sweet
 Enter ORLANDO and
 Cel. You bring me out:—Se
 here?
 Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and
 [CELIA and
 Jaq. I thank you for your
 good faith, I had as lief be
 alone.
 Orl. And so had I; but yet,
 I thank you too for your socie
 Jaq. God be with you; let's
 we can.
 Orl. I do desire we may be
 Jaq. I pray you, mar no
 writing love-songs in their ba
 Orl. I pray you, mar no m
 with reading them ill-favour
 Jaq. Rosalind is your love's
 Orl. Yes, just.
 Jaq. I do not like her name

* Speak seriously and honestly. †
 ‡ The giant of Habbellain.

can we no thought of pleasing you,
was disclaimed.
his stature is she off?
it is high as my heart.
he are full of pretty answers: Have
been acquainted with goldsmiths?
I should them out of rings?
t me; but I answer you right painted
as whomever you have studied your

as have a nimble wit; I think it was
Jalisco's heels. Will you sit down
and we two will rail against our
to world, and all our misery.
still chide no breather in the world,
; against whom I know most faults.
s worst fault you have, is to be in

s a fault I will not change for your
I am weary of you.

my truth, I was seeking for a fool,
and you.

is drowned in the brook; look but
I shall see him.

you shall I see mine own figure.
with I take to be either a fool, or a

I say no longer with you: farewell,
thou.

you glad of your departure; adieu,
after melancholy.

[Exit JACQUEL. — CELIA and ROSALIND
come forward.

will speak to him like a saucy lacquey,
that habit play the knave with him.
hear, forester?

ry well; What would you?
pray you, what is't a clock?

as should ask me, what time o'day;
clock in the forest.

as there is no true lover in the fo-
rnighting every minute, and groaning
r, would detect the lazy foot of time,
is a clock.

ad why not the swift foot of time?
has been as proper?

ry me means, Sir: Time travels in di-
as with divers persons: I'll tell you
ambles withal, who time trots withal,
; gallops withal, and who he stands
at.

pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?
arry, he trots hard with a young maid,
he contract of her marriage, and the
solemnized: if the interim be but a

, time's pace is so hard that it seems
of seven years.

he ambles time withal?

with a priest that lacks Latin, and a
that hath not the gout: for the one
silly, because he cannot study; and
lives merrily, because he feels no

one lacking the burden of lean and
learning; the other knowing no bur-
denous tedious penury. These time
it has.

he doth he gallop withal?

with a thief to the gallows: for though
softly as foot can fall, he thinks him-
self there.

he stays it still withal?

with lawyers in the vacation: for they
wear term and term, and then they
sot how time moves.

here dwell you, pretty youth?

as to the moral sentences of old Aspidochelone

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here
in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a
petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where
she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you
could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, in-
deed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me
to speak, who was in his youth an inland man;
one that knew courtship too well, for there he
fell in love. I have heard him read many lec-
tures against it; and I thank God, I am not a
woman, to be touched with so many giddy of-
fences as he hath generally taxed their whole
sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal
evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were
all like one another, as halpence are: every
one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow
fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic,
but on those that are sick. There is a man
haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants
with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs
odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles;
all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind:
if I could meet that fancy-monger, I
would give him some good counsel, for he
seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray
you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon
you: he taught me how to know a man in love;
in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not
prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a
blue eye, and sunken; which you have not:
an unquestionable spirit; which you have not:
a beard neglected; which you have not:
—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your
having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:
—Then your hose should be ungartered, your
bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned,
your shoe untied, and every thing about you
demonstrating a careless desolation. But you
are no such man; you are rather point-device
in your accoutrements; as loving yourself,
than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee
believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make
her that you love believe it; which, I warrant,
she is apter to do, than to confess she does:
that is one of the points in the which women
still give the lie to their consciences. But, in
good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses
on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white
hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortu-
nate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your
rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express
how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell
you, deserves as well a dark house and a
whip, as madmen do: and the reason why
they are not so punished and cured, is, that
the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers

* Sequestered.

† Civilized.

‡ A spirit avenue to conversation.

§ Kiosk.

¶ Over-acted.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

profess curing it by

any so?

in this manner. He
e, his mistress: and
woo me; At which
t a moonish* youth,
ungeable, longing, and
l, apish, shallow, in-
l of smiles, for every
for no passion truly
omen are for the most
would now like him,
ertain him, then for-
or him, then spit at
tor from his mad hu-
mour of madness;
the full stream of the
ok merely monastic:
and this way will I
ur liver as clean as a
t there shall not be

red, youth.

h, if you would but
come every day to my

of my love, I will;

and I'll show it you:
and tell me where in
you go?

good youth.

call me Rosalind:—

[Exeunt.

III.

DREY; JACQUES at a
ng them.

ood Audrey; I will
ey: And how, Aud-
th my simple feature

rd warrant us! what

ee and thy goats, as
t, honest Ovid, was

-inhabited!; worse
use! [Aside.

orses cannot be un-
l wit seconded with
tanding, it strikes a
reat reckoning in a
ould the gods had

at poetical is: Is it
Is it a true thing?

the truest poetry is the
are given to poetry;
poetry, may be said,

, that the gods had

thou swear'at to me,
thou wert a poet, I

o didst feign.
ve me honest?

s thou wert hard fa-
ied to beauty, is to
ar.

[Aside.

ur; and therefore I
nest!

; ill-lodged.

Touch. Truly, and to cast
on a foul slut, were to put
unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, th
gods I am foul.*

Touch. Well, praised be th
ness! sluttishness may com
be it as it may be, I will m
that end, I have been with S
the vicar of the next villag
mised to meet me in this p
and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this
Aud. Well, the gods give

Touch. Amen. A man ma
fearful heart, stagger in this
we have no temple but the w
but horn-beasts. But what
As horns are odious, they ar
said,—Many a man knows n
right: many a man has good
no end of them. Well, tha
his wife, 'tis none of his own
Even so:—Poor men al
the noblest deer hath them a
cal.† Is the single man t
No: as a wall'd town is mor
village, so is the forehead:
more honourable than the ba
clur: and by how much defe
no skill, by so much is a b
than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER &

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sh
you are well met: Will you
under this tree, or shall we g
chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none her
man?

Touch. I will not take her o
Sir Oli. Truly, she must
marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Discovering himself.
ceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good
cell't: How do you, Sir? Y
met: God'ild you; for your
am very glad to see you:—E
here, Sir:—Nay; pray, be co

Jaq. Will you be married,
Touch. As the ox hath hi
horse his curb, and the falcon
bath his desires; and as pig
lock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being
breeding, be married under a
gar? Get you to church, a
priest that can tell you what
fellow will but join you tog
wainscoat; then one of you w
pannel, and, like green timbe

Touch. I am not in the min
ter to be married of him tha
he is not like to marry me we
well married, it will be a go
hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, an
thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audre
We must be married, or we mu
Farewell, good master Oliver

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,

* Homely. † Less deer are cal
‡ The art of fencing. \ God ven

Do not behi' thee;
Wind away,
me, I say,
to wedding wi' thee.
JAG. TOUCH. and AUDREY.
matter: ne'er a fantastical
I shall flout me out of my
[Exit.]

In same.—Before a Cottage.

MALIND and CELIA.
To me, I will weep.
me; but yet have the grace
ears do not become a man.
not cause to weep?
than as one would desire;
for is of the dissembling col-

browner than Judas': mar-
Judas' own children.
hair is of a good colour.
of colour: your chesnut was
g-
thing is as full of sanctity as
read.

right a pair of cast lips of
inter's sisterhood kisses not
the very ice of chastity is in

id he swear he would come
comes not?

ly, there is no truth in him.
nk so?

nk he is not a pick-purse,
r; but for his verity in love,
concave as a cover'd goblet,
it.

love?
he is in; but, I think, he is

heard him swear downright

l is: besides, the oath of a
r than the word of a tapster;
confessors of false reckon-
are in the forest on the duke

duke yesterday, and had
ith him. He asked me, of
was: I told him, of as good
ph'd, and let me go. But
thers, when there is such a

brave man! he writes brave
e words, swears brave oaths,
bravely, quite traverse, a-
his lover,† as a puny tilter,
se but on one side, breaks
ble goose; but all's brave,
t, and folly guides:—Who

star CORIN.

nd master, you have oft in-

l that complain'd of love;
ng by me on the turf,
l disdainful shepherdess
ees.

what of him?
see a pageant truly play'd,
complexion of true love
of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe:

Say, that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a dis-
tance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee; [down;]

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,*

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [Advancing.] Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have
more beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? [me?]
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—O!s my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

with wind and rain?

a properer man,

looks as you, [dren:

all-favour'd chil-

that flatters her;

herself more proper,

can show her,—

self; down on your

[love:

g, for a good man's

in your ear,—

not for all markets:

um; take his offer;

ul to be a scoffer.

rd;—fare you well.

y you chide a year

than this man woo.

with her foulness, and

nger. If it be so, as

with frowning looks,

ards,—Why look you

at you.

all in love with me,

made in wine:

f you will know my

ere hard by:—

ard, ply her hard:—

s, look on him better,

all the world could

n sight as he. [see,

. CELIA, and CORIN.

ow I find thy saw of

ot at first sight?

ou, Silvius?

me.

thee, gentle Silvius.

, relief would be;

of in love,

w and my grief

; Is not that neigh-

etousness.

t I hated thee;

ar thee love:

alk of love so well,

was irksome to me,

mploy thee too:

r recompense,

at thou art employ'd.

ect is my love,

l grace,

st plentiful crop

atter the man

apa. loose now and

t I'll live upon. [then

uth that spoke to me

I have met him oft;

age, and the bounds,

was master of.

um, though I ask for

—yet he talks well;—

—yet words do well,

n pleases those that

very pretty:—

† Silly.

But, sure, he's proud; and
comes him:

He'll make a proper man: †

Is his complexion; and faster

Did make offence, his eye did

He is not tall; yet for his yet

His leg is but so so: and yet

There was a pretty redness in

A little riper and more lusty

Than that mix'd in his cheek

difference

Betwixt the constant red, and

There be some women, Silvius

him

In parcels as I did, would he

To fall in love with him: but

I love him not, nor hate him

I have more cause to hate him

For what had he to do to chide

He said, mine eyes were bla

black;

And, now I am remember'd,

I marvel, why I answer'd no

But that's all one; omitance

I'll write to him a very taunt

And thou shalt bear it; Wilt

Sil. Phebe, with all my he

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and

I will be bitter with him, and

Go with me, Silvius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA,

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty you
ter acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a n

Jaq. I am so; I do love it l

ing.

Ros. Those, that are in ex
are abominable fellows; and

to every modern censure, w

ards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sa

Ros. Why then, 'tis good t

Jaq. I have neither the sch

which is emulation; nor the

is fantastical; nor the co

proud; nor the soldier's, w

nor the lawyer's, which is p

dy's, which is nice;† nor the

all these: but it is a melanc

compounded of many simple

many objects: and, indeed

temptation of my travels, I

rumination wraps me, is a m

ness.

Ros. A traveller! By my

great reason to be sad: I fe

your own lands, to see othe

have seen much, and to h

have rich eyes and poor hat

Jaq. Yes, I have gained n

Enter ORLAN

Ros. And your experience

had rather have a fool to ma

experience to make me sad

it too.

Orl. Good day, and happ

find!

Jaq. Nay then, God be w

in blank verse.

• Trilling.

g. Forestell, "miserable traveller: Look, here, and wear strange suits; disable^d all benefits of your own country; be out of with your nativity, and almost chide God taking you that countenance you are; or I scarce think you have swam in a pond.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have been all this while? You a lover?—An even me such another trick, never come sight more.

h. My fair Rosalind, I come within an of my promise.

i. Break an hour's promise in love? He will divide a minute into a thousand parts, break but a part of the thousandth part of time in the affairs of love, it may be said so, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the hip, but I warrant him heart-whole.

j. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

k. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more tonight, I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

l. Of a snail?

m. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes late, he carries his house on his head; a foreshorture, I think, than you can make of him: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

n. What's that?

o. Why, horns; which such as you are fair whetstones to your wives for, but he comes in his fortune, and prevents the slander to wife.

p. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

q. And I am your Rosalind.

r. It pleases him to call you so; but he is a Rosalind of a better leery than you.

s. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am holiday humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, an I were very very Rosalind?

t. I would kiss, before I spoke.

u. Nay, you were better speak first; and as you were gravelled for lack of matter, might take occasion to kiss. Very good now, when they are out, they will spit; and lovers, lacking (God woe us!) matter, the wildest shift is to kiss.

v. How if the kiss be denied?

w. Then she puts you to entreaty, and we begin new matter.

x. Who could be out, being before his bed-mistress?

y. Marry, that should you, if I were your dress; or I should think my honesty ranker to my wit.

z. What, of my suit?

aa. Not out of your apparel, and yet out your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ab. I take some joy to say you are, because could be talking of her.

ac. Well, in her person, I say—I will not be you.

ad. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ae. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor old is almost six thousand years old, and in this time there was not any man died in his person, wedded, in a love-cause. Troilus's brains dashed out with a Grecian club; his did what he could to die before; and he one of the patterns of love. Leander, he could have lived many a fair year, though we had turned nun, if it had not been for a tumbler's summer night: for, good youth, he went forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and,

being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Here of Bostoa. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

af. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ag. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ah. Then love me, Rosalind.

ai. Yea, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

aj. And wilt thou love me?

ak. Ay, and twenty such.

al. What say'st thou?

am. Are you not good?

an. I hope so.

ao. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

ap. Pray thee, marry us.

aq. I cannot say the words.

ar. You must begin,——Will you, Orlando,——

as. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

at. I will.

au. Ay, but when?

av. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

aw. Then you must say,——I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ax. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ay. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

az. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ba. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

bb. For ever, and a day.

bc. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyacinth, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

bd. But will my Rosalind do so?

be. By my life, she will do as I do.

bf. O, but she is wise.

bg. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

bh. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,——Wit, whither wilt?

bi. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

bj. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

bk. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her

AS YOU LIKE IT.

her without her
that cannot make
ion, let her never
she will breed it

Rosalind, I will

not lack thee two

ke at dinner; by
e again.

to your ways;—I
my friends told
o less:—that flat-
me.—'tis but one
th.—Two o'clock

ood earnest, and
pretty oaths that
ik one jot of your
hind your hour,
athetical break-
w lover, and the
ll Rosalind, that
s band of the un-
y censure, and

than if thou wert
eu.

justice that exa-
nd let time try:

[Exit ORLANDO.
used our sex in
ve your doublet
head, and show
done to her own

pretty little cor,
any fathom deep
be sounded; my
ttom, like the bay

that as fast as you

bastard of Venus,
t,* conceived of
s, that blind ras-
y one's eyes, be-
ta be judge, how
l thee, Aliena, I
Orlando: I'll go
e come.

[Exeunt.

rt of the Forest.

in the habit of

d the deer?

the duke, like a
ould do well to set
ead, for a branch
ong, forester, for

how it be in tune,

kill'd the deer?

na to wear.

he;

Take thou no scorn, to wear
It was a crest ere thou wast

1. Thy father's father is

2. And thy father bore it

All. The horn, the horn, the horn

Is not a thing to laugh to

SCENE III.—The

Enter ROSALIND and

Ros. How say you now? .
o'clock? and here much Oris

Cel. I warrant you, with
troubled brain, he hath ta'en
rows, and is gone forth—to si
comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

Sil. My errand is to you, for
My gentle Phebe bid me give

I know not the contents; but
By the stern brow, and wasp
Which she did use as she was
It bears an angry tenor: part
I am but as a guiltless messenger

Ros. Patience herself wou
letter,

And play the swaggerer; bes
She says, I am not fair; that
She calls me proud; and, th
love me

Were man as rare as phoenix
Her love is not the hare that
Why writes she so to me?—
This is a letter of your own &

Sil. No, I protest, I know s
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are s
And turn'd into the extremity
I saw her hand: she has a lei
A freestone-colour'd hand; I
That her old gloves were on
hands;

She has a huswife's hand: but
I say, she never did invent th
This is a man's invention, and

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous
A style for challengers; why,
Like Turk to Christian: wom
Could not drop forth such gian
Such Ethiop words, blacker in
Than in their countenance:—
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I nev
Yet heard too much of Phebe's

Ros. She Phebes me: Mar
writes.

Art thou god to shepherd to
That a maiden's heart hath

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid
Warrat thou with a wo

Did you ever hear such railing

Whiles the eye of man a
That could do no wrong

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your brig
Have power to raise such
Alack, in me what stum
Would they work in mil

* Mischief.

While you shall live, I do love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind^a
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do not pity him! no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made her a tame snake,) and say this to her:—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou sweat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvius.]

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieu of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fence'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream,
Just on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself

Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin;† Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Ol. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
[where
What was I am, and how, and why, and
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Ol. When last the young Orlando parted
from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
And high top bald with dry antiquity, [age,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimbly in threats, ap-
proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indentèd glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with cubs all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch, [tis

When that the sleeping man should stir; for

The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render^a him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Ol. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him
there,

Food to the sick'd and hungry lioness?

Ol. Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
pose'd so:

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurt-
From miserable slumber I awak'd. [lingt

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

Ol. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Ol. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he faint-
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind. [ed,
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strung at
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, [heart,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet
Ganymede?

[ROSALIND faints.

Ol. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Gany-
mede

Ol. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Ol. Be of good cheer; youth:—You a
You lack a man's heart. [man?—

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body
would think this was well counterfeited: I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeit-
ed.—Heigh ho!—

Ol. This was not counterfeit; there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that it
was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Ol. Well then, take a good heart, and coun-
terfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, I faith I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray
you, draw homewards:—Good Sir, go with us.

Ol. That will I, for I must bear answer
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. [back

^a Nature. † Revivings of a Secret. ‡ Handkerchief.

^a Describe.

† Scold.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

advise something: But, I pray
my counterfeiting to him:—
[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

CHISTONE and AUDREY.

I find a time, Audrey; pa-
strey.

The priest was good enough, for
man's saying.

Wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a

But, Audrey, there is a
forest lays claim to you.

Who 'tis, he that hath no
the world: here comes the

Enter WILLIAM.

at and drink to me to see a
both, we that have good wits,
power for; we shall be flouting;

on, Audrey.

Good even, William.

Good even to you, Sir.

Good, gentle friend: Cover thy
head; nay, prythee, be cover-
you, friend?

Twenty, Sir.

Age: Is thy name, William?

Sir.

Name: Wast born i'the forest

I thank God.

God;—a good answer: Art

er, so, so.

is good, very good, very ex-
yet it is not; it is but so so.

I have a pretty wit.

non say'st well. I do now re-

The fool doth think he is wise,

knows himself to be a fool. The

er, when he had a desire to

d open his lips when he put

meaning thereby, that grapes

, and lips to open. You do

your hand: Art thou learned?

arn this of me; To have, is to

figure in rhetoric, that drink.

f a cup into a glass, by fill-

empty the other: For all your

nt, that ipse is he; now you

am he.

er, Sir?

that must marry this woman:

own, abandon,—which is in

the society,—which in the

ny, of this female,—which in

woman,—which together is,

ty of this female; or, clown,

to thy better understanding,

thee, make thee away, trans-

death, thy liberty into bond-

poison with thee, or in ha-

, I will bandy with thee in

er-run thee with policy; I will

ed and fifty ways; therefore

art.

William.

ou merry, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mis-
come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip,
tend, I attend.

SCENE II.—*The*

Enter ORLANDO and

Orl. Is't possible, that on a
ance you should like her? t
you should love her? and, h
wooing, she should grant? a
severe to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddin-
tion, the poverty of her, the sm
my sudden wooing, nor her su-
but say with me, I love Ali-
that she loves me; consent w-
may enjoy each other: it shal-
for my father's house, and all
was old Sir Rowland's, will I
and here live and die a sheph

Enter ROSALIN

Orl. You have my consent
ding be to-morrow: thither
duke, and all his contented fa-
and prepare Aliens; for, look
my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando

me to see thee wear thy heart

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart ha-
with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but w-
lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell
terfeited to swoon, when he
handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater woad

Ros. O, I know where you

true: there was never any t

but the fight of two rams, a

sonical brag of—I came, an

For your brother and my siste

but they looked; no sooner

loved; no sooner loved, but

sooner sighed, but they asked

reason; no sooner knew the

sought the remedy: and in th

they made a pair of stairs to

they will climb incontinent, c

nent before marriage: they are

of love, and they will togeth

part them.

Orl. They shall be married

I will bid the duke to the n

how bitter a thing it is to loo

through another man's eyes!

more shall I to-morrow be

heart-heaviness, by how mu

my brother happy, in having

for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow
your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by

Ros. I will weary you no

idle talking. Know of me

speak to some purpose,) that

gentleman of good conceit:

that you should bear a goo

knowledge, insomuch, I say,

neither do I labour for a gre

may in some little measure di

Self good, and not to grace me.
If you please, that I can do
I have, since I was three years
with a magician, most profound
yet not damnable. If you do
hear the heart as your gesture
on your brother marries Aliena,
Phebe: I know into what straits
I am driven; and it is not impossi-
ble to appear not inconvenient to you,
to your eyes to-morrow, human
without any danger.
If thou in sober meanings?
Life, I do; which I tender dear-
ly I am a magician: Therefore,
best array, bid* your friends:
I married to-morrow, you shall;
I, if you will.

* SILVIUS and PHEBE.

was a lover of mine, and a lover

you have done me much un-
kindness,

that I writ to you.

not, if I have. It is my study,

kind and ungentle to you:

Follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
I love him; he worships you.

Shepherd, tell this youth what
love.

Is all made of sighs and tears;—

* Phebe.

for Ganymede.

or Rosalind.

or no woman.

Is all made of faith and ser-
vice;—

* Phebe.

for Ganymede.

for Rosalind

for no woman.

Is all made of fantasy,

reason, and all made of wishes;

duty, and observance,

Is all patience, and impatience,

trial, all observance;—

* Phebe.

am I for Ganymede.

am I for Rosalind.

am I for no woman,

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

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Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Is so, why blame you me to love

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

{*Exeunt.*}

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Aud-
rey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I
hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a
woman of the world.* Here comes two of the
banished duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit,
sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without
hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse;
which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune,
like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet
the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceived, Sir; we kept
time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time
lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with
you; and God mend your voices! Come, Aud-
rey. {*Exeunt.*}

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter DUKE, senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLAN-
DO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
Can do all this that he hath promised? {*Boy*

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not, {*fear.*}

As those that fear they hope, and know they

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whilst our com-
pact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
{*To the Duke.*}

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

* *Justice.*

* *A married woman.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ed I kingdoms to

I have her, when

[To ORLANDO.

of all kingdoms

me, if I be will-

[To PHOEBE.

the the hour after.

marry me, [herd?

ost faithful shep-

ive Phebe, if she

[To SILVIUS.

death were both

ke all this matter

ke, to give your

his daughter:—

you'll marry me;

this shepherd:—

you'll marry her,

hence I go,

en.

AND CELIA.

us shepherd-boy

ghter's favour.

that I ever saw

o your daughter:

forest-born;

adiments

his uncle,

st magician,

forest.

AUDREY.

ood toward, and

the ark! Here

asts, which in all

ing to you all!

welcome; This

en, that I have so

h been a cour-

hat, let him put

nd a measure;*

ve been politic

enemy; I have

ad four quarrels,

up?

ound the quarrel

Good my lord,

I

desire you of the

ngst the rest of

ear, and to for-

inds, and blood

an ill-favoured

poor humour of

else will: Rich

in a poor-house;

ter.

very swift and

's bolt, Sir, and

use; how did

enth cause?

ce.

Touch. Upon a lie seven th
Bear your body more seeming
thus, sir. I did dislike the
courtier's beard; he sent me w
beard was not cut well, he w
was: This is called the *Retort*
sent him word again, it was n
would send me word, he cut I
self: This is called the *Quip*
it was not well cut, he disabled
This is called the *Reply churlish*
was not well cut, he would n
not true: This is called the *Rej*
again, it was not well cut, he
This is called the *Countercheck*
so to the *Lie circumstantial*, an
Jay. And how oft did you
was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further
circumstantial, nor he durst not
direct; and so we measured swe

Jay. Can you nominate in o
grees of the lie?

Touch. O Sir, we quarrel i
book; as you have books for g
will name you the degrees. I
fort courteous; the second, the
the third, the *Reply churlish*;
Reproof valiant; the fifth, the
quarrelsome; the sixth, the *L*
stance; the seventh, the *Lie di*
you may avoid, but the lie dire
avoid that too, with an *If*. I
ven justices could not take up
when the parties were met the
them thought but of an *If*, as
then I said so; and they shook h
brothers. Your *If* is the onl
much virtue in *If*.

Jay. Is not this a rare fellow
as good at any thing, and yet

Duke S. He uses his folly
horse, and under the presents
shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSAL
clothes; and CELIA.
Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in
When earthly things m
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy
Hymen from heaven br
Yea, brought her h
That thou might'st join
Whose heart within he

Ros. To you I give myself,
To you I give myself, for I am

Duke S. If there be truth in
my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sig
Rosalind.

Pho. If sight and shape be t
Why then.—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if

I'll have no husband, if you b

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you

Hym. Peace ho! I bar conf
Tis I must make com
Of these most stran

night that must take hands,
in Hymen's bands,
th holds true contents.
you no cross shall part:
[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.
you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.
PHEBE] to his love must accord,
a woman to your lord —
you are sure together,
[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.
inter to foul weather,
wedlock-hymn we sing,
selves with questioning;
own wonder may diminish,
e we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

In great Jove's crown;
at hand of board and bed;
in peoples every town;
wedlock then be honoured:
high honour and renown,
is god of every town!
O my dear niece, welcome thou art
here;
welcome in no less degree.
I'll not eat my word, now thou art
here;
thy fancy to thee doth combine.†
[To SILVUS.

Enter JACQUES DE BOIS.

I. Let me have audience for a word
two;
young son of old Sir Rowland,
these tidings to this fair assembly:—
errick, hearing how that every day
at worth resorted to this forest,
a mighty power! which were on foot,
conduct, purposely to take
there, and put him to the sword:
skirts of this wild wood he came;
young with an old religious man,
question with him, was converted
his enterprise, and from the world:
bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
his lands restor'd to them again
with him exil'd: This to be true,
my life.

Welcome, young man;
at fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
lands withheld; and to the other,
off at large, a potent dukedom.
in forest, let us do those ends
were well begun, and well begot:
every of this happy number,
endur'd shrewd days and nights
with us,
e the good of our returned fortune,
to the measure of their states.
forget this new-fall'n dignity,

no truth fails of veracity.

† Bind.

And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music;—and you brides and bride-
grooms all, {all.
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
Jaques. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you
rightly.

The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaques. de H. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I; out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To DUKE S.
Your patience, and your virtue well deserves
it:—

You [To ORLANDO] to a love, that your true
faith doth merit.—

You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and
great allies:—

You [To SILVUS] to a long and well deserved
bed,—

And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for
thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your
pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I.—what you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin
these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than
to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that
good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good
play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they
do use good bushes, and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good
epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the
behalf of a good play? I am not furnished*
like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become
me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin
with the women. I charge you, O women, for
the love you bear to men, to like as much of
this play as please them: and so I charge you,
O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I
perceive by your simpering, none of you hate
them,) that between you and the women, the
play may please. If I were a woman, I would
kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased
me, complexions that liked me,† and breaths
that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as
have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make
curt'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

* Dressed.

† That I liked.

ALL THAT ENDS W

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman pro-
Countess.
An Old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } neighbours and f
MARIANA, } Widow.
Lords, attending on the King;
diers, &c. French and Ph
SCENE, partly in France, and par

room in the Coun-

of ROUSILLON,
mourning.

from me, I bury

an, weep o'er my
must attend his
I am now in

king a husband,
He that so gene-
rest of necessity
worthiness would
rather than lack it

of his majesty's

physicians, ma-
he hath persecut-
no other advan-
the losing of hope

woman had a fa-
a passage 'tis!)
eat as his bones-
could have made
should have play
the king's sake,
ould be the death

an you speak of,

in his profession,
be so: Gerard de

ced, madam; the
admiringly, and
enough to have
be set up against

rd, the king lan-

guardian.
loss of a husband and
ugh her mind.

Laf. A fatula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not so
this gentlewoman the daughter
Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my
queathed to my overlooking
hopes of her good, that her educ
her dispositions she inherits, wi
gifts fairer; for where an uncle
virtuous qualities,* there com
with pity, they are virtues and
her they are the better for the
she derives her honesty, and
goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, in
her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a s
son her praise in. The reme
father never approaches her
tyranny of her sorrows takes
from her cheek. No more of t
to, no more; lest it be rather t
fect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, ind
it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation
the dead, excessive grief the e
ing.

Count. If the living be enen
the excess makes it soon mort

Ber. Madam, I desire your l

Laf. How understand we the

Count. Be thou bless'd, Ber
ceed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy bl
Contend for empire in thee; a
Share with thy birthright! L
few,

Do wrong to none: be able for
Rather in power, than use; and
Under thy own life's key: be
lence,

But never tax'd for speech. W

* Qualities of good breeding and er
† Her excellences are the better b
less.

‡ All appearance of life.

my furnish,* and my prayers pluck
 you, my head! Farewell.—My lord,
 season'd courtier; good my lord,
 I cannot want the best
 attend his love.

Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Ber-
 tram. [Exit COURTRESS.]

I best wishes, that can be forged in
 lights, [To HELENA] be servants to
 comfortable to my mother, your mis-
 make much of her.
 Well, pretty lady. You must hold
 of your father.

[Enter BERTRAM and LAPEU.]
 were that all!—I think not on my
 dear;

[more]
 great tears grace his remembrance
 I shed for him. What was he like?
 at him: my imagination
 favour in it, but Bertram's.
 as; there is no living, none,
 be away. It were all one,
 old love a bright particular star,
 he wed it, he is so above me:
 its radiance and collateral light
 comforted, not in his sphere.
 him in my love thus plagues itself:
 that would be mated by the lion,
 the love. 'Twas pretty, though a
 light.

I every hour; to sit and draw
 I brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 at's table, & heart, too capable
 his and tricks of his sweet favour. It
 is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 tify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

goes with him: I love him for his
 know him a notorious liar, [sake;
 a great way fool, solely a coward;
 his d evils sit to fit in him,
 like place, when virtue's steely bones
 sit in the cold wind: withal, full oft
 is he
 him waiting on superfluous folly.
 away you, fair queen.
 id you, monarch.

I
 id no.

o you meditating on virginity?
 c. You have some stain of soldier in
 ask you a question: Man is enemy
 y; how may we barricado it against

up him out.
 the assails; and our virginity, though
 the defence, yet is weak: unfold to
 unlike resistance.

ere is none; man, sitting down be-
 will undermine you, and blow you

see our poor virginity from under-
 ed blowers up!—Is there no military
 or virgins might blow up men?
 rginity, being blown down, man will
 be blown up: marry, in blowing him
 e, with the breach yourselves made,

at may help thee with more and better quali-

if you be mistress of your wishes, and have
 ag them to effect.

renders her heart as the tablet on which his
 was portrayed.
 By all means.

Countenance.

you lose your city. It is not politic in the
 commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity.
 Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there
 was never virgin got, till virginity was first
 lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make
 virgins. Virginity by being once lost, may be
 ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever
 lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand or't a little, though there-
 fore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against
 the rule of nature. To speak on the part of
 virginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is
 most infallible disobedience. He that hangs
 himself, is a virgin virginity murders itself;
 and should be buried in high way, out of
 all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender
 against nature. Virginity breeds mis-
 like a cheese; consumes itself to the very par-
 ting, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
 Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made
 of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin
 in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot loose
 but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it
 will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase;
 and the principal itself not much the worse:
 Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to
 own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that
 ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose a
 gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less
 worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible, answer
 the time of request. Virginity, like an old
 courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, rich
 suited, but unsuitable: just like the brook
 and tooth-pick, which wear not now: You
 date is better in your pie and your porridge
 than in your cheek. And your virginity, you
 old virginity, is like one of our French withered
 pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis
 withered pear; it was formerly better; marry
 yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thin,
 with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves
 A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
 His humble ambition, proud humility,
 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
 His faith, his sweet disaster, with a world
 Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
 I know not what he shall:—God send him
 well!

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, I faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
 which might be felt: that we, the poorer born
 Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
 Might with effects of them follow our friends,
 And show what we alone must think; it which
 Returns us thanks.

[re-ve]

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
 you.

[Exit PAGE]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remem-
 ber thee, I will think of thee at court.

* Forbidden.

† A quibble on date, which means age, and cancelled time.
 ‡ I.e. And show by realities what we now must con-
 sider.

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

you were born un-

under Mars.

Keep you under, that
under Mars.

from aught,
retrograde, I think,

backward, when you

when fear proposes

ship, that your va-

is a virtue of a

wear well.

businesses, I cannot

will return perfect

y instruction shall

thou wilt be capa-

, and understand

on thee; else thou

ess, and thine igno-

rewell. When thou

ers, when thou hast

ds. get thee a good

e uses thee; so fare-

[Exit.

ourselves do lie,

en: the fated sky

both backward pull

ourselves are dull.

mounts my love so

cannot feed mine eye?

une nature brings

ake native things.†

tempts, to those

sense; and do sup-

Who ever strove

miss her love?

ject may deceive

and will not leave me.

[Exit.

Room in the King's

the King of France,

others attending.

and Senoys; are by

fortune, and continue

Sir.

edible; we here re-

our cousin Austria,

ntine will move us

our dearest friend

and would seem

edom,

y, may plead

answer.

fore he comes;

at mean to see

each other.

public of which Siena is

The Tuscan service, freely he

To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve

A nursery to our gentry, who

For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and

1 Lord. It is the count Ros

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st th'

Frank nature, rather curious th'

Hath well compos'd thee. Th'

parts

May'st thou inherit too! Well

Ber. My thanks and duty are

King. I would I had that soon

now,

As when thy father, and myself

First tried our soldiership! H

Into the service of the time, as

Disciplined of the bravest: he li

But on us both did haggish ag

And wore us out of act. It m

To talk of your good father:

He had the wit, which I can v

To-day in our young lords; bu

Till their own scorn return to

Ere they can hide their levity

So like a courtier, contempt n

Were in his pride or sharpness

His equal had awak'd them;

Clock to itself, knew the true

Exception bid him speak, and

His tongue obey'd his hand:

He used as creatures of another

And bow'd his eminent top to

Making them proud of his hum

In their poor praise he humble

Might be a copy to these yours

Which, follow'd well, would d

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance

Lies richer in your thoughts, t

So in approof; lives not his ep

As in your royal speech.

King. Would, I were with

always say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; hi

He scatter'd not in cars, but g

To grow there, and to bear,)-

Thus his good melancholy oft

On the catastrophe and heal

When it was out,—Let me not

After my flame lacks oil, to be

Of younger spirits, whose app

All but new things disdain; wh

Mere fathers of their garments

stances

Expire before their fashions:—

I, after him, do after him wis

Since I nor wax, nor honey, †

I quickly were dissolved from

To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, Sir;

They, that least lend it you, sh

King. I fill a place, I know

is't, count,

Since the physician at your fi

He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since

King. If he were living,

yet;—

† To repair here signifies to renew

† His is put for his.

‡ Who have no other use of their

vent new modes of dress.

the rest have worn me out
applications :—nature and sick-

leisure. Welcome, count;
leaver.
your majesty.
[Exit. Flourish.

II.—*Reusillon.*—A Room in the
Congress' Palace.

HERMES, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

Now hear : what say you of this

the care I have had to even
I wish might be found in the
past endeavours, for then we
society, and make foul the clear-
mornings, when of ourselves we

does this knave here? Get you
The complaints, I have heard of
believe; 'tis my slowness, that
I know, you lack not folly to
and have ability enough to make
yours.

unknown to you, madam, I am a

Sir.

'tis not so well, that I am
many of the rich are damned: But,
your ladyship's good will to go to
and the woman and I will do as

thou needs be a beggar?

of your good-will in this case.

what case?

bel's case, and mine own. Ser-
itage. and, I think, I shall never
sing of God, till I have issue of
they say, bearns; are blessings.
I me thy reason why thou wilt

for body, madam, requires it: I
by the flesh; and he must needs
evil drives.

his all your worship's reason?

madam, I have other holy reasons,
etc.

y the world know them?

been, madam, a wicked creature,
I flesh and blood are; and indeed,
but I may repent.

marriage, sooner than thy wicked-

of friends, madam; and I hope
for my wife's sake.

friends are thine enemies, knave.
re shallow, madam; e'en great
he knaves come to do that for me,
a-weary of. He, that ears; my
my team, and gives me leave to inn
be his cuckold, he's my drudge:
forts my wife, is the cherisher of
blood; he, that cherishes my flesh
res my flesh and blood; he, that
b and blood, is my friend: ergo,
my wife, is my friend. If men
tempted to be what they are, there
in marriage; for young Charbon
and old Poysam the papist, how-
sarts are severed in religion, their
th one, they may joll horns to-
ny deer i' the herd.

thou ever be a foul-mouthed and
nave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way:*

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, Sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would
speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[Singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, & done found,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt
the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would
serve the world so all the year! we'd find no
fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the par-
son. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have
a good woman born but every blazing star, or
at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery
well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he
pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as
I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's com-
mand, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty
be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will
wear the surplice of humility over the black
gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the
business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit CLOWN.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentle-
woman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed
her to me; and she herself, without other ad-
vantage, may lawfully make title to as much
love as she finds: there is more owing her, than
is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll
demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her
than, I think, she wished me: alone she was,
and did communicate to herself, her own words
to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for
her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her
matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she
said, was no goddess, that had put such dif-
ference betwixt their two estates; Love, no
god, that would not extend his might, only
where qualities were level; Diana, no queen
of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to
be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first as-
sault, or ransom afterward: Thus she deliver-
ed in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er
I heard virgin exclaim in, which I held my
duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; al-
thence, & in the loss that may happen, it con-
cerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly;
keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed
me of this before, which hung so tottering in
the balance, that I could neither believe, nor

* To your desire. † To be married.
‡ Flout. § Therefore.

* The nearest way. † Foolishly done. ‡ Stun.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

me: stall this in
 you for your honest
 further anon.

[Exit STEWARD.

ENA.

th me, when I was
 [thorn
 these are ours; this
 rightly belong;
 our blood is born;
 nature's truth,
 on is impress'd in

ays foregone,
 or then we thought

erve her now.

re, madam?

n.

istress.

I said a mother,
 erpent: What's in

, I am your mother;
 ue of those

"Tis often seen,
 nature; and choice

oreign seeds:

a mother's groan,
 er's care:—

at curd thy blood,
 What's the matter,

enger of wet,
 nds thine eye?

daughter?

mother.

be my brother:

honour'd name;

his all noble:

is; and I

his vassal die:

r?

, madam; 'Would

son, were not my

[mothers,

were you both our

do for heaven,

an't no other,

ust be my brother?

ght be my daugh-

[mother,

ot! daughter, and

What, pale again?

ondness: Now I

ness, and find [see

ow to all sense 'tis

is asham'd,

f thy passion,

ere tell me true;

r. look, thy cheeks

and thine eyes

ay behaviours,

ak it: only sin

y tongue,

it equally.

grief.

That truth should be suspect
 If it be so, you have wound
 If it be not, forswear't: how
 As heaven shall work in me
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him,

Count. Go not about; my

bond,

Whereof the world takes
 The state of your affection;
 Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before him
 That before you, and next u

I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but he

He not offended; for it hurt

That he is lov'd of me: I fol

By any token of presumptu

Nor would I have him, till I

Yet never know how that de

I know I love in vain, strive

Yet, in this captious and int

I still pour in the waters of

And lack not to lose still: d

Religious in mine error, I ac

The sun, that looks upon his

But knows of him no more.

dam,

Let not your hate encounter

For loving where you do: b

Whose aged honour cites a

Did ever, in so true a flame

Wish chastely, and love dea

Was both herself and love; t

To her, whose state is such, t

But lend and give, where sh

That seeks not to find that b

But, riddle-like, lives sweet

Count. Had you not lately

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell tru

Hel. I will tell truth; by gr

You know, my father left n

tions

Of rare and prov'd effects, s

And manifest experience, h

For general sovereignty; an

In heedfullest reservation to

As notes, whose faculties in

More than they were in no

There is a remedy, approv'd.

To cure the desperate langu

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your moti

For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son m

this;

Else Paris, and the medicin

Had, from the conversation

Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Hel

If you should tender your su

He would receive it? He an

Are of a mind; he, that they

They, that they cannot help

credit

A poor unlearned virgin, wh

* I. e. Whose respectable condu

you were no less virtuous when you

; Accidents in which greater virtu

appeared.

Embowed of their doctrine,* have left off
The danger to itself?

Hcl. There's something hints, [greatest
More than my father's skill, which was the
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hcl. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave, and love, [kiss
Helen, and attendants, and my loving greet-
To those of mine own court; I'll stay at home;
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
That I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris.—A Room in the King's Palace.

French. Enter KING, with young LOUPE ask-
ing leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM,
PAROLLES, and attendants.

King Farewell, young lord, these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you:—And you, my lord,
farewell:—

Here the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not excuse he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
Whether I live or die, be you the sons [lords;
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Than 'tated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,†) see, that you come
Not to win honour, but to wed it; when
The lowest questant‡ shrieks, and what you
seek,

That fate may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
them;

They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.§

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[The KING retires to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault: the spark——

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil||
with;

To young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a
smock,

* Embowed of their skill.

† I. e. Those excepted who possess modern Italy, the
remains of the Roman empire.

‡ Soldier, conqueror.

§ Be not captives before you are soldiers.

|| With a noisy scuffle.

Cracking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and so sword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal
away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tur-
tured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are
kin. Good sparks and lustreous, a word, good
metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the
Spital, one captain Spurio, with his countess,
an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it
was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him,
I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!
[Exeunt LOUPE.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [Seeing him rise.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the
noble lords; you have restrained yourself with-
in the list of too cold an action: be more ex-
pressive to them; for they wear themselves in
the cap of the time,† there, do master true gait,‡
eat, speak, and move under the influence of the
most received star; and though the devil lead
the measure,§ such are to be followed: after
them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most
sawey swordsmen.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAPEU.

Las. Pardon, my lord, [Kneeling.] for me
and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Las. Then here's a man [you
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would,
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Las. Goodfaith, across. ||
But my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Las. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,¶
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quickens a rock, and makes you dance canary,**
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
Is powerful to arouse king Pepin, say, [touch
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Las. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one
arriv'd, [honour,

If you will see her,—now, by my faith and
If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profes-
sion,††

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more

* In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to
dance with swords on.

† They are the foremost in the fashion.

‡ Have the true military step. § The dance.

|| Unskillfully; a phrase taken from the exercise of a
quintain.

¶ A female physician.

** A kind of dance.

†† By profession is meant her declaration of the object
of her coming.

LET'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

business: Will you
[ness?
and know her busi-
e.

at we with thee
or take off thine,
at it.

[Exit LARRE.
nothing ever pro-

HELENA.

ings indeed.

mind to him:
but such traitors
Cressid's uncle,*
; fare you well.

[Exit.
your business fol-

Gerard de Narthon

profess, well found.†

pare my praises to-

On his bed of death
chiefly one,

of his practice,
he only darling,

the eye,‡
dear, I have so:

esty is touch'd
wherein the honour

ands chief in power,
appliance,

iden;

us of cure,—

tors leave us; and

ve concluded

r ransom nature

-I say we must not

corrupt our hope,

malady

to esteem

past sense we deem.

my me for my pains:

office on you;

our royal thoughts

back again.

le less, to be call'd

[give,

, and such thanks I

that wish him live:

on know'st no part,

ou no art.

do no hurt to try,

against remedy.

is finisher,

st minister:

judgement shown,

oes.§ Great floods

[dried,

nd great seas have

the greatest been

† A third eye.

by the two elders.

rock in Horub.

ern of Israel joining the

denied by Pharaoh.

Of expectation fails, and mo
Where most it promises; and
Where hope is coldest, and de
King. I must not hear thee
kind maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by t
Proffers, not took, reap thanks

Hel. Inspired merit so by b
It is not so with him that all t

As 'tis with us that square our
But most it is presumption in

The help of heaven we count.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours gi

Of heaven, not me, make an e
I am not an impostor, that pr

Myself against the level of m
But know I think, and think I

My art is not past power, nor
King. Art thou so confident

Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lea

Ere twice the horses of the su
Their fiery torcher his diurnal

Ere twice in muck and oxide
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd

Or four and twenty times the
Hath told the thievish minute

What is infirm from your coun
Health shall live free, and ale

King. Upon thy certainty a
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A steumpet's holiness, a divi

Transc'd by ominous ballads; m
Scur'd otherwise; no worse of

With vilest torture let my life
King. Methinks, in thee so

doth speak;

His powerful sound, within a
And what impossibility would

In common sense, sense saves
Thy life is dear; for all, that I

Worth name of life, in thee ha
Youth, beauty, wisdom, coura

That happiness and prizes ca
Thou this to hazard, needs me

Skill infinite, or monstrous de
Sweet practitioner, thy physic I

That ministers thine own dent
Hel. If I break time, or flin

Of what I spoke, unpitied let
And well deserv'd: Not help

But, if I help, what do you pr
King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it e
King. Ay, by my sceptre, t

heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou giv
kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I
Exempted be from me the arr

To choose from forth the royal
My low and humble name to j

With any branch or image of I
But such a one, thy vassal, w

Is free for me to ask, thee to b
King. Here is my hand; the p

Thy will by my performance a
So make the choice of thy own

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee
More should I question thee, a

Though, more to know, could
trust;

* I. e. Pretend to greater things th
city of my condition. † I

† I. e. May be counted among the
The spring or morning of life.

ness thou can'st, how tended on,—
 And welcome, and undoubted blest.—
 Enter help here, Sir!—If thou proceed
 onward, my deed shall match thy deed.
 [Flourish. *Exeunt.*]

He. Rosaline.—A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Come on, Sir; I shall now put you
 out of your breeding.
 Will show myself highly fed, and
 glad; I know my business is but to

be the court! why, what place make
 when you put off that with such
 But to the court!

My madam, if God have lent a man
 his, he may easily put it off at court:
 not make a leg, put off his cap, kiss his
 any nothing, has neither leg, hands,
 and, indeed, such a fellow, to
 say, were not for the court: but, for
 an answer will serve all men.

Happy, that's a bountiful answer,
 questions.

Like a barber's chair, that fits all
 the pin buttock, the quatch-buttock,
 buttock, or any buttock.

Will your answer serve fit to all

as ten groats is for the hand of an
 to your French crown for your taffata
 the rush for Tom's forefinger, as a
 a Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-
 a nail to his hole, the cuckold to his
 a scolding quean to a wrangling
 the nun's lip to the friar's mouth;
 a pudding to his skin.

Have you, I say, an answer of such
 all questions?

in below your duke, to beneath your
 it will fit any question.

It must be an answer of most mon-
 that must fit all demands.

It a trifle neither, in good faith, if the
 heald speak truth of it: here it is,
 but belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a
 it shall do you no harm to learn.

To be young again, if we could: I
 fool in question, hoping to be the
 your answer. I pray you, Sir, are
 tier?

Lord, Sir,—There's a simple put-
 more, more, a hundred of them.
 Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that

Lord, Sir,—Thick, thick, spare not

think, Sir, you can eat none of this

at.

Lord, Sir,—Nay, put me to't, I war-

you were lately whipped, Sir, as I

Lord, Sir,—Spare not me.
 Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your
 and spare not me? Indeed, your O
 is very sequent* to your whipping;
 answer very well to a whipping, if
 not bound to't.

For had worse luck in my life, in
 of, Sir: I see, things may serve long,
 to ever.

* Properly follows.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the
 time, to entertain it so merrily with a feast.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,—Why, there's serves well
 again.

Count. An end, Sir, to your business: Give
 Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
 Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
 This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You
 understand me!

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my
 legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Paris.—A Room in the King's
 Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we
 have our philosophical persons, to make mo-
 dern* and familiar things, supernatural and
 causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of
 terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming
 knowledge, when we should submit ourselves
 to an unknown fear.†

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of won-
 der, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fel-
 lows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well, so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the
 world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in
 showing, you shall read it in,—What do you
 call that?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an
 earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very
 same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin‡ is not lustier; 'fore
 me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that
 is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of
 a most facinorous§ spirit, that will not acknow-
 ledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great
 transcendence: which should, indeed, give us
 a further use to be made, than alone the re-
 covery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well:
 Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustic|| as the Dutchman says: I'll like
 a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my
 head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in
 court.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]

* Ordinary. † Fear means here the object of fear.
 ‡ The dolphin. § Wicked.
 || Lustic is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.

IT'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King's side;
 Hel. whose banish'd

time receive
 his'd gift,
 King.

ORDS.

eye: this youthful

my bestowing,
 power and father's

ction make;
 and they none to

fair and virtuous

happy, to each, but

and his furniture,
 than these boy's,

noble father.

restor'd the king to

and thank heaven for

and therein wealth-
 a maid:—(jest,

have done already
 thus whisper me,

choose; but, be re-
 check for ever;

see,
 all his love in me.

altar do I fly;
 god most high,

will you hear my suit?
 rest is mute.‡

choice, than throw
 flames in your fair

eningly replies:
 twenty times above

er humble love!
 please.

so I take my leave.
 An they were sons

hipped; or I would
 make eunuchs of.

LORD] that I your
 your own sake:

and in your bed
 ever wed!

s of ice, they'll none
 stards to the Eug-

them,
 too happy, and too

ot of my blood.
 not so.

et,—I am sure, thy
 thou be'st not an ass,

subjects.
 A docked horse.
 The lowest

I am a youth of fourteen; I have
 already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take;
 TRAM] but I give

Me, and my service, ever while
 into your guiding power.—This

King. Why then, young Bert
 she's thy wife.

Her. My wife, my liege? I shall
 highness,

In such a business give me leave
 The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bert
 What she has done for me?

Her. Yes, my good lord;
 But never hope to know why

King. Thou know'st, she has
 my sickly bed.

Her. But follows it, my lord, &
 Must answer for your raising? I

She had her breeding at my father's
 A poor physician's daughter my

Rather corrupt me ever!
 King. 'Tis only title* thou dost

the which
 I can build up. Strange is it,

Of colour, weight, and heat, poor
 Would quite confound distinct

In differences so mighty: If all
 All that is virtuous, (save what

A poor physician's daughter,)
 Of virtue for the name: but dost

From lowest place when virtue
 The place is dignified by the deed

Where great additions swell,
 It is a drop of honour: good

Is good, without a name: vile
 The property by what it is shall

Not by the title. She is young
 In these to nature she's immortal

And these breed honour: that
 Which challenges itself as ho-

And is not like the sire: Hor
 When rather from our acts we

Than our fore-goers; the mer
 Debauch'd on every tomb; or

A lying trophy, and as oft is
 Where dust, and daim'd obli-

Of honour'd bones indeed.
 said?

If thou canst like this creature
 I can create the rest: virtue,

Is her own dower; honour, &
 Ber. I cannot love her, nor

King. Thou wrong'st at thyself
 strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well reas
 am glad;

Let the rest go.
 King. My honour's at the

defeat,
 I must produce my power: He

Proud scornful boy, unworth
 That dost in vile misprison a

My love, and her desert; that
 We, poisoning us in her defect

Shall weigh thee to the best
 It is in us to plant thine hon-

We please to have it grow: Ch
 Obey our will, which travail

Believe not thy disdain, but
 Do thine own fortunes that o-

Which both thy duty owes
 claims;

* I. e. The want of title. †
 ‡ Good is good independent of all

and so is vicious vile.

from my care for ever,
and the careless lapse [hate,
vengeance, both my revenge and
in the name of justice,
of pity. Speak; thine an-

gracious lord; for I submit
myself: When I consider,
and what dole of honour,
it, I find, that she, which

thoughts most base, is now
king; who, so ennobled,
so.

by the hand,
a thine: to whom I promise
not to thy estate,
plots.

and.
me, and the favour of the

abstract; whose ceremony
lent on the new-born brief,
to-night: the solemn feast
upon the coming space,
friends. As thou lov'st her,
religious; else, does err.
KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,
and Attendants.

er, monsieur? a word with
me, Sir?

and master did well to make

—My lord? my master?
not a language, I speak?
th one; and not to be under-
dysucceeding. My master?
panion to the count Rou-

ent; to all counts, to what

count's man; count's master

old, Sir; let it satisfy you,

thee, sirrah, I write man; to
not bring thee.

ve too well do, I dare not do.

thee, for two ordinaries,* to

allow; thou didst make toler-

avel: it might pass: yet the

bannerets, about thee, did

de me from believing thee a

at a burden. I have now

I lose thee again, I care not:

for nothing but taking up;

scarce worth.

not the privilege of antiquity

inge thyself too far in anger,

g trial; which if—Lord have

a hen! So, my good window

e well; thy casement I need

ok through thee. Give me

ou give me most egregious

all my heart; and thou art

my lord, deserved it.

faith, every dram of it; and

e a scruple.

all be wiser.

as thou canst, for thou hast

one twice with them at dinner.

to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou
be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt
find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I
have a desire to hold my acquaintance with
thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say,
in the default,* he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am
past; as I will by thee, in what motion age
will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy
lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no
fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my
life, if I can meet him with any convenience,
as he were double and double a lord. I'll
have no more pity of his age, than I would
have of—I'll beat him, as if I could but meet
him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married,
there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your wrongs:
He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is
my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other ser-
vants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part
where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if
I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee:
methinks, thou art a general offence, and
every man should beat thee. I think, thou
wast created for men to breathe themselves
upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you
are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are
more saucy with lords, and honourable per-
sonages, than the heraldry of your birth and
virtue gives you commission. You are not
worth another word, else I'd call you knave.
I leave you. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good,
very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
merits

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what
the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky; here at home:
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

* At a need. † Exercise. ‡ A cant term for a wife.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

eed : To other regions !
 we that dwell in't, jades ;
 war !
 so, I'll send her to my house,
 other with my hate to her,
 am fled ; write to the king
 st not speak : His present gift
 to those Italian fields,
 lows strike : War is no strife
 and the detested wife,
 pricio hold in thee, art sure ?
 to my chamber, and advise
 ight away : To-morrow (me.
 she to her single sorrow.
 se balls bound ; there's noise
 is hard ;
 married, is a man that's marr'd :
 and leave her bravely ; go :
 ne you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis
 [Exit.

he same.—Another Room in the
 same.

HELENA and CLOWN.

er greets me kindly : Is she
 t well ; but yet she has her
 y merry ; but yet she is not
 be given, she's very well,
 g the world ; but yet she is
 very well, what does she ail,
 y well ?
 's very well, indeed, but for

things ?
 she's not in heaven, whither
 kly ! the other, that she's in
 ce, God send her quickly !
 ter PAROLLES.

my fortunate lady !
 r, I have your good will to
 od fortunes.

my prayers to lead them on :
 on, have them still.—O, my
 s my old lady ?
 had her wrinkles, and I her
 she did as you say.
 ny nothing.

ou are the wiser man ; for
 gue shakes out his master's
 nothing, to do nothing, to
 d to have nothing, is to be a
 title ; which is within a very

ou're a knave.
 id have said, Sir, before a
 knave ; that is, before me thou
 had been truth, Sir.
 ou art a witty fool, I have

nd me in yourself, Sir ? or were
 me ? The search, Sir, was
 uch fool may you find in you,
 s pleasure, and the increase

ave, I faith, and well fed.—
 will go away to-night ;
 usness calls on him.
 ative and rite of love,
 me, time claims, he does ac-

a compell'd restraint ;
 d whose delay, is strewed
 ts,

made gloomy by discontent.

Which they distil now in the
 To make the coming hour o'e
 And pleasure drown the bris

Hel. What's his will else ?
 Par. That you will take yo
 the king,

And make this haste as your
 Strengthen'd with what apok
 May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands

Par. That, having this obtai
 Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ai

SCENE V.—Another Room

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM

Laf. But, I hope, your lo
 him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of
 proof.

Laf. You have it from his

Ber. And by other warrant

Laf. Then my dial goes not
 lark for a bunting.†

Ber. I do assure you, my
 great in knowledge, and acci

Laf. I have then sinned a
 ence, and transgressed again
 my state that way is danger
 yet find in my heart to repent
 I pray you, make us friends,
 amity.

Enter PAROLLES

Par. These things shall be

Laf. Pray you, Sir, who's I

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well :

is a good workman, a very g

Ber. Is she gone to the kin

[A

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-nig

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my lett
 treasure,

Given order for our horses ;
 When I should take possessi
 And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is
 latter end of a dinner ; but o
 thirds, and uses a known tra
 sand nothings with, should b
 thrice beaten.—God save yo

Ber. Is there any unkind
 lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I hav
 into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift t
 and spurs and all, like him
 the custard ; and out of it
 rather than suffer question fo

Ber. It may be, you have
 lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever,
 at his prayers. Fare you w
 believe this of me, There ca
 this light nut ; the soul of
 clothes : trust him not in mal
 sequence ; I have kept of the
 their natures.—Farewell, m

* A specious appearance of reason

† The bunting, nearly resembling
 white or no song, which gives cations

of you, than you have or will de-
mand; but we must do good against
[Exit.]

My lord, I swear.

Oh so.

Do you not know him?

I do know him well; and common
each

worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

My Sir, as I was commanded from
[Leave]

the king, and have procured his
parting; only, he desires
in speech with you.

Obey his will.

Oh marvel, Helen, at my course,
is not colour with the time, nor does
upon and required office

regular: prepar'd I was not
business; therefore am I found
grieved: This drives me to entreat

By you take your way for home;
I am, than ask, why I entreat you:
This are better than they seem;
In them have in them a need,
Shows itself, at the first view,
Show them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.]

Days ere I shall see you; so
to your wisdom.

Can nothing say,

My your most obedient servant.

Come, no more of that.

Ever shall

servance seek to eke out that,
and me my homely stars have fail'd
great fortune.

But go.

Very great: Farewell; his home.

Sir, your pardon.

What would you say?

Not worthy of the wealth I owe;†

ay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

morous thief, most fain would steal
as vouch mine own.

I would you have?

thing; and scarce so much:—so-
f indeed,—

tell you what I would: my lord—

ay, yes;—

ad foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

ay you, stay not, but in haste to
E.

ll not break your bidding, good
ord.

are my other men, monsieur?—
well.

[Exit HELENA.]

rd home; where I will never come,
a shake my sword, or hear the
or our flight.

Jy, coragio! [Exit.]

ACT III.

—Florence—A Room in the Duke's
Palace.

Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, at-
tend French LORDS, and others.

hat, from point to point, now have
heard

ntal reasons of this war, [forth,

derision hath much blood let
rets after.

under.

† French.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,*

But like a common and an outward man,†

That the great figure of a council frames

By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

Say what I think of it; since I have found

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail

As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of bur-
nature,‡

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,

Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;

And all the honours, that can fly from us,

Shall on them settle. You know your places
well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell:

To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon.—A Room in the Coun-
tess' Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have
had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to
be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
sing; mend the nail, and sing; ask questions,
and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a
man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a
goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to label, since I was at
court: our old ling and our labels o' the coun-
try are nothing like your old ling and your
labels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's
knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-
in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone
me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and
sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear,
I am run away; know it, before the report come.
If there be breadth enough in the world, I will
hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,

To fly the favours of so good a king;

To pluck his indignation on thy head,

By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news with-
in, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so
soon as I thought he would.

* I.e. I cannot inform you of the reasons.

† One not in the secret of affairs.

‡ As we say at present, our young fellows.

§ The folding at the top of the boot.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

be killed?
if he run away, as I
is in standing to't;
ugh it be the getting
come, will tell you
hear, your son was
[Exit CLOWN.

to GENTLEMEN.
madam.
gone, for ever gone.

ance.—'Pray you,
of joy, and grief,
er, on the start,
Where is my son, I

ne to serve the duke
[came,
I, from thence we
in hand at court,

madam; here's my
not get the ring upon
er shall come off, and
n of thy body, that I
me husband: but in
ever.

letter, gentlemen?
[pains.
are sorry for our
have a better cheer;
riels are thine,;
He was my son;
t of my blood,
—Towards Florence

er?
purpose: and, be-
n all the honour
this.
er?
n the swiftest wing

no wife, I have no-
ere?

iness of his hand,
ng to.
c, until he have no

is too good for him,
erves a lord,
s might tend upon,
ss. Who was with

nd a gentleman
own.
t?
be.

fellow, and full of
ved nature

deeply, as our sex are
g which is on my finger
to thyself.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady
The fellow has a deal of this
Which holds him much to h
Count. You are welcome,
I will entreat you, when yo
To tell him, that his sword
The honour that he loses: m
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, may
In that and all your worth
Count. Not so, but as we
Will you draw near?

[Exeunt CORNETT
Hel. Till I have no wife,
France.

Nothing in France, until he
Thou shalt have none, H
France,

Then hast thou all again.
That chase thee from thy co
Those tender limbs of thine
Of the none-sparing war? a
That drive thee from the sp
Wast shot at with fair eyes,
Of smoky muskets? O you
That ride upon the violent
Fly with false aim; move th
That sings with piercing, du
Whoever shoots at him, I se
Whoever charges on his sur
I am the catuff, that do hold
And, though I kill him not,
His death was so affected:
I met the ravine lion when I
With sharp constraint of hu
That all the miseries, which
Were mine at once: No,
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of dang
As oft it loses all; I will be
My being here it is, that kee
Shall I stay here to do't? n
The air of paradise did fan
And angels offic'd all: I w
That pitiful rumour may rep
To console thine ear. Com
For, with the dark, poor thi

SCENE III.—Florence.— Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE O
TRAM, LORDS, Officers, &c

Duke. The general of ou
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our
Upon thy promising fortune
Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my
We'll strive to bear it for yo
To the extreme edge of haz

Duke. Then go thou forth
And fortune play upon thy
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself in
Make me but like my thou
A lover of thy drum, hater o

SCENE IV.—Rousillon.— COUNTRESS' PALACE.

Enter CORNETT and

Count. Alas! and would
of her?

* In reply to the gentlemen's de
her servants, the countess answers
she returns the same offers of civility

not know, she would do as she has
 sent me a letter? Read it again.

*I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
 as love hath so in me offended,
 foot pined I the cold ground upon,
 sinned now my faults to have amended.
 Woe, that, from the bloody course of war,
 rest murder, your dear son may kiss;
 at home in peace, whilst I from far,
 or with zealous fervour sanctify:
 labours bid him me forgive;
 merciful Jane,* sent him forth
 my friends, with camping foes to live,
 death and danger dog the heels of woe:
 good and fair for death and me;
 myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her
 mildest words!—

you did never lack advice; so much,
 her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 we well diverted her intents,
 as she hath prevented.

Pardon me, madam:

show you this at over-night,
 have been o'erta'en; and yet she
 would be in vain. [writes,

What angel shall
 unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 prayers, whom Heaven delights to
 hear,

to grant, reprove him from the wrath
 of justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 unworthy husband of his wife;

your word weigh heavy of her worth,
 does weight too light: my greatest
 grief,

little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 the most convenient messenger:—
 reply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 return; and hope I may, that she,

so much, will speed her foot again,
 by pure love: which of them both
 at to me, I have no skill in sense
 or distinction:—Provide this messen-
 ger:—

it is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 could have tears, and sorrow bids me
 speak. [Exeunt.

E V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*Enter an old WIDOW of
 Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and
 Citizens.*

Nay, come; for if they do approach
 we shall lose all the sight.

They say, the French count has done
 honourable service.

It is reported that he has taken their
 commander; and that with his own
 slew the duke's brother. We have
 labour; they are gone a contrary way:
 you may know by their trumpets.

Come, let's return again, and suffice
 us with the report of it. Well, Diana,
 of this French earl: the honour of a
 her name; and no legacy is so rich as

I have told my neighbour, how you
 are solicited by a gentleman his com-

I know that knave; hang him! one Pa-

ling to the story of Hercules.

ation or thought.

have means to value or esteem.

rolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions*
 for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana;
 their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and
 all these engines of lust, are not the things they
 go under:† many a maid hath been seduced
 by them; and the misery is, example, that so
 terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood,
 cannot for all that dissuade succession, but
 that they are lined with the twigs that threat-
 en them. I hope, I need not to advise you fur-
 ther; but, I hope, your own grace will keep
 you where you are, though there were no fur-
 ther danger known, but the modesty which is
 so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pil-
 grim: I know she will lie at my house: thither
 they send one another: I'll question her.—
 God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you
 bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Were do the palmerst lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the
 port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[A march afar off.

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy
 pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,
 I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
 The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
 As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
 leisure.

Wid. You came, I think from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
 That has done worthy service. [yours,

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such
 a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
 His face I know not. [of him:

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
 He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
 As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
 Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth;|| I know
 his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the
 Reports but coarsely of her. [count,

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
 In argument of praise, or to the worth
 Of the great count himself, she is too mean
 To have her name repeated; all her deserving
 Is a reserved honesty, and that
 I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
 Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er
 she is,
 Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
 A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [do her

* Temptations.

† They are not the things for which their names would
 make them pass.

‡ Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm
 they were wont to carry.

§ Because.

|| The exact, the entire truth.

G g

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

you mean?
 as count solicits her
 propose.
 indeed;
 ail that can in such a gut
 honour of a maid:
 r him, and keeps her guard
 ce

and colours, a party of the Flo-
 RTHAM, and PAROLLES.

orbid else!
 hey come:—
 he duke's eldest son;

e Frenchman?

ie: 'tis a most gallant fel-

[ter,
 his wife: if he were hones-
 dher:—Is't not a handsome

well.

e is not honest: Yond's that

e,
 these places; were I his
 e rascal. [lady,

n apes with scarfs: Why is

he's hurt i'the battle.

am! well.

swdly vexed at something:

us

g you!

courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

RTHAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
 thers.

a past: Come, pilgrim, I
 you

st: of enjoin'd penitents

e, to great Saint Jaques

se [bound.

ank you:

on, and this gentle maid,

ght, the charge, and thank-

nd, to requite you further,

precepts on this virgin,

your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

—Camp before Florence.

nd the two French Lords.

d my lord, put him to't, let

rdship find him not a child-

ore in your respect.

e, my lord, a bubble.

nk, I am so far deceiv'd in

, my lord, in mine own di-

thout any malice, but to

y kinsman, he's a most no-

finite and endless liar, an

aker, the owner of no one

y your lordship's entertain-

it you knew him; test, re-

virtue, which he hath not,

reat and trusty business, in

you.

new in what particular ac-

† A paltry fellow, a coward.

2 Lord. None better than I
 his drum, which you hear he
 undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of
 suddenly surprise him; such I
 I am sure, he knows not from
 will bind and hood-wink him
 suppose no other but that he
 leaguer* of the adversaries, v
 to our tents: Be but your lo
 his examination; if he do no
 of his life, and in the high
 base fear, offer to betray you
 the intelligence in his power
 that with the divine forfeit
 oath, never trust my judgeme

2 Lord. O, for the love of
 fetch his drum; he says, he
 fur't: when your lordship se
 his success in't, and to what
 forfeit lump of ore will be m
 him not John Drum's enterpr
 elining cannot be removed.

Enter PAROLLES

1 Lord. O, for the love of
 not the humour of his design
 his drum in any hand.

Her. How now, monsieur?
 sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go

Par. But a drum! Is't but
 so lost!—There was an exc
 to charge in with our horn
 wings, and to rend our own a

2 Lord. That was not to b
 command of the service; it
 war that Caesar himself con-
 vented, if he had been there

Her. Well, we cannot grea
 success: some dishonour we
 that drum; but it is not to be

Par. It might have been rec

Her. It might, but it is not

Par. It is to be recovered: I

of service is seldom attribute
 exact performer, I would ha
 another, or *hic jacet*†

Her. Why, if you have a st
 sieur, if you think your mys
 can bring this instrument of h
 his native quarter, be mag
 enterprise, and go on; I will
 for a worthy exploit; if you
 the duke shall both speak of
 you what further becomes his
 to the utmost syllable of your

Par. By the hand of a sold
 take it.

Her. But you must not now

Par. I'll about it this even
 presently pen down my dilem
 myself in my certainty, put
 mortal preparation, and, by m
 hear further from me.

Her. May I be bold to acqu
 you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the
 my lord; but the attempt I vow

Her. I know, thou art valia
 possibility of thy soldiiership, v
 thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

* The camp.

† I would recover the lost drum o

the attempt.

‡ I will pen down my plans and th

deans.

than a fish loves water.—Is
 go fellow, my lord? that so
 to undertake this business,
 is not to be done; damns him-
 self better be damned than to

I not know him, my lord, as
 I is, that he will steal himself
 for, and, for a week, escape a
 noveries; but when you find
 to him ever after.

you think, he will make no
 do, that so seriously he does
 unto?

In the world; but return with
 a slap upon you two or three
 at we have almost embossed
 on his fall to-night; for, in-
 your lordship's respect.

Make you some sport with the
 thing. He was first smoked
 when his disguise and
 I me what a sprat you shall
 you shall see this very night.
 I go look my twigs; he shall

then, he shall go along with

these your lordship: I'll leave

[Exit

I lead you to the house, and
 off. [show you

to say, she's honest.

I the fault I spoke with her

I, wondrous cold; but I sent to

comb that we have i'the wind,

as which she did re-send;

have done. She's a fair crea-
 ber!

[ture;

All my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt.

—*Florence.*—*A Room in the*
Count's House.

HELENA and Widow.

I doubt me that I am not she,

I shall assure you further,

the grounds I work upon.†

my estate be fallen, I was

in,

ted with these businesses;

put my reputation now

act.

Id I wish you.

rust, the count he is my hus-

[ken,

my sworn counsel I have spo-

I to word; and then you can-

that I of you shall borrow,

g it.

I believe you;

now'd me that, which well ap-

fortune. [proves

a purse of gold,

your friendly help thus far,

er-pay, and pay again,

and it. The count he woos

ughter,

anton siege before her beauty,

y her; let her, in fine, consent,

her how 'tis best to bear it,

men. † Before we strip him naked
 ring himself to the count.

Now his important* blood will sought deny
 That she'll demand: A ring the count† wears,
 That downward hath succeeded in his house,
 From son to son, some four or five descents
 Since the first father wore it—this ring he holds
 In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
 To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
 The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chastely absent: after this,
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
 To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
 Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
 That time and place, with this decent so lawful,
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes
 With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
 To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
 To chide him from our eaves;‡ for he persists,
 As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
 Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
 But let's about it. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in
 ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by
 this hedge* corner. When you sally upon him,
 speak what terrible language you will, though
 you understand it not yourselves, no matter:
 for we must not seem to understand him; un-
 less some one among us, whom we must pro-
 duce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the inter-
 preter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows
 he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, Sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to
 speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of
 strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.‡
 Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring lan-
 guages; therefore we must every one be a man
 of his own fancy, not to know what we speak
 one to another, so we seem to know, is to
 know straight our purpose. chough's lan-
 guage, gabble enough, and good enough. As
 for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.
 But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two
 hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear
 the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLS.

Par. Ten o'clock within these three hours
 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall
 I say I have done? It must be a very plausible
 invention that carries it: They begin to smoke
 me; and disgraces have of late knocked too
 often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-
 hardy, but my heart hath the fear of Mars be-

* Inopportune. † I. e. Count.
 ‡ From under our windows.
 § I. e. Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.
 ¶ A bird like a jack-daw.

WILL THAT ENDS WELL:

not daring the re-

h that e'er thine

[*Aside.*]

I move me to un-

drum; being not

and knowing I

give myself some

in exploit: Yet

They will say,

and great ones I

what's the in-

ut you into a but-

another of Haja-

into these perils.

should know what

[*Aside.*]

of my garments

the breaking of my

you so. [*Aside.*]

heard; and to say,

[*Aside.*]

nes, and say, I was

[*Aside.*]

aped from the win-

[*Aside.*]

would scarce make

[*Aside.*]

rum of the enemy's;

il.

ne anon. [*Aside.*]

enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*]

cargo, cargo, cargo.

tu par corho, cargo.

-Do not hide mine

in and blindfold him.

boskos.

Muskos' regiment.

want of language:

r Dane, low Dutch,

shall undo

—

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Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us

Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, Sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep

safely lock'd.

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SCENE II.—Florence.—A Widow's House

Enter BERTRAM and DIA

Ber. They told me, that y
Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Dia

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition?!

In your fine frame hath love no

If the quick fire of youth light

You are so maiden, but a mon

When you are dead, you shoul

As you are now, for you are c

And now you should be as you

When your sweet self was got

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive again:

I was compelled to her; but I

By love's own sweet constrai

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but wha

roses,

You barely leave our thorns to

And mock us with our barene

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oath

truth;

But the plain single vow, the

What is not holy, that we sw

But take the Highest to witn

you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's g

I lov'd you dearly, would you

When I did love you ill? thi

To swear by him whom I pro

That I will work against him

oaths

Are words, and poor conditio

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy cruel: love is

And my integrity ne'er knev

That you do charge men wit

But give thyself unto my sic

Who then recover: say, thou

My love, as it begins, shall

Dia. I see, that men mal

affairs,

That we'll forsake ourselv

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lor

Ber. It is an honour long

Bequeathed down from man

Which were the greatest oh

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such

o *L.c.* Against his determined

habit with Helena.

† The sense is—we never saw

but take to witness the Highest, th

thy's the jewel of our house,
 led down from many ancestors;
 'tis the greatest obloquy i'the world
 done: Thus your own proper wisdom
 (the champion honour on my part,
 'gainst vain assault.

Give me, take my ring:

My mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
 be bid by thee.

When midnight comes, knock at my
 chamber window;

Take, my mother shall not hear.

I charge you in the band of truth,
 to have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

here but an hour, nor speak to me:

We are most strong; and you shall
 know them,

For again this ring shall be deliver'd:

Our finger, in the night, I'll put

there; that, what in time proceeds,

is to the future our past deeds.

Then, then, fail not: You have won

mine, though there my hope be done.

Heaven on earth I have won, by

winning thee. *[Exit.]*

For which live long to thank both

heaven and me!

[Exit.] So in the end.—

He told me just how he would woo,

that in his heart; she says, all men

swear oaths: he had sworn to marry

me, *[him,*

his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with

him buried. Since Frenchmen are so

bold,

at will, I'll live and die a maid:

this disguise, I think't no sin

in him, that would unjustly win. *[Exit.]*

ENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter two French Lords, and two or three

Soldiers.

You have not given him his mother's

ring.

I have delivered it an hour since:

something in't that stings his nature;

for reading it, he changed almost into

stone.

He has much worthy blame laid

on, for shaking off so good a wife, and

his lady.

Especially he hath incurred the ever-

displeasure of the king, who had even

his bounty to sing happiness to him. I

show you a thing, but you shall let it dwell

with you.

When you have spoken it, 'tis dead,

in the grave of it.

He hath perverted a young gentle-

man in Florence, of a most chaste re-

putation: this night he fleishes his will in the

very honour: he hath given her his mo-

ther's ring, and thinks himself made in the

composition.

Now, God delay our rebellion; as

ourselves, what things are we!

Merely our own traitors. And as in

your course of all treasons, we still see

each themselves, till they attain to their

ends; so he, that in this action con-

demns his own nobility, in his proper

performs himself.

Is it not meant damnable; in us, to

be so cruel.

He says his own secrets in his own talk.

in a whisper, and advertently.

be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We
 shall not then have his company to-night!

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is
 dictated to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would
 gladly have him see his company anatomized;
 that he might take a measure of his own
 judgements, wherein so curiously he had set
 this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he
 come; for his presence must be the whip of the
 other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of
 these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
 cluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then?
 will he travel higher, or return again into
 France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are
 not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be
 a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since,
 fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrim-
 age to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy
 undertaking, with most austere sanctimony,
 she accomplished: and, there residing, the
 tenderness of her nature became as a prey to
 her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last
 breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own
 letters, which makes her story true, even to
 the point of her death: her death itself, which
 could not be her office to say, is come, was
 faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations,
 point from point, to the full arming of the
 verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad
 of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make
 us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times,
 we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity,
 that his valour hath here acquired for him,
 shall at home be encountered with a shame as
 ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled
 yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would
 be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and
 our crimes would despair, if they were not
 cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a SERVANT.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, Sir, of
 whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lord-
 ship will next morning for France. The duke
 hath offered him letters of commendations to
 the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful
 there, if they were more than they can com-
 mend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the
 king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How
 now my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen busi-
 nesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract

* For company.

with the duke, done
buried a wife,
my lady mother, I
my convoy; and,
of despatch, ef-
the last was the
ended yet.
of any difficulty,
ture hence, it re-

is not ended, as
But shall we
the fool and the
with this counterfeit
ne, like a double-

[*Enter SOLDIERS.*]
fight, poor gallant

have deserved it,
g. How does he

lordship already;
answer you as you
ops, like a wench
hath confessed
supposes to be a
embrance, to this
tting i' the stocks:
confessed?

taken, and it shall
lordship be in't,
must have the pa-

PAROLLES.

muffled! he can
ash!

Porto tartarossa.
tures; What will

I know without
ke a pasty, I can

urco.

ul general:—Our
what I shall ask

to live.

on how many horse
you to that?

but very weak
are all scattered,
poor rogues, upon
ed as I hope to

our answer so?

ragment on't, how

hat a past-saving

my lord, this is
nt militarist, (that
d the whole theo-
s scarf, and the
lagger.

a man again, for
or believe he can
wearing his ap-

d a knight by harking

nt of the escalbard.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—
I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—
for I'll speak truth.

I Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Her. But I can him no thanks for't, in the
nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir: a truth's a
truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

I Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they
are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this
present hour, I will tell true. Let me see:
Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many,
Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltan,
Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred
fifty each. mine own company, Chitopher, Van-
mond, Henau, two hundred and fifty each: as
that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my
life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half
of which dare not shake the snow from off their
cassocks,* lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Her. What shall be done to him?

I Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.
Demand of him my conditions,† and what
credit I have with the duke.

I Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall
demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be
i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is
with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and ex-
pertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were
not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to
corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this?
what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the
particular of the interrogatories:‡ Demand them
singly.

I Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's pre-
tence in Paris, from whence he was whipped for
getting the sheriff's fool§ with child; a dumb
innocent,|| that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.]

Her. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands;
though I know, his brains are forfeit to the
next tile that falls.

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of
Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and long.

I Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall
hear of your lordship anon.

I Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a
poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other
day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I
have his letter in my pocket.

I Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either
it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's
other letters, in my tent.

I Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper? Shall I
read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Her. Our interpreter does it well.

I Lord. Excellently.

I Sold. Dinn. The count's a fool, and full of
gold,—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, Sir; that
is an advertisement to a proper maid in Flo-
rence, one Dianu, to take heed of the affairs—

* Cassock then signified a horseman's loose coat.

† Disposition and character.

‡ An inter-rogation.

§ An idiot under the care of the sheriff.

|| A natural fool.

an honest fellow, a foolish little boy, all that very foolish: I pray you, Sir, *Alas!*

Par. I'll read it first, by your favour. By meaning it's, I protest, was very like the devil of the mind: for I know (count to be a dangerous and lascivious; who is a while to virginity, and up all the fry it finds.

Countess. Both sides regard!
When he secure within, bid him drop
cold, and take it;

Countess. He never pays the score:
It match well made; watch, and well
take it;

Par. After debts, take it before;
A soldier, Dian, told her this,
It will with boys are not to lose:

Countess. Of this, she count's a fool, I know it,
Before, but not when he does over it,
But, as he would to this in their ear,

Parolles. A shall be whipped through the army,
Shame to his forehead.

Countess. He is your devoted friend, Sir, the
brave, and the omnipotent soldier.
I'll venture any thing before but a
man's a cat to me.

Parolles. Sir, by the general's
I shall be slain to hang you.

Countess. Sir, in any case: not that I am
afraid; but that, my offences being
would repeat out the remainder of
of me live, Sir, in a dungeon, rather
any where, so I may live.

We'll see what may be done, so you
reely; therefore, once more to this
Dumain: You have answered to his
a with the duke, and to his valour
his honesty?

Parolles. I will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister;
rapes and ravishments be parallels

He professes not keeping of oaths;
ing them, he is stronger than Hercules

will be, Sir, with such volubility,
would think truth were a fool: drunk

his best virtue; for he will be swine-
ged in his sleep he does little harm,

his bed-clothes about him; but they
is conditions, and lay him in straw

at little more to say, Sir, of his ho-
ness every thing that an honest man
it have, what an honest man should
has nothing.

I begin to love him for this.
at this description of thine honesty?
see him for me, he is more and more

What say you to his expertness in
stith, Sir, he has led the drum before
ish tragedians,—to belie him, I will

I more of his soldiery I know not,
that country, he had the honour to
be at a place there call'd Mile-end,

at for the doing of lies. I would do
what honour I can, but of this I am
in.

He hath out-villained villany so far,
truly redeems him.

put on him! he's a cat still.
His qualities being at this poor price,
a match well made is half won; make your
own, but make it well.

to with steel any thing however trifling. Some
sawyer body.
countess killed by Hercules

I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to
revel.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'or^o he will sell the
too-staple of his salvation, the inheritance of
it; and cut the entail from all reminders, and
a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

I Sold. What's his brother, the other captain
Dumain?

I Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

I Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crew of the same nest; not al-
together so great as the first in goodness, but
greater a great deal in evil. He excels his
brother for a coward, yet his brother is reput-
ed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-
runs any lackey; sorry, in coming on he has
the cramp.

I Sold. If your life be moved, will you under-
take to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his house, count
Rouillon.

I Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and
know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming: a plague of all
drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to
beguile the opposition: of that insidious
young boy the count, have I run into this dan-
ger: Yet, who would have suspected an am-
bush where I was taken? *[Aside.]*

I Sold. There is no remedy, Sir, but you
must die: the general says, *on*, that have so
traitorously discovered the secrets of your
army, and made such pestiferous reports of
men very nobly held, can serve the world for
no honest use, therefore you must die. Come,
headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir; let me live, or let me see
my death!

I Sold. That shall you, and take your leave
of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.]*
So look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

I Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

I Lord. God save you, noble captain.

I Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to
my lord Lafew? I am for France.

I Lord. Good captain, will you give me a
copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf
of the count Rouillon? as I were not a very
coward, I'd compel it of you; but fair you
well. *[Enter BASTARD, LORDE, &c.]*

I Sold. You are undone, captain: all but
your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

I Sold. If you could find out a country where
but women were that had received so much
shame, you might begin an impudent nation.
Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too, we
shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were
great,

'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captains shall simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blades! and, Parolles,

live *[thrive]*
Safest is shame! being fool'd, by foolery
There's place, and means, for every man
alive.

I'll after them. *[Exit.]*

^o The fourth part of the smaller French crown.
¹ To deceive the opponent.

SCENE IV.—*Florence.—A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd.
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, [bour
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly la-
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's
As it hath fated her to be my motive*
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy† trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty‡
Go with your impositions,§ I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—— [mer.
But with the word, the time will bring on sum-
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
(Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends, well: still the fine's|| the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Rousillon.—A Room in the Countess' Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villanous saffron¶ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the 'most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:

* For mover. † Lascivious. ‡ I. e. An honest death.
§ Commanda. || End.

¶ There was a fashion of using yellow starch for bands and ruffles, to which Lafeu alludes.

we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet-majoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.*

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more botter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest† thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, Sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.‡

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by this authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles,

* I. e. Rue.

† Seduce.

‡ Muchievously unhappy, waggish.

ready as when he numbered thirty ;
to-morrow, or I am deceived by
[In such intelligence hath seldom

rejoices me, that I hope I shall see
[He. I have letters, that my son will
night : I shall beseech your lordship,
with me till they meet together.
adam, I was thinking, with what
[might safely be admitted.
You need but plead your honourable

my, of that I have made a bold char-
I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

madam, yonder's my lord your son
patch of velvet on's face: whether
a scar under it, or no, the velvet
[us a goodly patch of velvet: his
[is a cheek of two pile and a half,
[his cheek is worn bare.

scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a
ry of honour ; so, belike, is that.
[It is your carbonadoed* face.
[Go see your son, I pray you ; I
[with the young noble soldier.
[He, there's a dozen of 'em, with de-
[pale, and most courteous feathers,
[on the head, and nod at every man.
[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles.—A Street.

DIANA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two
Attendants.

at this exceeding posting, day and
[night,
[or your spirits low : we cannot help
[you have made the days and nights
[to one,
[your gentle limbs in my affairs,
[you do so grow in my requital,
[I can unroot you. In happy time ;—

Enter a gentle ASTRINGER.

may help me to his majesty's ear,
[and spend his power.—God save you,
[Sir.

And you.
[Sir, I have seen you in the court of
[France.

I have been sometimes there.
[do presume, Sir, that you are not
[alien

reports that goes upon your goodness ;
[more goaded with most sharp occa-
[sions.

ry nice manners by, I put you to
[of your own virtues, for the which
[I am thankful.

What's your will ?
[that it will please you
[his poor petition to the king ;

me with that store of power you
[into his presence. [have,
[The king's not here.

Not here, Sir ?
[Not, indeed : [haste
[I remov'd last night, and with more
[to use.

Lord, how we lose our pains !
[It's well that ends well ; yet ;
[time seems so adverse, and means
[want,—

*At the place of rest for the children,
Marseilles.*

I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it :
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
[thank'd, [again ;—
[Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse
[Go, go, provide. [Exit.

*SCENE II.—Rouillon.—The inner Court of
the Countess' Palace.*

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord
Lafou this letter: I have ere now, Sir, been
better known to you, when I have held famili-
arity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, Sir,
muddled in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat
strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of :
I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's but-
tering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, Sir ;
I spake by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I
will stop my nose ; or against any man's meta-
phor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: A paper
from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman !
Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFOU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's
cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into
the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and,
as he says, is muddled withal : Pray you, Sir,
use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a
poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally
knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of
comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit CLOWN.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath
cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do ?
[us too late to pare her nails now. Wherein
have you played the knave with fortune, that
she should scratch you, who of herself is a good
lady, and would not have knaves thrive long
under her ? There's a quart d'ecu for you : Let
the justices make you and fortune friends ; I
am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more : come,
you shall ha't : save your word.*

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—
Cox my passion ! give me your hand :—How
does your drum ?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that
found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth ? and I was the first
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave ! dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the

* You need not ask ;—here it is.

H h

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

grace, and the other
sounded.] The king's
competes.—Sirrah, in-
had talk of you last
and a knave, you

[Exit.]

—A Room in the
palace.

COUNTESS, LAFFEU,
Guards, &c.

of her; and our es-

oy it; but your son,
sense to know

ge:
y to make it
the blaze of youth;
ng for reason's force,

ten all;
high bent upon him,
hoot.

—The young lord
ther, and his lady,
out to himself
he lost a wife,
the survey
words all ears took

[serve,
hearts that scorn'd to

lost,
dear.—Well, call

first view shall kill
not ask our pardon;
ence is dead,
do we bury
let him approach,
and inform him,

[Exit GENTLEMAN.
your daughter? have

th reference to your
ave a match. I have

GRAM.

season,||
shine and a hall
brightest beams
way; so stand thou
[forth,

blames,||
me.

consumed time.
the forward top;
r quick't decrees
ess foot of time

ave "seen much and to
es and poor hands."
I put an end to all reat-

timost.

Steals ere we can effect the
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admirably, my lieg
I stuck my choice upon her
Durst make too bold a hera
Where the impression of mi
Contempt his scornful pors
Which warp'd the line of ei
Scorn'd a fair colour, or ex
Extended or contracted all
To a most hideous object:
That she, whom all men g
myself,

Since I have lost, have lov
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, at
From the great compt: Bu
too late,

Like a remorseful pardon a
To the great sender turns a
Crying, That's good that

Make trivial price of serious
Not knowing them, until w
Oft our displeasures to our
Destroy our friends, and aff
Our own love waking cries
While shameful hate sleeps
Be this sweet Helen's kno

Send forth your amorous to
The main consents are had;
To see our widower's secun
Count. Which better than
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, C
Laf. Come on, my son, in
name

Must be digested, give a fa
To sparkle in the spirits of
That she may quickly come.
And every hair that's on't,
Was a sweet creature; suc
The last that e'er I took he
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let
eye,

While I was speaking, oft
This ring was mine; and,
I bade her, if her fortunes
Necessitated to help, that by
I would relieve her: Had
reave her

Of what should stand her

Ber. My gracious covere
How'er it pleases you to f
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; a
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw ha

Ber. You are deceiv'd,
saw it:

In Florence was it from a c
Wrapp'd in a paper, which
Of her that threw it: a
thought

I stood engag'd:* but wh
To mine own fortune, and
I could not answer in that
As she had made the overt
In heavy satisfaction, and
Receive the ring again.

* In the sense of w

Shall himself, [cine] And that you fly them as you swear, then lord-ship, [that?]
 even the finest and multiplying medi-
 at in nature's mysterious more science,
 here in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
 Helen's,

gave it you: Then, if you know
 I am well acquainted with yourself,†
 'twas here, and by what rough enforce-
 ment [surety,

if from her: she call'd the quints to
 would never put it from her finger,
 he gave it to yourself in bed,
 you have never come,) or sent it us
 great disaster.

he never saw it.
 There speak't it falsely, as I love mine
 honour;

'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 would sail about out: If it should
 move [so;—

is not so inhuman,—'twill not prove
 I know not:—thou didst hate her
 hardly,

is dead, which nothing, but to close
 myself, could win me to believe,
 to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.
 Just proofs, how'er the matter fall,

any bars of little vanity, [him;—
 vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
 this matter further.

[You shall prove
 I was ever hers, you shall as easy
 as I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Jealous sovereign, [not;

[I have been to blame, or no, I know
 petition from a Florentine,

for four or five removes; come short
 it herself. I undertook it,

'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 or suppliant, who by this, I know,

standing: her business looks in her
 imparting visage; and she told me,

A verbal brief, it did concern
 him with herself.

[Helen.] Upon his many protestations
 he, when his wife was dead, I blush to

own me. Now is the count Rousillon
 his vows are forfeited to me, and my

aid to him. He stole from Florence,
 lame, and I follow him to his country:

Grant it me, O king, in you it best
 wins a seducer flourish, and a poor

done. DIANA CAPULET.

will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
 for this, I'll come of him.

The heavens have thought well on
 me, Helen, [sniters:—

forth this discovery.—Seek these
 fly, and bring again the count.

and GENTLEMAN, and some Attendants.

and the life of Helen, lady,
 y match'd.

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

wonder, Sir, since wives are mon-
 um to you,

daughter's done.

is have the proper consciousness of your own

at-sings.

† Pay toll for him.

And that you fly them as you swear, then lord-
 ship, [that?]
 Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's

Re-enter GENTLEMAN, with WIDOW, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capulet;

My suit, as I do understand, you know,

And therefore know how far I may be pitted.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and
 honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,

And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know
 these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny

But that I know them: Do they charge me
 further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
 wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,

You give away this hand, and that is mine;

You give away heaven's vows, and those are
 mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;

For I by vow am so embodied yours,

That she, which marries you, must marry me,

Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [To BERTRAM.] comes
 too short for my daughter, you are no husband
 for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a sad, and desperate
 creature, [highness

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
 Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,

Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill
 to friend, [honour.

Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your
 Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp.†

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were
 so,

He might have bought me at a common price

Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,

Whose high respect, and rich validity,†

Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,

He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,

If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,

You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to pro-
 duce

So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted‡ for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o'the world tax'd and de-
 bosh'd;§

Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:

• Decease, die.

† Gamester when applied to a female, then meant a
 common woman

‡ Value.

§ Noted.

¶ Debauched.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

or this, for what he'll utter,
any thing?
with that ring of yours.
she has: certain it is, I lik'd

her i'the wanton way of youth:
distance, and did angle for me,
eagerness with her restraint,
ments in fancy's* course
more fancy; and, in fine,
ing with her modern grace,†
her rate: she got the ring;
t, which any inferior might
e have bought.

be patient;
d off a first so noble wife,
t me.‡ I pray you yet,
k virtue, I will lose a husband,)
ring, I will return it home,
one again.

it not.
ring was yours, I pray you?
ch like
your finger.

you this ring? this ring was his
s was it I gave him, being a-bed.
ory then goes false, you threw it
ent. (him
spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

I do confess, the ring was hers.
boggle shrewdly, every feather
you.

you speak of?
lord.

ic, sirrah, but, tell me true, I
t you,
e displeasure of your master,
ar just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
y this woman here, what know

ee your majesty, my master hath
rable gentleman; tricks he hath
uch gentlemen have.

come, to the purpose: Did he
in?

Sir, he did love her; But how?
I pray you?

love her, Sir, as a gentleman

s that?

ed her, Sir, and loved her not.
ou art a knave, and no knave:—

ocal companion§ is this?
poor man, and at your majesty's

ood drum, my lord, but a naughty

know, he promised me mar-

I know more than I'll speak.
vilt thou not speak all thou

st?

please your majesty; I did go
as I said; but more than that,

for, indeed, he was mad for her,
satan, and of limbo, and of fu-

w not what: yet I was in that
n at that time, that I knew of

bed; and of other motions, as
marriage, and things that would

on concurring with her appearance of

e me fast. § Fellow.

derive me ill will to speak
not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken
thou canst say they are mas
too fine* in thy evidence

This ring, you say, was yo

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy
you?

Dia. It was not given
buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me

King. Where did you find

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours b

How could you give it him

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an ea

she goes off and on at pleas

King. This ring was mine

wife.

Dia. It might be yours, I

know.

King. Take her away, I c

To prison with her: and as

Unless thou tell'st me whe

Thou diest within this hou

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my

King. I thank thee now a

mer,†

Dia. By Jove, if ever I

you.

King. Wherefore hast th

this while?

Dia. Because he's guilt

guilty;

He knows, I am no maid, ‡

I'll swear, I am a maid, an

Great king, I am no strump

I am either maid, or else t

King. She does abuse c

with her.

Dia. Good mother, fet

royal Sir,

The jeweller, that owest th

And he shall surety me. I

Who hath abus'd me, as he

Though yet he never harm

him:

He knows himself, my bed

And at that time he got his

Dead though she be, she f

kick;

So there's my riddle, One, t

And now behold the meani

Re-enter Witpow, and

King. Is there no exorcis

Beguiles the truer office of

Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

Tis but the shadow of a wi

The name and not the thing

Her. Both, both; O, part

Hel. O, my good lord, w

maid,

I found you wond'rous kin

And, look you, here's your

When from my finger you ca

And are by me with child, &c

Will you be mine, now you

* Too artful.

† O

‡ Ours.

§ Ez

Take, my liege, can make me know
 As clearly,

As dearly, ever, ever dearly.

It appear not plain, and prove un-

known,

A worse step between me and you!—

My mother, do I see you living?

Her eyes smell onions, I shall weep

Good Tom Drum, [To PAROLLES.] lend

My kerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on

me, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy

friends alone, they are scurvy ones.

Let us from point to point this story

know,

For the even truth is pleasure flow:—

It is yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[To DIANA]
 Show thy husband, and I'll pay thy
 dower:

For I can guess, that, by

Thou kept'st a wife heretofore

Of that, and all the progress

Resolvedly more leisure

All yet seems well; and,

The bitter past, more well

Adonai

The king's a beggar, now

All is well ended, if this

That you express content;

With strife to please you, I

Ours be your patience then,

Your gentle hands lend us,

NG OF THE SHRE

PRESENTED.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

CHARACTERS IN THE

To the original Play of The T entered on the Stationers' be printed in quarto, in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALPHONSUS, a merchant of Athens.
JEROME, Duke of Cestus.
AURELIUS, his Son, } Suitors to
FERANDO, } of Al
POLIDOR, }
VALERIA, Servant to Aurelius
SANDER, Servant to Ferando.
PHYLOTUS, a Merchant who
Duke.

KATE, } Daughters to Alp
EMELIA, }
PHYLEMA, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Serv
and Alphonsus

SCENE, Athens; and some
Country House

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Persons in the Induction.

Brach^a Merriman,—the poor c
And couple Clowder with th
brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Sil
At the hedge corner, in the co
I would not lose the dog for t

1 Hen. Why, Belman is as
He cried upon it at the merest
And twice to-day pick'd out t

Trust me, I take him for the b
Lord. Thou art a fool; if Ec
I would esteem him worth a d

But sup them well, and look e
To-morrow I intend to hunt a

1 Hen. I will, my lord.
Lord. What's here? one d
See, doth he breathe?

2 Hen. He breathes, my lor
warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sh

Lord. O monstrous beast! h
he lies!

Grim death, how foul and lo
Sirs, I will practise on this dr
What think you, if he were co

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rin
fingers,
A most delicious banquet by h

a Bitch.

we attendants bear him when he wakes,
 at the beggar then forget himself?
 Believe me, lord, I think he cannot loose.

It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Even as a flattering dream, or worthless dream.

him up, and manage well the jest:—

gently to my fairest chamber,
 g it round with all my wanton pictures:

scud head with warm distilled waters,
 a sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

me music ready when he wakes,

a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

chance to speak, be ready straight,

h a low submissive reverence,

but is it your honour will command?

attend him with a silver bason,

se-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

hear the ewer,* the third a diaper;†

—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

be ready with a costly suit,

him what apparel he will wear;

tell him of his hounds and horse,

this lady mourns at his disease:

s him, that he hath been lunatic;

so he says he is—, say, that he dreams,

nothing but a mighty lord.

and do it kindly,‡ gentle Sirs;

pastime passing excellent,

unbanded with modesty.§

My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

all think, by our true diligence,

less than what we say he is.

Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

one to his office, when he wakes.—

Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.

o see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[Exit SERVANT.

some noble gentleman; that means,

g some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a SERVANT.

r? who is it?

In it please your honour,

hat offer service to your lordship.

Bid them come near:—

Enter PLAYERS.

lows, you are welcome.

We thank your honour.

Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

So please your lordship to accept our duty.

With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

here you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

rgot your name; but, sure, that part y fitted, and naturally perform'd.

I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

cher.
 naturally.

† Napkin.
 § Moderation.

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
 But I am doubtful of your modesties:
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.
 I Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one:
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[Exit SERVANT and PLAYERS.
 Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[To a SERVANT.
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance,—
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)

He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
 And say,—What is't your honour will com-

mand,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May show her duty, and make known her love?
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting

kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift;
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. [canst;
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—
 [Exit SERVANT.

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from

laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply* my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the LORD's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—

* Fast.

Or drunk sack in
 my conserves, give
 ask me what rai-
 no more doublets
 ge than legs, nor
 sometimes, more
 as my toes look

the humour in your

in descent,
 high esteem,
 a spirit!

ke me mad? Am
 son of Burton-
 education a card-
 her-herd, and now
 er? Ask Marian
 aucot, if she know
 fourteen pence on
 ce me up for the
 om. What, I am

makes your lady

kes your servants

our kindred shun

ange lunacy.

thy birth; [ment,
 ights from banish-
 et lowly dreams:
 end on thee,
 s beck.

Apollo plays,
 [Music.

es do sing:

e thee to a couch,

stful bed

miramus, [ground:

will bestrew the

shall be trapp'd,

gold and pearl.

haast hawks will

wilt thou hunt?

welkin answer

the hollow earth.

, thy greyhounds

than the roc.

ictures! we will

g brook:

nd; [breath,

wanton with her

play with wind.

s she was a maid;

and surpris'd,

l was done.

g through a thorny

[bleeds:

r shall swear she

Apollo weep,

tears are drawn.

nd nothing but a

autiful [lord:

ing ago.

that she hath shed

her lovely face,

in the world;

ne.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
 And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

* Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash
 your hands?

[SERVANTS present an ewer, basin, and napkin.
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 O, that once more you knew but what you are!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years, by my fay, a goodly
 nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

I Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
 For, though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;
 And say, you would present her at the foot;
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
 quarts: [Hacket.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor
 no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Gress,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good
 amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the PAGE, as a lady, with attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
 enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will
 with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
 husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-
 man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
 husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so look
 call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
 dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants leave me and
 her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat
 you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two;
 Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
 For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
 In peril to incur your former malady,
 That I should yet absent me from your bed:
 I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

that I may hardly tarry
I would be loath to fall into my
gale; I will therefore tarry, in despite
of the blood.

Enter a SERVANT.

into honour's play, bearing your
unhappy.

to play a pleasant comedy,
or despair-hold it very meet;
a much sadness-hath cougeal'd your
blood.

mainly in the nurse of frenzy,
they thought it good you hear a play,
a year's mirth to mirth and merriment,
as a thousand harms, and lengthens
life.

my, I will; let them play it: Is not
this a Christmas gambol, or a tum-
bler?

Is, my good lord; it is more pleasing
than.

but, household stuff?

Is a kind of history.

Oh, we'll see't: Come, madam wife,
this, and let the world slip; we shall
sneer. [They sit down.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua.—A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

mine, since—for the great desire I had
of Padua, nursery of arts,—
'd for fruitful Lombardy,
out garden of great Italy;
my father's love and leave, an arm'd
good will, and thy good company,
thy servant, well approv'd in all;
we breathe, and happily institute
of learning, and ingenious studies.
owned for grave citizens,
my being, and my father first,
at of great traffic through the world,
come of the Bentivolis.

his son, brought up in Florence,
came, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
in fortune with his virtuous deeds:
then, Tranio, for the time I study,
at that part of philosophy
thy, that treats of happiness
specially to be achiev'd.

my mind: for I have Pisa left,
of Padua come; as he that leaves
plash,† to plunge him in the deep,
satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
perdurable,‡ gentle master mine,
I affected as yourself;

you thus continue your resolve,
in sweets of sweet philosophy,
I master, while we do admire
it, and this moral discipline,
in stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
do to Aristotle's checks,||

an outcast quite abjur'd:

with acquaintance that you have,
we rhetoric in your common talk:

poesy use to quicken¶ you:

metaphysics, and the metaphysica,
as, as you find your stomach serves
us:

rows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
or, study what you most affect.

mercies, Tranio, well dost thou ad-
vise, thou wert come ashore, [vise.

thy. † Ingenious. ‡ Small piece of water.
in. § Most rules. ¶ Animals.

We could at once put us in reflection;

And take a lodging, fit to entertain

Such friends, as time in Padua shall begot.

But stay awhile: What company is this?

Two. Master, come show, to welcome us to
town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand
aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further;
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That is, —not to bestow my youngest daughter,

Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katharina,

Because I know you well, and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your
pleasure.

Gre. To court her rather: She's too rough for
me:—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, Sir, [To Bap.] is it your
will

To make a stale* of me amongst these mates?

Her. Mates, maid! how mean you that! no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I think, Sir, you shall never need to
I wis; it is not half way to her heart: [Fear;

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Her. From all such devils, good Lord, deli-
ver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tru. Hush, master! here is some good pas-
time toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tru. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee as'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!; 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—as she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my com-
pany;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Min-
erva speak. [Aside.

Her. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew† her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer† them hither; for to cunning¶ men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up;

And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit,

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erva speak. [Aside.

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Prefer† them hither; for to cunning¶ men

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For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit,

Luc. Tranio, thou may'st hear Min-
erva speak. [Aside.

Her. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

RAMING OF THE SHREW.

may go too; May
[belike,
hours; as though,
and what to leave?

[Exit.
devil's dam; your
one will hold you.
Hortensio, but we
and fast it fairly
both sides. Fare-
bear my sweet
eans light on a fit
erein she delights,

Tranio: But a word,
of our quarrel yet
now, upon advice,
e may yet again
ess, and be happy
labour and effect

husband for her

st thou, Hortensio,
ch, any man is so
hell?

gh it pass your pa-
her loud alarms,
ews in the world,
would take her
ough.

ad as lief take her
to be whipped at

ere's small choice
e; since this bar
t shall be so far
ill by helping Bap-
usband, we set his
d, and then have
Happy man be
est gets the ring.

ould I had given
to begin his woo-
woo her, wed her,
se of her. Come
o and Hortensio.
Sir, tell me,—Is it

take such hold?
it to be true,
or likely;
looking on,
silence:

ness to thee,—
as dear,
hage was,—
h, Tranio,
adst girl:

ow thou canst;
w thou wilt,
chide you now;
he heart: [so,—
ught remains but
nnings.

go forward: this
counsel's sound.
so longly on the

t's the pith of all.

on: I Gain or los.
Longingly.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet be
Such as the daughter^a of Age
That made great Jove to his
hand,

When with his knees he ki
Tra. Saw you no more? ma
her sister

Began to scold; and raise up
That mortal ears might hardly

Luc. Tranio, I saw her cors
And with her breath she did
Sacred, and sweet, was all I

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to
trance.

I pray, awake, Sir; if you lo
Bend thoughts and wits to an
it stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst an
That, till the father rid his ha
Master, your love must live a
And therefore has he closely
Because she shall not be anno

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cr
But art thou not advis'd, be t
To get her cunning schoolma
her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,

Both our inventions meet and

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmas
And undertake the teaching o
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For wh
And be in Padua here Vincen
Keep house, and ply his box
friends;

Visit his countrymen, and ban

Luc. Basta;† content thee;

We have not yet been seen in

Nor can we be distinguished

For man or master: then it fo

Thou shalt be master, Tranio,

Keep house, and port,‡ and

should;

I will some other be; some F

Some Neapolitan, or mean ma

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—

Uncase thee; take my colour

When Brondello comes, he w

But I will charm him first to k

Tra. So had you need. [The

In brief then, Sir, sith[§] it your

And I am ti^d to be obedient,

(For so your father charg'd m

Be servicable to my son, quoth

Although, I think, 'twas in an

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucen

Luc. Tranio, be so, because

And let me be a slave, to achi

Whose sudden sight hath thrall

eye.

Enter BRONDELLO

Here comes the rogue.—Sir

you been?

Bron. Where have I been?

where are you?

Master, has my fellow Trai

Or you stolen his? or both?

news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'ti

a Europa † 'Tis enough. ‡

§ Sine.

TAKING OF THE SHREW.

As a gentleman
 Thanks among
 sure,
 so beyond all mea-
 surer than it is,
 time of gold.
 thou know'st not

and 'tis enough;
 to the chide as loud
 in autumn crack.
 a Minola,
 gentleman:
 a scolding tongue.
 ough I know not

father well.
 till I see her;
 hold with you,
 encounter,
 me thither.

I am go while the
 an she knew him
 not think scolding
 in. She may, per-
 haves, or so: why.
 once, he'll rail in
 ou what, Sir,—an
 he will throw a
 figure her with it,
 eyes to see withal
 not, Sir.

must go with thee;
 treasure is:
 an hold,
 atful Bianca;
 and other more
 my love:
 ole,
 ore rehears'd,)
 woo'd,
 Baptista, ta'en;—
 unto Bianca,
 got a husband.

es the worst.
 Petruccio do me

her robes,
 master
 ruct Bianca:
 or, at least,
 take love to her,
 er by herself.

CENTIO disguised,
 his arm.

See; to beguile
 ng folks lay their
 master, look about

the rival of my
 [love:—
 and an amorous!

[They retire.
 perus'd the note.
 them very fairly

any hand; I
 lectures to her:
 and beside

[too,
 Take your papers

and. Custody.
 Kate.

And let me have them very we
 For she is sweeter than perfum
 To whom they go. What will
 Luc. What'er I read to be
 you.

As for my patron, stand you
 As firmly as yourself were stil
 Yea, and perhaps, with more:
 Than you, unless you were a
 Gre. (To the learning) what
 Gra. (To the woodcock) wh
 Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Her. Grump, mum!—God's
 Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met,
 so. Trow you.

Whither I am going?—To Bag
 I promis'd to enquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for fair
 And, by good fortune, I have
 On this young man; for let
 haviour,

I'll for her turn; well read in
 And other books,—good ones,

Her. 'Tis well: and I have
 Hath promis'd me to help me
 A fine musician to instruct our
 So shall I no whit be behind
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of
 Gre. Belov'd of me,—and
 shall prove.

Gra. And that his bags shall
 Her. Gremio, 'tis now no t

Listen to me, and if you speak
 I'll tell you news indifferent g
 Here is a gentleman, whom b
 Upon agreement from us to hi
 Will undertake to woo curst I
 Yea, and to marry her, if her

Gre. So said, so done, is we
 Hortensio, have you told him

Pet. I know, she is an ir
 scold;

If that be all, masters, I bes
 Gre. No, say'st me so, frier
 tryman!

Pet. Born in Verona, old A
 My father dead, my fortune li
 And I do hope good days, and

Gre. O, Sir, such a life, w
 were strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to
 You shall have me assisting y
 But will you woo this wild ca

Pet. Will I live?
 Gra. Will he woo her? ay,

Pet. Why came I hither, bi
 Think you, a little din can da
 Have I not in my time heard I
 Have I not heard the sea, puff
 Rage like an angry boar, chal
 Have I not heard great ordna
 And heaven's artillery thunde
 Have I not in a pitched battle
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds
 clang!

And do you tell me of a wom
 That gives not half so great a
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's
 Tush! tush! fear boys with b
 Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
 This gentleman is happily arr
 My mind presumes, for his

• Trough boys with bag

might, we would be contributors,
in charge of weeping, whatsoever.
It is we will; provided, that he win
his, I were as sure of a good din-
ner. [Aside.]

me, I am deeply appalled; and Brox-
delio.

Glenn, God save you! If I may be
ld, [way
blessed you, which is the road that
of signior Baptista Minola?
that has the two fair daughters:—
to TRANIO.] he you mean?

is he. Blondello!
I you, Sir; You mean not her to—
haps, him and her, Sir; What have
I to do?

her that childen, Sir, at any hand, I
ly.

is no childen, Sir:—Blondello, let's
ly.

It began, Tranio. [Aside.]

What word are you go;—

Refer to the maid you talk of, you,
and

Will he, Sir, to it any offence?

It, without more words, you will
you hence.

I, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as
for you? [free

so is not she.

What reason, I beseech you?

this reason, if you'll know,—
he choice love of signior Gremio.

Is she's the chosen of signior Hor-
tio.

Yes, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
right, hear me with patience.

A noble gentleman,

My father is not all unknown;

his daughter fairer than she is,

we suitors have, and me for one.

daughter had a thousand wooers;

no more may fair Bianca have:

shall; Lucentio shall make one,

he came, in hope to speed alone.

Is this gentleman will out-talk us

give him head; I know, he'll prove

he.

ensio, to what end are all these

do?

let me be so bold as to ask you,

ever see Baptista's daughter?

Sir; but hear I do, that he hath

amous for a scolding tongue,

er for beauteous modesty.

ir, the first's for me; let her go by.

leave that labour to great Her-

is;

more than Alcides' twelve.

understand you this of me, in-

b;—

daughter, whom you hearken for,

seeps from all access of suitors;

promise her to any man,

er sister first be wed:

then is free, and not before.

is so, Sir, then you are the man

is all, and me among the rest;

onk the ice, and do this feat,—

older, set the younger free

Put our scenes,—where hap shall be to have
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate,* [her,

Her. Sir, you say well, and well you do
conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tru. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistresses' health;

And so as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gra. Hen. O excellent motion! Follows,
let's begone.

Her. The motion's good indeed, and be it
so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your hen warden. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S
House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I did dare: but for these other gawds,
Untied my hands, I'll pull them off myself.

Yes, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
tell

Whom thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside,—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding! of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence scolds me, and I'll be
reveng'd. [Flies after BIANCA.]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee
in. [Exit BIANCA.]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I
see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit KATHARINA.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

* Ungrateful. † Companions. ‡ Trifling ornaments.

§ Love. ¶ A worthless woman.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

LUCENTIO is the habit of a
with HORTENSIO as
io, with BIONDELLO

Neighbour Baptista.
Neighbour Gremio: God

Pray, have you not

and virtuous?
Sir, call'd Katha-

go to it orderly.
Signior Gremio; give

ona, Sir,
auty, and her wit,
modesty,
and mild behaviour,—
n forward guest
like mine eye the wit-

oft have heard.
my entertainment,
man of mine,
representing HORTENSIO.
be mathematics,
those sciences,
not ignorant:
do me wrong;
in Mantua.

Sir, and he, for your

charme,—this I know,
the more my grief.
mean to part with her;
my company.
I speak but as I find.
What may I call your

ame; Antonio's son,
ghout all Italy.

you are welcome for

Petruchio, I pray,
tioners, speak too:
elous forward.
Signior Gremio; I would

; but you will curse

very grateful, I am
the like kindness my-
kindly beholden to
unto you this young
[LUCENTIO.] that hath been
as cunning in Greek,
ages, as the other in
his name is Cambio;

ke, signior Gremio:

But, gentle Sir, [To
walk like a stranger;
w the cause of your

the boldness is mine
this city here, [owna;
to your daughter,
artious.

unknown to me,
eldest sister:

request,—
my parentage,
ngst the rest that woo,
our as the rest.

ation then in use.

And, toward the education of;
I here bestow a simple instrum
And this small packet of Gr
If you accept them, then their

Bap. Lucentio is your name
pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir; son to Vir

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa;
I know him well: you are very

Take you [To Hor.] the lute
Luce.] the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils p
Holla, within!

Enter a SERVANT

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daug
them both,

These are their tutors; bid them
[Exit SERVANT, with HORTEN

and BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the
And then to dinner: You are pa
And so I pray you all to think:

Pet. Signior Baptista, my b
And every day I cannot come t
You knew my father well; and
Left solely heir to all his lands
Which I have better'd rather th
Then tell me,—if I get your da
What dowry shall I have with

Bap. After my death, the
lands:

And, in possession, twenty thu

Pet. And for that dowry, I'l
Her widowhood,—be it that sh
In all my lands and leases wh
Let specialties be therefore dra
That covenants may be kept on

Bap. Ay, when the special t
tain'd,

This is,—her love; for that is

Pet. Why, that is nothing;
father,

I am as peremptory as she pro
And where two raging fires me
They do consume the thing t
fury:

Though little fire grows great
Yet extreme gusts will blow on
So I to her, and so she yields t
For I am rough, and woo not I

Bap. Well may'st thou woo
thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some un

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as m
winds,

That shake not, though they bl

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with hi

Bap. How now, my friend?
look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you

Bap. What, will my daughter
musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner p
Iron may hold with her, but me

Bap. Why, then thou canst n
the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath
to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook
And bow'd her hand to teach I
When, with a most impatient d

* A fret in music is the stop which
the vibration of the string.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
 Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard
 take thee?
 Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
 Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are
 too angry.
 Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
 Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
 Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it
 lies.
 Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth
 wear his sting?
 In his tail.
 Kath. In his tongue.
 Pet. Whose tongue?
 Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so
 farewell.
 Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail?
 Nay, come again,
 Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
 Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him.
 Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
 Kath. So may you lose your arms:
 If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
 And if no gentleman, why, then no arms:
 Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
 Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
 Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my
 hen.
 Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a
 craven.*
 Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not
 look so sour.
 Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
 Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore
 look not sour.
 Kath. There is, there is.
 Pet. Then show it me.
 Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
 Pet. What, you mean my face?
 Kath. Well aim'd of† such a young one.
 Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
 for you.
 Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
 Pet. 'Tis with cares.
 Kath. I care not.
 Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you
 'scape not so.
 Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
 Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing
 gentle.
 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and
 sullen,
 And now I find report a very liar;
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
 courteous;
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
 flowers: [askance,
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
 Why does the world report, that Kate doth
 limp?
 O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
 Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
 As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
 Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
 mand.
 Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

Enter KATHARINA.

Now, Kate; for that's your name, I
 hear.
 I'll have you heard, but something
 out of hearing;
 I—Katharine, that do talk of me.
 He, in faith; for you are call'd
 in Kate,
 Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 the Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 as are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
 I love, Kate of my consolation;—
 your mildness prais'd in every town,
 spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 no less deeply as to thee belongs,
 mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
 I'd! in good time: let him that
 mov'd you hither,
 hence: I knew you at the first,
 moveable.
 I, what's a moveable?
 A joint stool.
 I have hit it: come, sit on me.
 As cushions are made to bear, and so are
 I.
 Men are made to bear and so are
 I.
 O such jade, Sir, as you, if me you
 mean.
 O, good Kate! I will not burden
 thee:
 I'll have thee to be but young and light,—
 no light for such a swain as you to
 chide;
 As heavy as my weight should be.
 O, should be? should buzz.

* Fairy musician.

* A degenerate cock.

† By.

TAKING OF THE SHREW.

ce, and Dian sport-

dy all this goodly

my mother-wit.

utless also her son.

rm.

sweet Katharine in

his chat aside,

at father hath con-

[on;

your dowry 'greed

will marry you.

id for your turn;

I see thy beauty,

me like thee well.)

man but me:

me you, Kate;

eat to a Kate

ehold Kates.

ever make denial,

arine to my wife.

io, and TRANIO.

need you with

how but well?

d speed amiss.

ughter Katharine?

ughter? now I pro-

fatherly regard,

f lunatic;

earing Jack.

nce the matter out.

yourself and all the

d amiss of her;

y:

modest as the dove;

te as the mora;

a second Grissel;

er chastity:

'greed so well to-

dding-day.

d on Sunday first.

he says, she'll see

g? nay, then good

en; I choose her for

at's that to you?

n, being alone,

in company.

believe

the kindest Kate!—

and kiss on kiss

g oath on oath,

e to her love,

world to see,t

women are alone,

make the curtest

will unto Venice,

wedding-day:—

nd bid the guests;

he shall be free.

at cards now superseded

A dastardly creature.

Bap. I know not what to n

your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio!

Gre. Tra. Amen, say wa;

neuses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and g

I will to Venice, Sunday com

We will have rings, and things

And kiss me, Kate, we will b

day.

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO &

severally.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, no

chant's part,

And venture madly on a deep

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay

'Twill bring you gain, or per

Bap. The gain I seek is—qu

Gre. No doubt, but he hath;

But now, Baptista, to your you

Now is the day we long have

I am your neighbour, and wa

Tra. And I am one, that lov

Than words can witness, or y

guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst

as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age,

Tra. But youth, in ladies'

risheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen

this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize;

That can assure my daughter

Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can

Gre. First, as you know, I

the city

Is richly furnished with plate

Basins, and ewers, to lave her

My hangings all of Tyrian tay

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd

In cypress chests my arras, co

Costly apparel, tents, and can

Fine linen, Turkey cushions be

Valance of Venice gold in nee

Pewter and brass, and all this

To house, or housekeeping: t

I have a hundred milch-kine t

Sixscore fat oxen standing in

And all things answerable to

Myself am struck in years, I n

And, if I die to-morrow, this i

If, whilst I live, she will be or

Tra. That, only, came well i

I am my father's heir, and onk

If I may have your daughter t

I'll leave her houses three or f

Within rich Pisa walls, as any

Old signior Gremio has in Pa

Besides two thousand ducats

Of fruitful land, all which al

ture.—

What, have I pinch'd you, sig

Gre. Two thousand ducats

land!

My land amounts not to so m

That she shall have; besides

That now is lying in Marseille

What, have I chok'd you with

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, m

less

o Coverings for beds; now called o

† A large merchant ship.

Then three hundred; besides two gallies—
[her,

And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure
And twice as much, what'er thou offers next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Fra. Why, then the maid is mine from all
the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Hap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
This is your own, else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her
dower?

Fra. That's but a devil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old?

Hap. Well, gentlemen, [know,
I am thus resolv'd—On Sunday next, you
my daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
be true to you, if you make this assurance;
I not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear
her not;

Strah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give her all, and, in his waning age,
To sit under thy table: Tut! a toy!
Should ladies for is not so kind, my boy.

Fra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
side!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.†
To in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Had got a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of woo-
ing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my coun-
seling.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward,
Sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Our sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so
far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Strah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breaching scholar; in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune?

[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instru-
ment.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regis calce coele.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio
of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get
your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio
that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man
Tranio,—*regis*, bearing my part,—*calce coele*,
that we might beguile the old pantaloon.*

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Returning.
Bian. Let's hear;— [HORTENSIO plays.

O fit! the treble jars.

Luc. Spilt in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
Hic ibat Simois, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia*
tellus, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*,
take heed he hear us not;—*regis*, presume not;
—*calce coele*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave
that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedanticus,† I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æcides*
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I pro-
mise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk. [To LUCENTIO] and
give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must
wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instru-
ment,

To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all
accord.

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord;

C faut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice.‡
To change true rules for odd inventions.

* A vessel of burden worked both with sail and oar.

† The highest end.

‡ No subtlety, liable to be whipped.

* The old cully in Italian farces.

† Pedant.

‡ Fastidious.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ANT.
 her prays you leave;
 ter's chamber up;
 wedding-day.
 masters, both; I must
 ANNOA and SERVANT.
 I have no cause to
 [Exit.
 to pry into this pe-

gh he were in love:—
 a, be so humble,
 on every stale.*
 ce I find thee rang-
 thee by changing.
 [Exit.

Before BARTISTA'S

TRANIO, KATHARINE,
 and Attendants.

[To TRANIO.] this is
 [ried,
 chio should be mar-
 r son-in-law:
 mockery will it be,
 o, when the priest

ties of marriage?
 s shame of ours?
 e. I must, forsooth,

against my heart,
 full of spleen;
 means to wed at lei-

ntic fool,
 ant behaviour:
 ry man, [riage.
 nt the day of mar-
 , and proclaim the

where he hath woo'd.
 at poor Katharine,
 Petruchio's wife,
 and marry her.
 Katharine, and Bap-

icans but well,
 m from his word:
 w him passing wise;
 wthal he's honest.
 had never seen him

BIANCA, and others.
 blame thee now to

vex a saint,
 impatient humour.

BELLO.
 news, old news, and
 ard of!
 o? how may that be?
 ws, to hear of Petru-

here?
 here I am, and sees

Caprice, inconstancy

Tra. But, say, what:—To th
 Dion. Why, Petruchio is co
 hat and an old jerkin; a pair o
 thrice turned; a pair of boots
 candlerases, one buckled, and
 old rusty sword ta'en out of th
 with a broken hilt, and chape
 broken points: His horse hipp
 mothly saddle, the stirrups of r
 sides, possessed with the gland
 nose in the clune; troubled w
 infected with the fashions,^a ful
 sped with spavins, rased with t
 cure of the lives,[†] stark spoile
 gers, begnawn with the hots;
 back, and shoulder-shotten; r
 fore, and with a half-checked l
 stall of sheep's leather; which
 ed to keep him from stumbling,
 burst, and now repaired with
 six times pieced, and a worn
 velure,[‡] which hath two letter
 fairly set down in studs, and
 pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?
 Dion. O, Sir, his lackey, for
 parisoned like the horse; wil
 on one leg, and a kersey boot-h
 gartered with a red and blue l
 and The humour of forty fancies
 a feather: a monster, a very
 parel; and not like a Christu
 gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humou
 this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but me
 Bap. I am glad he is com
 comes.

Dion. Why, Sir, he comes a
 Bap. Didst thou not say, he
 Dion. Who? that Petruchio

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio ca
 Dion. No, Sir; I say, his lu
 him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.
 Dion. Nay, by Saint Jam
 penny,

A horse and a man is more th
 not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and
 Pet. Come, where to these
 at home!

Bap. You are welcome, Sir
 Pet. And yet I come not w

Bap. And yet you halt not.
 Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I shoul
 But where is Kate? where is m

How does my father?—Gentle
 frown:

And wherefore gaze this good
 As if they saw some wondrous

Some comet, or unusual prod
 Bap. Why, Sir, you know, 'd
 ding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you
 Now sadder, that you come a

Fie! doff this habit, shame to
 An eye-sore to our solemn fest

Tra. And tell us, what occ
 Hath all so long detain'd you

And sent you hither so unlike

^a Farcy.
[†] Lives, a distemper in horses, like
 strangling.
[‡] Velvet.

It were to tell, and harsh to

come to keep my word,
as part enforced to digress;^a
in leisure, I will so excuse
will be satisfied withal.

Kate! I stay too long from her;
wears, 'tis time we were at

your bride in these unreverent

her, put on clothes of mine.
believe me; thus I'll visit her.
us, I trust, you will not marry

oath, even thus; therefore have
with words;

said, not unto my clothes:
what she will wear in me,
ge these poor accoutrements,
s Kate, and better for myself.

I am I, to chat with you,
I bid good-morrow to my bride,
little with a lovely kiss?

Enter PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and
BIONDELLO.

th some meaning in his mad
ade him, be it possible, [attire:
or ere he go to church.

or him, and see the event of this.
[Exit.

ir, to her love concerneth us to

king: Which to bring to pass,
sparted to your worship,
nan,—whate'er he be,
uch; we'll fit him to our turn,—
e Vincentio of Pisa;
urance, here in Padua,
as than I have promised.
quietly enjoy your hope,
reet Bianca with consent.

it not that my fellow-school-
r
ianca's steps so narrowly,
methinks, to steal our marriage;
perform'd, let all the world say—

own, despite of all the world.
y degrees we mean to look into,
r vantage in this business:
uch the greybeard, Gremio,
rying father, Minola;
usician, amorous Licio;
ster's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

io! came you from the church?
lingly as e'er I came from school.
the bride and bridegroom com-
ome?

degroom, say you? 'tis a groom,
d,
groom, and that the girl shall find.
r than she? why, 'tis impossible.
he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
she's a devil, a devil, the devil's

he's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
Sir Lucentio; When the priest
if Katharine should be his wife,
wears, quoth he; and swore so

x'd, the priest let fall the book:

me from my promise.
; Strange.

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, [cuff,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest;

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose
again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he
stamp'd, and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cosen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,*
And throw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drink-
ing.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before;

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[Music.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAP-
TISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Trivia.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding
cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night
come:—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gre. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are
green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to
do?—

* It was the custom for the company present to drink
wine immediately after the marriage-ceremony.

my leisure.

begins to work.

the bridal dunt-

ool, [ner:-

l, Kate, at thy

ad on her:

neer,

ardenhead,

ng yourselves;

ust with me,

, nor stare, nor

own: [fret;

she is my house,

my barn,

any thing;

r whoever dare;

dest he

—Grumio,

e're beset with

a man:—

shall not touch

llion.

KATHARINE, and

couple of quiet

ly, I should die

never was the

opinion of your

self, she's madly

his is Kated.

ls, though bride

is

e table,

junks^a at the

the bridegroom's

er's room.

practise how to

—Come, Gentle-

[Exeunt.

Grumio's Country

.

l jades! on all

ways! Was ever

n so rayed?† was

sent before to

ng after to warm

the pot, and soon

to my teeth, my

ath, my heart is

hy a fire to thaw

e fire, shall warm

weather, a taller

l. Holla, ho!

.

coldly?

u doubt it, thou

prayed; dirty.

may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast up no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine, and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gr. Why, Jack boy! no boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gr. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strowed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks knit within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news!

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, Good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There. [Striking him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *In primis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swam; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;† how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which

^a Battered.

† Broken.

the oblivion, and then return unto thy grave.
His reasoning, he is more shrew

and that, then and the present
hall find, when he comes home.
I of this I—call forth Nathaniel,
Philip, Walter, Sugarson,
let their heads be sleekly combed,
their coats brushed, and their garters
untied: let them curtsy with
us; and not presume to touch a
squire's horse-tail, till they kiss
Are they all ready?

Are they?
Then forth.
You hear, ho? you must meet my
mistress my mistress.
She hath a face of her own.
Knows not that?
It seems; that call for com-
mendation her.
I then forth to credit her.
She comes to borrow nothing of

her several SERVANTS.

come home, Grumio.
Now, Grumio?
Grumio?
Now Grumio!
Now, old lad!
Come, you;—how now, you; what,
you;—and thus much for greet-
ing spruce companions, is all ready,
is neat?
Things is ready: How near is our

at hand, alighted by this; and
not,—Cock's passion, silence!
my master.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Be these knaves? What, so man
our,
stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—
Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.
Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir, here,
—
headed and unpolished grooms!
attendance? no regard? no duty?—
foolish knave I sent before!
Sir; as foolish as I was before.
peasant swain! you whorson
horse-drudge!
d thee meet me in the park,
long these rascal knaves with thee?
Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully
le, [heel;
it's pumps were all unpink'd if the
so link to colour Peter's hat,
r's dagger was not come from
nothing:
none else, but Adam, Ralph, and
gory;
re ragged, old, and beggarly;
y are, here are they come to meet
le.
rascal, you, and fetch my supper in.—
[Exit some of the SERVANTS.
A life that late I led— [Sings.
those—Sit down, Kate, and wel-
come, sound, sound! [come.

set one from the other.
I pluck.
observed by Shakespeare to express the noise
you heard and followed.

Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate,
be merry. [When?

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains;
It was the friar of orders grey. [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogues! you pluck my foot away:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the
other.— [Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what,
ho!— [hence,

Where's my spangled Trollop?—Sirrah, get you
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[Exit SERVANT.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be ac-
quainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some
water? [A basin is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome hearti-
ly:— [SERVANT lets the water fall.

You whorson villain! will you let it fall?
[Strikes him.

Kate. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault
unwilling.

Pet. A whorson, beetle-headed, nap-ear'd
knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
stomach. [shall I?—

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else
What is this? mutin?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal
cook? [dresser,

How durst you, villains, bring it from the
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You headless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
CURTIS.

Nath. [Admiring] Peter, didst ever see the
like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Cur. Where is he?

Cur. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she,

poor soul, [speak;
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exit.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

TRAINING OF THE SHREW.

on her lure."
 my haggard,
 her keeper's call,
 we watch these
 all not be obedient.
 none shall eat;
 or to-night she shall
 deserved fault
 of the bed;
 there the bolster,
 way the sheets—
 intend,
 care of her;
 all watch all night:
 I'll rail, and brawl,
 her still awake.
 with kindness;
 ad and headstrong
 to tame a shrew,
 party to show.

[Exit.

Before BARRISTA'S

HORTENSIO.

Licio, that Bianca
 Lucio?
 fair in hand.
 what I have said,
 owner of his teach-
 [They stand aside.

LUCENTIO.

fit you in what you

and you? first resolve

the art to love.

ve, Sir, master of

ear, prove mistress

[They retire.

marry! Now, tell

our mistress Bianca

well as Lucio.

unconstant woman-

nderful.

I am not Licio,

to be;

in this disguise,

gentleman,

a culion.]]

Hortensio.

I have often heard

Bianca;

itness of her light-

so contented,—

love for ever.

and court!—Signior

I firmly vow—

at do forswear her,

former favours

her withal.

the like unfringed

[treat:

ough she would en-

the game which the hawk

† Flatter.

able fellow.

Fie on her! see, how beastly
 him.

Her. 'Would, all the work
 quite forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely be
 I will be married to a wealthy
 Ere three days pass; which
 lov'd me.

As I have lov'd this proud disd
 And so farewell, signior Lucio
 Kindness in women, not their
 Shall win my love:—and so I
 In resolution as I swore before
 [Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCIO

advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless
 As 'longeth to a lover's blesse
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping
 And have forsworn you, with

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But
 forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Lio

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lus

That shall be woo'd and wedd

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone to

school.

Bian. The taming-school!

such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petr

ter;

That teacheth tricks eleven an

To tame a shrew, and charn

tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, m

Bion. O master, master, I l

long

That I'm dog-weary; but at l

An ancient angel* coming do

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello

Bion. Master, a mercatantè

I know not what; but formal

In gait and countenance surel

Luc. And what of him, Tra

Tra. If he be credulous and

I'll make him glad to seem Vi

And give assurance to Baptis

As if he were the right Vincen

Take in your love, and then lo

[Exeunt LUCIO

Enter a PEDAN

Ped. God save you, Sir!

Tra. And you, Sir, you are

Travel you far on, or are you

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for

But then up further; and as

And so to Tripoly, if God les

Tra. What countryman, I p

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir?—ma

And come to Padua, careless

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I

goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one

To come to Padua; Know ye

Your ships are staid at Venice

(For private quarrel 'twixt

him.)

* Messenger.

† A merchant

Must publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Pet. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Pet. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Pet. I know him not, but I have heard of
A merchant of incomparable wealth. *[him;*

Tra. He is my father, Sir, and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Her. As much as an apple doth an oyster,
and all one. *[Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake:

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
But you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly
lodg'd:—

Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, Sir;—so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, Sir, accept of it.

Pet. O, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter
good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes
you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S HOUSE.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gr. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my
life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears:

What did he marry me to furnish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed: *[wants,*

And that which spites me more than all these
He does it under name of perfect love;

Who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
Were deadly sickness, or else present
death. —

Pr'ythee go, and get me some repast:
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gr. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me
have it.

Gr. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:—
I say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it
me.

Gr. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
I say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gr. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mus-
tard rest.

Gr. Nay, then I will eat; you shall have
the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou
wilt.

Gr. Why, then the mustard without the
beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, *[Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very same of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,
all amok'?

Her. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully
upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks. *[not;*

What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—
Here take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with
thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, Sir.

Her. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to
blame!

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st
me. — *[Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat a pace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and
things; *[bravery,†*

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this
knavery. *[leisure,*

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
To deck thy body with his ruffling; treasure.

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you,
Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did be-
speak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer?
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
And not till then. *[one too,*

Her. That will not be in haste. *[Aside.*

Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave
to speak;

* Dispirited; a pallician.

† Finery. ‡ Rustling.

TAKING OF THE SHREW.

I am no child, no babe:
Endur'd me say my mind;
At best you stop your ears.
The anger of my heart;
Concealing it, will break:
At shall, I will be free
Most, as I please, in words.
Say'st true; it is a paltry

A bauble, a silken pie:
In that thou lik'st it not.
Or love me not, I like the
Or I will have none.
Why, ay:—Come tailor, let

What masking stuff is here?
Sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
Sewn, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Snip, and cut, and slash, and

In a barber's shop:—
Call'st thou

's like to have neither cap
[Aside.
I'll make it orderly and well,
Fashion, and the time.
I did; but if you be remem-

mar it to the time.
Every kennel home.
Without my custom, Sir:
Hence, make your best of it.
I'll have a better-fashion'd gown,
More pleasing, nor more com-

To make a puppet of me.
He means to make a puppet
Your worship means to make

ous arrogance! Thou liest,
And,

[nail,
quarters, half-yard, quarter,
t, thou winter cricket thou.—
own house with a skrin of

hon quantity, thou remnant;
mete; thee with thy yard,
hink on prating whilst thou

thou hast marr'd her gown.
hip is deceiv'd; the gown is

or had direction:
er how it should be done.
im no order, I gave him the

did you desire it should be

er, with needle and thread.
ou not request to have it cut?
t faced many things.]]

me: thou hast braved many
me; I will neither be faced
unto thee,—I bid thy master
but I did not bid him cut it
thou liest.

is the note of the fashion to

culinary terms for raised crust.
sembled our brusters in shape.
† Re-measure.
garments with springs.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his th
said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied*

Gru. Master, if ever I said lo
sew me in the skirts of it, and
with a bottom of brown thread

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compasses*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleere;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany

Gru. Error i'the bill, Sir; e
commanded the sleeves shoul
sewed up again; and that I'll

Tai. This is true, that I say
in place where thou should'st

Gru. I am for thee straigh
bill, and give me thy mete-
not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumble
have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the
me.

Gru. You are i'the right,
mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy

Gru. Villain, not for thy li
mistress' gown for thy master

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your

Gru. O, Sir, the conceit is
think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou w
paid:—

Go take it hence; be gone, at

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee
morrow.

Take no unkindness of his ha
Away, I say; commend me to

Pet. Well, come, my Kat
your father's,

Even in these honest mean ha
Our purses shall be proud, ou
For 'tis the mind that makes

And as the sun breaks thro
clouds,

So honour peereth in the me
What, is the jay more preciou

Because his feathers are more
Or is the adder better than th

Because his painted skin con
O, no, good Kate; neither a

For this poor furniture, and n
If thou account'st it shame, l

And therefore, frolic; we will
To feast and sport us at thy f

Go, call my men, and let us s
And bring our horses unto La

There will we mount, and
foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now so
And well we may come there

Kath. I dare assure you, Si
And 'twill be supper time, ere

Pet. It shall be seven, ere
Look, what I speak, or do, or

You are still crossing it.—Si
I will not go to-day; and ere
It shall be what o'clock I say

‡ A round cape. † Measuring yd

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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[Enter] this gallant will command
[Exit.]

Padua.—Before BAPTISTA'S
house.

and the PEDANT dressed like
VINCENTIO.

is the house, Please it you, that

not else? and, but I be deceived,
he may remember me.

ears ago, in Genoa, where
was at the Pegasus.

own, in any case, with such
togeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

not you: But, Sir, here comes
my

I were school'd.

is not him. Surrah, Biondello,

my throughly, I advise you;

the right Vincentio.

far not me.

It thou done thy errand to Bap-

him, that your father was at

look'd for him this day in Padua.

a tall fellow; hold thee that to

[Sir.—

Baptista:—set your countenance,

BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

is, you are happily met:—

[Exit.]

Uelman I told you of;

and good father to me now,

as far my patrimony.

is!

ive; having come to Padua

me debts, my son Lucentio

minted with a weighty cause

in your daughter and himself:

good report I hear of you;

he beareth to your daughter,

—to stay him not too long,

in a good father's care,

atched'd, and,—if you please to

I, Sir,—upon some agreement,

and most ready and most willing

not to have her so bestow'd;

cannot be with you,

as, of whom I hear so well.

don me in what I have to say;—

, and your shortness, please me

, your son Lucentio here

laughter, and she loveth him,

able deeply their affections:

, if you say no more than this,

er you will deal with him,

daughter a sufficient dower,

illy made, and all is done,

I have my daughter with con-

you, Sir. Where then do you

ent,

and such assurance ta'en,

other part's agreement stand?

my house, Lucentio, for, you

Scraps. 1. A word or convey

1. Detested.

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still.

And, happily,* we might be interrupted.

Tru. Then at my lodging, an it like you,

Sir:

There doth my father lie; and there, this night,

We'll pass the business privately and well:

Send for your daughter by your servant here,

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,

You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you

home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;

And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,

And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my

heart!

Tru. Dally not with the gods, but get thee

gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lend the way?

Welcome! one meas is like to be your cheer:

Come, Sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exit TRANIO, PEDANT, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh

upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here

behind, to expound the meaning or moral† of

his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking

with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you

to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is

at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied

about a counterfeit assurance: Take you as

assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum*

solum† to the church;—take the priest, clerk,

and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more

to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench

married in an afternoon as she went to the

garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so

may you, Sir; and so adieu, Sir. My master

hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to

bid the priest be ready to come against you

come with your appendix. [Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I

doubt?

Hap what may, I'll roundly go about her;

It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HOR-

TENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more to-

ward our father's. [Moon†

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the

* Accidentally.

L!

† Secret purpose.

TAKING OF THE SHREW.

in; it is not moon-

oon that shines so

sun that shines so

er's son, and that's

or what I list,

ather's house:—

es back again.—

ross'd; nothing but

we shall never go.

since we have come

er what you please:

t a rush candle,

be so for me.

It is the blessed sun.

s'd, it is the blessed

u say it is not,

en as your mind.

d, even that it is;

Katharine.

ways; the field is

ward: thus the bowl

the bias.—

s coming here?

travelling dress.

ess: Whereaway?—

[To VINCENTIO.

tell me truly too,

r gentlewoman?

within her cheeks!

n with such beauty,

that heavenly face?—

good day to thee:—

or her beauty's sake.

man mad, to make a

argin, fair, and fresh,

s thy abode?

ur a child;

avourable stars

d-fellow!

ate! I hope thou art

d, faded, wither'd;

say'st he is.

, my mistaking eyes,

d with the sun,

seemeth green:

a reverend father;

y mad mistaking.

asure; and, withal,

if along with us,

company.

my merry mistress,—

counter much amaz'd

ntio; my dwelling—

; there to visit

I have not seen.

ur.

happier for thy son.

his reverend age,

I may entitle thee—my loving

The sister to my wife, this get

Thy son by this hath married

Nor be not griev'd; she is of

Her dowry wealthy, and of w

Beside, so qualified as may be

The spouse of any noble gentl

Let me embrace with old Vin

And wander we to see thy ho

Who will of thy arrival be ful

Vin. But is this true? or is

sure,

Like pleasant travellers, to be

Upon the company you overta

Hor. I do assure, thee, fath

Pet. Come, go along, and m

of;

For our first merriment hath m

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO,*

VINCENTIO

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this

heart.

Have to my widow; and if st

Then hast thou taught Hort

ward.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—PADUA.—*Beg House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO
BIANCA; GREENIO walking o

Bion. Softly and swiftly, &
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but
to need thee at home, therefor

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see th
back, and then come back

soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lu*

and Bi

Gre. I marvel Cambio coo
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHAR
and Attendant

Pet. Sir, here's the door, th
house,

My father's bears more tow
Thither must I, and here I le

Vin. You shall not choose
you go;

I think, I shall command you
And, by all likelihood, some

Gre. They're busy within,
knock louder.

Enter PEDANT above, at

Ped. What's he, that kno
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is aignior Lucentio w
Ped. He's within, Sir, but

withal.

Vin. What if a man bring
pound or two, to make merry

Ped. Keep your hundred po
he shall need none, so long as

Pet. Nay, I told you, your
in Padua.—Do you hear, &

volous circumstances,—I pray
Lucentio, that his father is

and is here at the door to spe
Ped. Thou liest; his father l

and here looking out at the w
Vin. Art thou his father?

as his mother says, if I may
now, gentleman! [To VIN-
centio] flat knavery, to take upon
his name.
is on the villain; I believe 'a
somebody in this city under my

enter BIONDELLO.

men them in the church toge-
ther good shipping!—But who
is master, Vincentio? now we
brought to nothing.
see, crack-hemp.

[Seeing BIONDELLO.
may choose, Sir.
her, you rogue; What, have

me? no, Sir: I could not for-
get saw you before in all my

is notorious villain, didst thou
ster's father, Vincentio?
y old, worshipful old master?
see where he looks out of the

head? [Beats BIONDELLO.
slip, help! here's a madman
[Exit.

I help, signior Baptista!
[Exit from the window.
Hate, let's stand aside, and
a controversy. [They retire.

below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO,
and SERVANTS.

are you, that offer to beat my

. I, Sir? nay, what are you,
I gods! O fine villain! A sil-
velvet hose! a scarlet cloak!
at!—O, I am undone! I am
slay the good husband at home,
servant spend all at the uni-

! what's the matter?
the man lunatic?

seem a sober ancient gentle-
it, but your words show you
r, Sir, what concerns it you,
and gold? I thank my good
to maintain it.

er? O, villain! he is a sail-
to.

take, Sir; you mistake, Sir:
on think is his name?

? as if I knew not his name:
am up ever since he was three
s name is—Tranio.

vay, mad ass! his name is Lu-
s mine only son, and heir to
signior Vincentio.

! O, he hath murdered his
old on him, I charge you, in
:—O, my son, my son!—tell
where is my son Lucentio?

an officer: [Enter one with an
his mad knave to the jail:—
, I charge you see, that he be

to the jail!

see; he shall not go to prison.
t, signior Gremio; I say, he
n.

ed, signior Baptista, lest you

n with a coronal crown.

be money-catched* in this business; I dare
swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tru. Then thou wert best say, that I am not
Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucen-
tio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with
him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and
abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA.

Bian. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is;
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all un-
done.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Loves my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT run out.

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio; [mine,
That have by marriage made thy daughter
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyes.†

Gre. Here's packing,† with a witness, to de-
ceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir? [To LUCENTIO.]
Have you married my daughter without ask-
ing my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content
you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for
this villainy. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this kna-
very. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will
not frown. [Exit LUC. and BIAN.

Gre. My cake is dough:‡ But I'll in among
the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.
[Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end
of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, Sir; God forbid.—but ashamed
to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come,
sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet
Kate;

* Cheated. † Deceived thy eyes.

‡ Tricking, understand contrivances.

§ A proverbial expression, repeated after a disappoint-
ment.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lucentio's House.

BATTISTA, VINCENTIO,
LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and
BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and

ing, our jarring notes

ing war is done,
ornls overblown.—
rather welcome,
kindness welcome

r Katharina,—
thy loving widow,—
welcome to my house;
our stomachs up,
dear: Pray you, sit

as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

d sit, and eat and eat!
s kindness, son Pe-

hing but what is kind.
s, I would that word

Hortensio fears† his

me if I be afraid.

and yet you miss my
ard of you. [*sense;*]
ly, thinks the world

mean you that?

by him.

How likes Horten-

s, thus she conceives

d: Kiss him for that,

dy, thinks the world

t you meant by that.

being troubled with a

sorrow by his woe:

meaning.

eaning.

on.

ab, indeed, respecting

ks, my Kate does put

cer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

no these quick-witted

they butt together well.

an hasty-witted body

and butt were head and

de, hath that awaken'd

ighted me; therefore I'll

n consisting of fruit, cakes,

† *Dreads.*

Pet. Nay, that you shall not

Have at you for a bitter jest o

Bian. Am I your bird? I n

bush,

And then pursue me as you do

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.

Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though

Therefore, a health to all that

Tra. O, Sir, Lucentio slip

greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catch

Pet. A good swift^a simile

currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you

self;

'Tis thought, your deer does b

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tran

Luc. I thank thee for that gi

Hor. Confess, confess, hat

here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd n

And, as the jest did glance a

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you

Bap. Now, in good sadness

I think thou hast the veriest

Pet. Well, I say—no: an

assurance,

Let's each one send unto his

And he, whose wife is most

To come at first when he doth

Shall win the wager which w

Hor. Content.—What is

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my h

But twenty times so much up

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress

Bion. I go.

Bap. Son, I will be your ha

Luc. I'll have no halves; I

self.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress an

That she is busy, and she ca

Pet. How! she is busy,

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one t

Pray God, Sir, your wife an

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, g

wife

To come to me forthwith.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs c

Hor. I am afraid, Sir,

Do what you can, yours will

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have

in hand;

She will not come; she bids

Pet. Worse and worse; i

Intolerable, not to be endur

^a Witty.

to your mistress;
 to come to me.

[Exit GAUMIO.]

Answer.

not come.

fortune mine, and there an

KATHARINA.

my holidame, here comes
 a!

your will, Sir, that you send

your sister, and Hortensio's

confering by the parlour fire.

hither; if they deny to

send forth unto their hus-

bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.]
 wonder, if you talk of a won-

der; I wonder what it bodes.

it bodes, and love, and

right supremacy;

what not, that's sweet and

befall thee, good Petruchio!

not won; and I will add

twenty thousand crowns;

another daughter,

as she had never been.

I win my wager better 't, 't,

gn of her obedience,

true and obedience.

ARINA, with BIANCA, and
 WIDOW.

times, and brings your fro-

er womanly persuasion.—

ap of yours becomes you not;

ble, throw it under foot.

A pulls off her cap, and throws

ne never have a cause to sigh,

to such a silly pass!

at a foolish duty call you

your duty were as foolish too.

er duty, fair Bianca,

hundred crowns since supper-

fool you, for laying on my

, I charge thee, tell these

ig women

to owe their lords and hus-

me, you're mocking; we will

elling.

I say; and first begin with

not.

shall;—and first begin with

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning un-
 kind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair

And in no sense is meet, or amiable. [buds;

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for

thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and

safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's forward, peevish, sullen,

And, not obedient to his honest will, [sour,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for

peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions^a and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-

pare,—

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then vail your stomachs,[†] for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's

In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:

My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and

kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou

shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are

toward,

Luc. But a harsh bearing, when women are

froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but we two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the

white; [To LAURENCE.]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit PETRUCHIO and KATH.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a

curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will

be tam'd so. [Exit.]

^a Gentle tempers.

[†] Abates your spirits.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SICILIA.	AUTOLYCHUS, a Rogue.
Time.	TIME, as Chorus.
Bohemian Lords.	HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
Lord.	PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes.
Gentleman.	PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
The young Prince Mamillius.	EMILIA, a Lady, } Attendants
of Judicature.	Two other Ladies, }
of Bohemia.	MORSA, } Shepherdesses.
Bohemian Lord.	DORCAS, }
Reputed Father of Perdita.	Lords, Ladies, and Attendants
Shepherd.	a dance.
	Shepherds, Shepherdesses
	SCENE, sometimes in Sicily
	Bohemia.

ACT I.

—An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.

LEONTES and ARCHIDAMUS.

LEONTES. All chance, Camillo, to visit
like occasion whereon my
foot, you shall see, as I
difference betwixt our Bo-
hemia.

LEONTES. As coming summer, the king
pay Bohemia the visitation
as him.

LEONTES. For entertainment shall shame
in our loves: for, in-

LEONTES.

LEONTES. I speak it in the freedom of my
cannot with such magni-
—I know not what to say:
you sleepy drinks; that your
of our insufficiency, may,
praise us, as little accuse

LEONTES. A great deal too dear, for

LEONTES. I speak as my under-
me, and as mine honesty

LEONTES. Not show himself over-kind
were trained together in
and there rooted betwixt
an affection, which cannot
now. Since their more ma-
royal necessities, made sepa-
ly, their encounters, though
been royally attended,*
of gifts, letters, loving em-

stitution of embassies.

LEONTES. bassies; that they have seem'd
though absent; shook hands,
and embraced, as it were, in
opposed winds. The heaven
loves!

ARCH. I think, there is not in
malice, or matter, to alter
unspeakable comfort of you
Mamillius; it is a gentleman's
promise, that ever came into

CAM. I very well agree with
of him: it is a gallant child;
physica the subject,† makes
they, that went on crutches,
desire yet their life, to see him

ARCH. Would they else be c

CAM. Yes; if there were
why they should desire to live

ARCH. If the king had no
desire to live on crutches till

SCENE II.—The same.—A
the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES,
MILLIUS, CAMILLO, and

POL. Nine changes of the
been

LEONTES. The shepherd's note, since
Without a burden: time as lo
Would be fill'd up, my bi
And yet we should, for perpe
Go hence in debt: And theref
Yet standing in rich place, I
With one we-thank-you, man
That go before it.

* Wide waste of country.

† Affords a cordial to the State.

by your thanks awhile;
 him when you part.
 that's to-morrow.
 fion'd by my fears, of what may
 know,
 your absence: That my blow
 ig* winds at home, to make us say,
 'forth too truly! Besides, I have
 r royalty. [stay'd
 are tougher, brother,
 am put us to't.
 nger stay.
 se seven-night longer.
 y sooth, to-morrow.
 I'll part the time between's then:
 I in that
 -saying.
 as me not, beseech you, so;
 to tongue that moves, none, none
 is world, [now,
 yours, could win me: so it should
 necessity in your request, although
 I denied it. My affairs
 ag me homeward: which to hinder,
 my love, a whip to me; my stay,
 surge, and trouble: to save both,
 my brother.
 late-tied, our queen! speak you.
 I thought, Sir, to have held my
 up, until
 own oaths from him, not to stay.
 I, Sir,
 too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
 mda's well: this satisfaction
 day proclaim'd; say this to him,
 om his best ward.
 I said, Hermione.
 tell, he longs to see his son, were
 ag:
 my so then, and let him go;
 swear so, and he shall not stay,
 k him hence with distaffs.—
 royal presence [To POLIXENES,]
 adventure
 of a week. When at Bohemia
 y lord, I'll give him my commis-
 here a month, behind the guest
 his parting: yet, good deed,† Le-
 on,
 not a jar‡ o'the clock behind
 he her lord.—You'll stay?
 madam.
 but you will?
 not, verily.
 y!
 off with limber‡ vows: But I,
 would seek to unsphere the stars
 oaths,
 ay, Sir, no going. Verily,
 at go; a lady's verily is
 a lord's. Will you go yet?
 keep you as a prisoner,
 nest; so you shall pay your fees,
 depart, and save your thanks.
 say you? [verily,
 or my guest* by your dread
 you shall be.
 guest then, madam:
 prisoner, should import offending;
 me less easy to commit,
 putish.

Her. Not your jailer then, [you
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you
 You were pretty lordings* then. [were boys;
 Pol. We were, fair queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more be-
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day, [hind,
 And to be boy eternal.
 Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the
 two?
 Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did
 frisk i'the sun, [chang'd,
 And bleat the one at the other: what we
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of all-doing, no, nor dream'd
 That any did: Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
 heaven
 Boldly, Not guilty; the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.
 Her. By this we gather,
 You have tripp'd since.
 Pol. O my most sacred lady, [for
 Temptations have since then been born to us:
 In those unledg'd days was my wife a girl;
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young playfellow.
 Her. Grace to boot!
 Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
 Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
 The offences we have made you do, we'll an-
 swer;
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
 With any but with us.
 Leon. Is he won yet?
 Her. He'll stay, my lord.
 Leon. At my request, he would not.
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
 To better purpose.
 Her. Never!
 Leon. Never, but once.
 Her. What? have I twice said well? when
 was't before? [make us
 I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and
 As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
 tongueless,
 Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
 Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
 With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
 With spur we heat an acre. But to the jail:—
 My last good was, to entreat his stay;
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
 Grace!
 But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
 Nay, let me have't; I long.
 Leon. Why, that was when [to death,
 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
 And clap thyself my love; then didst thou
 I am yours for ever. [utter,
 Her. It is Grace, indeed.— [twice:
 Why, lo you now, I have spok'd to the purpose
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
 The other, for some while a friend.
 [Giving her hand to POLIXENES.
 Leon. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.
 To mangle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
 I have tremor cordis‡ on me.—my heart dances;
 But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
 May a free face put on; derive a liberty

* The names of the stars where the King
 during a royal progress.
 † Tick. ‡ Flimsy

* A diminutive of lords.
 † Setting aside original sin.
 ‡ Trembling of the heart.

WINTER'S TALE

ounty, fertile bosom,
 nt: it may, I grant:
 and pinching fingers,
 long practis'd smiles,
 and then to sigh, as

that is entertainment
 my brows.—Mamil-
 [lius.

What, hast snatch'd

of mine. Come, cap-
 [tain:

at, but cleanly, cap-
 fer, and the calf,
 virginallings;
 EVES and HERMIONE.
 w, you wanton calf?

my lord,
 ough push, and the
 e.

they say, we are
 women say so,
 But were they false
 and, as waters; false
 ly one that fixes
 d mine; yet were it

me.—Come, Sir page,
 welkin' eye: Sweet

o'—Can thy dam?

stabs the centre:
 things not so held
 us;—(How can this
 active art, (be?—
 Then, 'tis very cre-
 [dost;
 something; and thou
 ssion; and I find it,)
 of my brains,
 ws.
 a?
 his unsettled.

th you, best brother?

much distraction:

erst—
 ll betray its folly,
 itself a pastime
 ng on the lines
 ights, I did recoil
 d saw myself un-

my dagger muzzled,
 ster, and so prove,
 dangerous.

then was to this ker-
 [friend,

eman:—Mine honest
 oney !!!
 ght.

happy man be his
 ther, I
 of the deer.

as if on a spinnet.
 and the budding horns
 Boundary
 Credible.
 With you be rejoiced.
 happy one

Are you so fond of your young
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth,
 Now my sworn friend, and the
 My parasite, my soldier, states
 He makes a July's day short as
 And, with his varying childnes
 Thoughts that would thicken my

Leon. So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me: We two will
 And leave you to your grave
 moine,

How thou lov'st us, show in
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be c
 Next to thyself, and my young
 Apparent* to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
 We are yours i'the garden: Sh

Leon. To your own bents disp
 be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I an
 Though you perceive me not he
 Go to, go to!

[Aside. Observing POLIXENES:
 How she holds up the neb,† the
 And arms her with the boldnes
 To her allowing; husband! Go
 Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er he
 fork'd one.‡—

[Exit POLIXENES, I
 Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play;—thy moth
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a pe
 Will hiss me to my grave; con
 mour

Will be my knell.—Go, play
 There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold
 And many a man there is, even
 Now, while I speak this, holds

arm,
 That little thinks she has been
 And his pond fish'd by his nex
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay,

in't,
 Whiles other men have gates;
 As mine, against their will: She
 That have revolted wives, the te
 Would hang themselves. Ph

is none;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will
 Where 'tis predominant; and
 think it,

From east, west, north, and so
 No barricado for a belly; know
 It will let in and out the enemy
 With bag and baggage: many s
 Have the disease, and feel't no
 boy?

Mam. I am like you, they sa
 Leon. Why that's some comfi

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; th
 man.— [E

Camillo, this great Sir will yet
 Cam. You had much ado to n

hold:

When you cast out, it still cam

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at
 His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

* Their apparent, next claimant.
 † Approving. ‡ A horse

with me already; whispering,
siding,"
to work: 'Tis far gone,
no gust it last.—How came't, Ca-
llo stay? [nillo,

the good queen's entreaty.
the queen's, be't: good, should be
thence;

It is not. Was this taken
instructing pate but thine?
seem to soaking, will draw in (is't,
the common blocks.—Not noted,
their natures? by some severals,
the extraordinary! lower messes,†
sure to this business purblind; say.
shows, my lord? I think, most un-
happy here longer. [derstand

at
eye here longer.

but why?

satisfy your highness, and the en-
d gracious mistress. [treaties

thy
thee of your mistress?—satisfy?—
thee. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
dearest things to my heart, as well
my councils: wherein, priest-like,
in

my bosom; I from thee departed
my reform'd: but we have been
thy integrity, deceiv'd
in seems so.

th forbid, my lord!

hide upon't;—Thou art not honest:

isn't that way, thou art a coward;
thy honesty behind, restraining
to requir'd: Or else thou must be
noted

grafted in my serious trust,
a negligent; or else a fool,
a game play'd home, the rich stake
it all for jest. [drawn,

gracious lord,
egligent, foolish, and fearful;
se of these no man is free,
a negligence, his folly, fear,
the infinite doings of the world,
puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
we wilful-negligent,
folly, if industriously
a fool, it was my negligence,
ing well the end; if ever fearful
ing, where I the issue doubted,
no execution did cry out
a non-performance, 'twas a fear
effects the wisest these, my lord,
allow'd infirmities, that honesty
se of. But, beseech your grace,
with me; let me know my trespass
visage if I then deny it,
of mine.

are not you seen, Camillo, [glass
past doubt. you have, or your eye-
than a cuckold's burn;) or heard,
vision so apparent, rumour
mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
in that man, that does not think

)
slippery! If thou wilt confess,
a impudently negative, [say,
or eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then
a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
any flax-wench, that puts to
truth-plight: say it, and justify it.

I in the ear was to tell secretly. † Thine.
in rank. ‡ To have as to instructing.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart;
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note intalible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks were
swift? [blind

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
With the pin and web,* but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is no-
thing;

The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing.
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
If this be nothing. [nothings

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that [evil,
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.†

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do

Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who
may'st see [heaven,

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,

I could do this; and that with no rash† potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not
work

Maliciously‡ like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee,——

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being
spotted,

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blush?¶

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;

I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your high-
ness

Will take again your queen, as yours at first;

* Disorders of the eye. † Hour-glass. ‡ Flaky.

† Maliciously, with effects openly harmful.

¶ I. e. Could any man so start off from propriety?

At m

that creature: as she's rare,
 silent; and, as his person's mighty,
 silent; and as he does conceive
 her'd by a man which ever
 him, why, his revenges must
 be more bitter. Fear o'ershades

tion be my friend, and comfort
 a queen, part of his theme, but no-
 in suspicion! Come, Camillo;
 it thee as a father, if
 my life off hence: Let us avoid.
 in mine authority, to command
 of all the posterns. Please your
 grace

urgent hour: come, Sir, away.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

AMIONE, MARILLIUS, and LADIES.

the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 during.

Come, my gracious lord,
 your playfellow?

I'll none of you.

Why, my sweet lord?

He kisses me hard; and speak to me
 by still.—I love you better. [as if
 had why so, my good lord?

It for because [say,

rare blacker; yet black brows, they

no women best; so that there be not

hair there, but in a semi-circle,

on made with a pen.

Who taught you this?

Learn'd it out of women's faces.—

ay now

are your eye-brows?

Blue, my lord.

ay, that's a mock: I have seen a

ly's nose

can blue, but not her eye-brows.

Hark ye: [shall

, your mother, rounds apace: we

services to a fine new prince,

days; and then you'd wanton with

d have you. [us,

she is spread of late

ly bulk: Good time encounter her'

at wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,

; now

us again: Pray you, sit by us,

a tale.

erry, or sad, shall't be?

merry as you will.

sad tale's best for winter:

of sprites and goblins.

It's have that, Sir. [best

sit down:—Come on, and do your

with your sprites: you're powerful

ill.

here was a man,—

y, come, sit down, then on.

welt by a church-yard,—I will tell

softly;

as shall not hear it.

me on then,

me in mine ear.

eyes, ANTIQUES, LORDS, and others.

as he met there? his train? Camillo

th him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
 never

Saw I men scout so on their way: I ey'd them
 Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest'd am I

In my just censure? in my true opinion?—

Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accur'd,

In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his

sides,

With violent hefts.—I have drank, and seen

the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—

There is a plot against my life, my crown,

Alas, true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will.—How came the pos-

So easily open? [turns

1 Lord. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,

On your command.

Leon. I know't too well—

Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse

him: [you

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet

Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come

about her,

Away with him:—and let her sport herself

With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,

And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my say—

Howe'er you lean to the wayward. [ing,

Leon. You, my lords.

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say, she is a goodly lady, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,

(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha, these pretty brands,

That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,

That mercy does; for calumny will sear

Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and

ha's, [tween,

When you have said she's goodly, come be-

Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it

should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,

And manfully distinguishment leave out

Between the prince and beggar!—I have said,

She's an adulteress; I have said with whom

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is

* Judgement. + O that my knowledge were less.

† Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time.

‡ Heavings.

§ A thing pinched out of clouds, a puppet.

¶ Brand as infamous.

WINTER'S TALE.

and one that knows
to know herself,
principal, that she's
bad as those
titles; ay, and privy

How will this grieve
[that
to clearer knowledge,
me? Gentle my lord,
thoroughly then, to say

stake
uch I build upon,
ough to bear
ay with her to prison:
et, as afar off guilty,†

planet reigns:
e heavens look
avourable.—Good my
g, as our sex [lords,
it of which vain dew,
or pities: but I have
lodg'd here, which
[lords,

'Beseech you all, my
ed as your charities
measure me;—and so
rm'd!
[To the Guards.
ea with me?—Beseech

me; for, you see,
Do not weep, good
[mistress
n you shall know, your
en abound in tears,
on, I now go on,
Adieu, my lord:
u sorry; now,
women, come; you

ling; hence.
ant Queen and Ladies.
ur highness, call the

you do, Sir; lest your
[suffer.
which three great ones
our son.

ord,—
and will do't, Sir,
that the queen is spot-

d to you; I mean,
e her.

ep my stables] where
o in couples with her;
see her, no further trust
n in the world, [her;
an's flesh, is false,

es.

e speak, not for our-

some putter-on,†
r't; 'would I knew the
[saw'd,—

hun: Be she honour-
; the eldest is eleven;

ly; † Remotely guilty.
† Take my station.
gator,

The second, and the third, ain
If this prove true, they'll pe
honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen th
To bring false generations: †
And I had rather glib myself,
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with
As is a dead man's nose: I as
As you feel doing thus; and
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury her
There's not a grain of it, the
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit!
1 Lord. I had rather you dis
lord,

Upon this ground: and more
To have her honour true, than
Be blam'd for't how you might

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? †
Our forceful instigation? Owe
Calls not your counsels: but
neers

Imparts this: which,—if you
Or seeming so in skill,) can
Relish as truth, like us; info
We need no more of your adv
The loss, the gain, the order
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent ju
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant
Or thou wert born a fool. C
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever fr
That lack'd sight only, now
tion,*

But only seeing, all other cir
Made up to the deed,) doth
Yet, for a greater confirmati
(For, in an act of this import
Most piteous to be wild,) I h
post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apoll
Cleomenes and Dion, whom
(Of stuff'd sufficiency: † Now
They will bring all; whose
had,

Shall stop, or spur me. Hav
1 Lord. Well done, my lord

Leon. Though I am satisfi
more

Than what I know, yet shall
Give rest to the minds of oth
Whose ignorant credulity wi
Come up to the truth: So hu
From our free person she sh
Lest that the treachery of the
Be left her to perform. Com
We are to speak in public: †
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughte
If the good truth were know

SCENE II.—The same.—Th
Prison.

Enter PAULINA and
Paul. The keeper of the pri
[

* Troof. † Of children and

knowledge who I am.—Good
Europe is too good for thee, [Sir,
then in prison!—Now, good
Attendant, with the Keeper.

do you not?
a worthy lady,
much I honour.
you, then,
to the queen.
my not, madam; to the contrary
my commandment.
it's ado,
honesty and honour from
if gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
to see her women? any of them?

Please you, madam, to put
your attendants, I shall bring

my now, call her. [Exeunt Attend.

madam,
present at your conference.
be it so, pr'ythee.

[Exit KEEPER.
to make no stain a stain,
staining.

KEEPER, with EMILIA.

Woman, how fares our gracious

well as one so great, and so for-

gether: On her frights, and griefs,
a tender lady hath borne greater,
thing before her time, deliver'd.

ughter; and a goodly babe,
like to live: the queen receives
it in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
it as you.

be sworn.—
gious unsafe lures* o'the king!
new them!

told on't, and he shall: the office
human best; I'll take't upon me:
they-mouth'd, let my tongue blis-

my red-look'd anger be [ter;
any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
y best obedience to the queen;

trust me with her little babe,
be king, and undertake to be
be to th' loudest: We do not know

soften at the sight o'the child;
often of pure innocence
when speaking fails.

it worthy madam,
f, and your goodness, is so evident,
we undertaking cannot miss

issue; there is no lady living,
r this great errand: Please your
ship

next room, I'll presently
e queen of your most noble offer;
-day, hammer'd of this design;

it tempt a minister of honour,
ould be denied.
I her, Emilia,

tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
e from my bosom, let it not be
red. [doubted

be you bless'd for it!
queen: Please you, come some-
g nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to see
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and
danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONOS, LORDS, and other
ATTENDANTS.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the
cause,

She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level* of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Atten. My lord? [Advancing.

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night;

'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see,

His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me sole-
ly:—go,

See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes [row:
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sor-
They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
Shall she, within my power. [nor

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life! a gracious innocent
More free, than he is jealous. [soul;

Ant. That's enough.

1 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
None should come at him. [commanded

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that hu-
That presses him from sleep. [mour,

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful con-
ference,

WINTER'S TALE.

your highness.

ous lady: Antigonus,
e should not come about
[me;

y lord,
peril, and on mine,

ot rule her?
onesty, he can in this,
urse that you have done,
ting honour,) trust it,

ou hear!
rein, I let her run;

, I come,—
ar me, who profess
ant, your physician,
unseller; yet that dare
starting your evils,"
seems yours:—I say, I
[come

ny lord, good queen: I
u;

ake her good, so were I
ut you.

akes but trifles of his

e own accord, I'll off;
rand.—The good queen
h brought you forth a

t to your blessing.
Laying down the Child.

Hence with her, out o'
bawd! [door:

at, as you
u no less honest
uch is enough, I'll war-

pass for honest.
[tard:—

out? Give her the bas-
rIGONUS.] thou art wo-
roasted

here,—take up the bas-
t to thy crone.] [tard;

nds, if thou
by that forced baseness

wife.
you did; then, 'twere

en yours.
ors!

his good light.

ed that's himself: for he

himself, his queen's,
be's, betrays to slander,

than the sword's; and

stands, it is a curse
d to't,) once remove

, which is rotten,
was sound.

† Lowest.
by a woman; hen-pecked.

with violence to truth.

Leon. A callat,*
Of boundless tongue; who la
And now beats me!—This brat
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old
So like you, 'tis the worse.—H
Although the print be little, d
And copy of the father: eye,
The trick of his frown, his for

valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin
The very mould and frame of h
And, thou, good goddess nat

made it
So like to him that got it, if d
The ordering of the mind i
colours

No yellowt in't; lest she sus
Her children not her husband

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,† thou art worthy

That wilt not stay her tongue
Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her
Paul. A most unworthy and

Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:

It is a heretic, that makes the
Not she, which burns in't.

But this most cruel usage of y
(Not able to produce more ac

Than your own weak-hing'd fi
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her.

Where were her life? she dur
If she did know me one. Av

Paul. I pray you, do not
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord;
A better guiding spirit!—W

hands!—
You, that are thus so tender o

Will never do him good, not o
So, so:—Farewell; we are g

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast o
this.—

My child? away with't!—eve
A heart so tender o'er it, take

And see it instantly consum'd
Even thou, and none but th

straight:
Within this hour bring me wo

(And by good testimony,) or I
With what thou else call'st th

fuse,
And wilt encounter with my

The bastard brains with th
hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
These lords, my noble fellows

Can clear me in't.

I Lord. We can; my royal
He is not guilty of her coming

† Trull.

† The coke

‡ Worthless fellow

are liars all.

Beseech your highness, give us
that credit:

Always truly serv'd you; and beseech
us of us: And on our knees we beg,
pardon of our dear services,
(to come,) that you do change this
issue;

ing so horrible, so bloody, must
issue foul issue: We all kneel.
—a feather for each wind that
sweeps:

you, to see this bastard kneel
in father? Better burn it now,
let it live. But, be it; let it live:
not neither.—You, Sir, come you
hither; [To ANTIQONOS.

have been so tenderly officious
Margery, your midwife, there,
is bastard's life.—for 'tis a bastard,
(his beard's grey,—what will you
venture
in heat's life?

g thing, my lord,
ibility may undergo,
issue impose: at least, thus much;
the little blood which I have left,
innocent: any thing possible.
shall be possible: Swear by this
word*

perform my bidding.

Alas, my lord.

hark, and perform it; (seest thou?)
the fail

at in't shall not only be
myself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
at this time, we pardon. We enjoin
on,

a liegeman to us, that thou carry
a bastard hence, and that thou bear

mote and desert place, quite out
visions; and that there thou leave it,
ere mercy, to its own protection,
of the climate. As by strange for-
tune

us, I do in justice charge thee,—
it's peril, and thy body's torture,—
commend it strangely to some place,
where may nurse, or end it. Take it

wear to do this, though a present
with

more merciful.—Come on, poor babe
erful spirit instruct the kites and
vultures, [say,

—wolves! Wolves, and bears, they
eat savageness aside, have done
us of pity.—Sir, be prosperous [ing,
as this deed doth require! and bless-
is cruelty, fight on thy side,
condemn'd to loss!

[Exit, with the Child.

o. I'll not rear
issue.

Please your highness, posts,
e you sent to the oracle, are come
back: Cleomenes and Dion,
li arriv'd from Delphos, are both
in the court. [landed

So please you, Sir, their speed
beyond account.

Twenty-three days [tels,
been absent. 'Tis good speed, fore-

idently a practice to swear by the cross at the
of

omit it to some place as a stranger.

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Street in some Town.
Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most
sweet;

Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey,
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.*

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it [oracle,
Will clear, or end, the business. When the
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Event then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—
fresh horses,—

And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.—A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS, appear properly
seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we
pronounce,)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due
course,

Event to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
LADIES, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and ar-
raigned of high treason, in committing adultery
with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspir-
ing with Camillo to take away the life of our
sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the
pretence wherof being by circumstances partly
laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith
and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and
aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by
night.

* I.e. Our journey has recompens'd us the time we
spent in it.

† Equal.

‡ Schenck 111d.

WINTER'S TALE

be long, before
ste; and go not
to be loud weather;
us for the creatures

[Exit

ev'd,) the spirits of

ning be, thy mother
for ne'er was dream
mes a creature,
side, some another;
sorrow.

in pure white robes,
approach

bow'd before me;
speech, her eyes

ry spent, anon
and Antigonus,

disposition,
thrower-out

thine oath,—
Bohemian,

ing, and, for the babe

gentle business,
ne'er shall see

so, with shrieks,
ghted much,

and thought
Dreams are toys:

stitutionally,
I do believe,

ath, and that
deed the issue

d here be laid,
on the earth

in, speed thee well!
ing down the Child.

character,* there
ing down a Bundle.

so, both bread thee,

The storm begins:—

t, art thus expos'd
w!—Weep I can-

most occurs'd am I,
is—Farewell!

more; thou art like

er saw [moor?
ay. A savage cla-

This is the chase;
t, pursued by a Bear.

FFHERD.

ere no age between
or that youth would

ere is nothing in the
ches with child,

stealing, fighting.—
any but these boiled

o-and-twenty, hunt
scared away two of

fear, the wolf will
ter: if any where I

a side, browsing on

ored with Perdita.

ivy. Good luck, an't be thy v
we here? [Taking up the Child.
barne,* a very pretty barne! A
I wonder? A pretty one; a v
Sure, some scape: though I s
yet I can read waiting-gentl
scape. Thus has been some st
trunk-work, some behind-d
were warmer that got this, tha
is here. I'll take it up for pit
till my son come; he hallued
Whoa, ho ho!

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? I
thing to talk on when thou art
come hither. What ailest thou

Clo. I have seen two such sig
by land;—but I am not to say,
it is now the sky; betwixt thi
it, you cannot thrust a bodkin

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but se
how it rages, how it takes up
that's not to the point: O, the
of the poor souls! sometimes
not to see 'em. now the ship I
with her main-mast; and anon
yeast and troth, as you'd thru
hoghead. And then for the la
see how the bear tore out his
how he cried to me for help, an
was Antigonus, a nobleman:—
end of the ship:—to see ho
dragoned; it:—but, first, how
roared, and the sea mocked t
the poor gentleman roared,
mocked him, both roaring low
or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, whe

Clo. Now, now; I have not
saw these sights; the men a
under water, nor the bear bu
gentleman, he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by
the old man!

Clo. I would you had been
to have helped her, there you
have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! hea
look thee here, boy. Now bli
net't with things dying, I v
born. Here's a sight for the
bearing-cloth; for a squire's c
here; take up, take up, boy;
see; It was told me, I should
fairies: this is some claug
What's within boy?

Clo. You're a made old ma
your youth are forgiven you
live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy
so up with it, keep it close;
next way. We are lucky, b
still, requires nothing but st
sheep go.—Come, good boy
home.

Clo. Go you the next way wi
I'll go see if the bear be gone
man, and how much he hath

* Child. † Female infant.

‡ The mantle in which a child was c

§ Some child left behind by the sh

one which they had stolen.

¶ Seated.

old but when they are hungry: if
 I have a good deed: if thou may'st
 find out what is left of him, what he is,
 'tis all I wish: and you shall help to
 find it. [Exit.]
 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do
 our best.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chronos.

—That please come, try all; both
 good and evil.

I had; that make, and unfold error,
 you see, in the name of Time,
 wings. Impute it not a crime,
 or swift passage, that I slide
 'tween years, and leave the growth un-

tripped; since it is in my power
 to flow, and in one self-born hour
 I o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
 o'er, ere ancient order was,
 now revived: I witness to
 what brought them in; so shall I be
 the first things now reigning; and
 I'll make

of this present, as my tale
 is fit. Your patience this allowing,
 go; and give my sense such grow-

thrust between. Lament leaving
 of his fond jealousy; so grieving,
 a up himself; imagine me, I
 stors, that I now may be
 mia; and remember well,
 a son o' the king's, which Florizel
 to you; and with speed so pace
 Perdita, now grown in grace
 sound'ring. What of her ensues,
 phesy; but let Time's news
 then 'tis brought forth:—a shep-
 's daughter,
 her adheres, which follows after,
 rest of time: Of this allow, I
 ave spent time worse ere now;
 that Time himself doth say,
 mostly, you never may. [Exit.]

The same.—A Room in the Palace
 of POLIXENES.

POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

—Thee, good Camillo, be no more
 'tis a sickness, denying thee any
 b, to grant this.

fifteen years, since I saw my
 gh I have, for the most part, been
 I desire to lay my bones there.
 penitent king, my master, hath
 o whose feeling sorrows I might
 i, or I o'erween[†] to think so;
 ver spur to my departure.

u lovest me, Camillo, wipe not
 thy services, by leaving me now:
 'e of thee, thine own goodness
 ill[‡] not to have had thee, than
 thee; thou, having made me
 uch none, without thee, can suf-
 ge, must either stay to execute
 or take away with thee the very

examined the progress of the internecine
 that up the gap in Perdita's story.

ma. † Subject. ‡ Approve.

† Think too highly

services thou hast done: which, if I have not
 enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to
 be more thankful to thee, shall be my study;
 and my profit therein, the heaping friendships
 Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no
 more, whose very naming punishes me with the
 remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st
 him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose
 loss of his most precious queen, and children,
 are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to
 me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my
 son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue
 not being gracious, than they are in losing
 them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the
 prince: What his happier affairs may be, are
 to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted,
 he is of late much retired from court; and is
 less frequent to his princely exercises, than
 formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo;
 and with some care; so far, that I have eyes
 under my service, which look upon his remov-
 edness: from whom I have this intelligence;
 That he is seldom from the house of a most
 homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from
 very nothing, and beyond the imagination
 of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeak-
 able estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who
 hath a daughter of most rare note: the report
 of her is extended more, than can be thought
 to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence.
 But, I fear the angle that plucks our son
 thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place:
 where we will, not appearing what we are,
 have some question; with the shepherd; from
 whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy, to get
 the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee,
 be my present partner in this business, and lay
 aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise
 ourselves. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Road near the
 Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCOA, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale;[§]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging^{||} tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, turra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:

Are summer songs for me and my cunts,[¶]

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time,

wore three-pile;^{**} but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sour-skin budget;

§ Friendly offer. † Observed at intervals. ‡ Talk.
 § I. e. The spring blood reigns over the pale which was
 der the domination of winter.

|| Thievish.

¶ Denim.

** Rich velvet.

the kite builds,
 other named me,
 am, littered un-
 a snapper-up of
 me, and drab, I
 my revenue is
 knock, are too
 ating, and hung-
 life to come, I
 A prize! a prize!

Even weather—
 and odd shil-
 What comes the

the cock's mine.

[*Aside*
 counters.—Let
 our sheep-shear-
 ar; five pound of
 this sister of mine
 hath made her
 lays it on. She
 aty nose-gays for
 , men's all, and
 are most of them
 Puritan amongst
 to hornpipes. I
 he warden pies; I
 out of my note:
 , of ginger; but
 of prunes, and as

ing on the ground.

pluck but off
 death!
 you hast need of
 er than have these

ness of them of-
 s I have received;
 millions.

million of beating

and beaten; my
 in me, and these

, or a foot-man?

er, a foot-man.

a foot-man, by the

tree; if this be a

very hot service.

tree: come, lend

[*Helping him up.*

y, oh!

good Sir: I fear,

d?

[*Picks his pocket.*]

be me a charitable

I have a little

no, I beseech you,

a tag or 20 pounds of

anciently used by the

A species of peas.

Sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters
 of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I
 shall there have money, or any thing I want:
 Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my
 heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that
 robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go
 about with trol-my-dames:^a I knew him once
 a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good
 Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was
 certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no
 virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish
 it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no
 more but abide.[†]

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this
 man well. he hath been since an ape-bearer;
 then a process-server, a bailiff; then he com-
 passed a motion of the prodigal son, and mar-
 ried a tinker's wife within a mile where my
 land and living lies; and, having sown over
 many knavish professions, he settled only in
 rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,[‡] for my life, prig:
 he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the
 rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bo-
 hemia; if you had but looked big, and spied
 him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no
 fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that
 he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I
 can stand and walk: I will even take my
 leave of you, and pace softly towards my kin-
 man's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy
 spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir!—[*Exit Clo.*]
 Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your
 spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing
 too: If I make not this cheat bring out an-
 other, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be
 unrolled, and my name put in the book of
 virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent|| the stile-a:
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*—*A Shepherd's
 Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Fl. These your unusual weeds to each part
 of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
 Peering in April's front. This your sheep-
 Is as a meeting of the petty gods, [*Admiring;*
 And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
 To chide at your extremes,† it not becomes me;
 O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
 The gracious mark[‡] o'the laud, you have ob-
 acur'd

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly
 maid,

^a The machine used in the game of pigeon-hole.

[†] Sojourn.

[‡] Third.

[§] Excesses.

[‡] Puppet-show.

[§] Take hold of.

[¶] Object of all men's vision.

WINTER'S TALE.

the lids of Juno's eyes,
 th, pale primroses,
 ere they can behold
 strength, a malady
 ds, bold oxlips, and
 l, lilies of all kinds,
 wing one! O, these I lack,
 ends of; and, my sweet
 and o'er. [friend,
 come?
 ck, for love to lie and play

if,—not to be buried,
 mine arms. Come, take
 I have seen them do
 ls sure, this robe of mine
 position.

done. When you speak,
 er: when you sing,
 d sell so; so give alms;
 ne ordering your affairs,
 hen you do dance, I wish

at you might ever do
 ve still, still so, and own
 Each your doing,
 particular, [deeds,
 are doing in the present
 e queens.

large: but that your youth,
 which fairly peeps through
 out an unstain'd shepherd;
 t fear, my Doricles,
 lse way.

ave
 , as I have purpose
 ut, come; our dance, I
 ita. so turtles pair,
 part.
 em.

ettest low-born lass, that
 ward:† nothing she does,
 ling greater than herself;
 ice.
 something.

od look out: Good sooth,
 nd cream. [she is
 ve up.
 be your mistress: marry,
 with.—
 d time!

a word; we stand upon
 [Music.
 ends and SHEPHERDESSES.
 epherd, what
 which dances with your

Doricles, and he boasts
 ling:‡ but I have it
 and I believe it;
 § He says, he loves my

ver gaz'd the moon
 † Green turf.
 ‡ Truth.

Upon the water, as he'll stay
 As 'twere, my daughter's
 plain,
 I think, there is not half a kl
 Who loves another best.
 Pol. She dances feattly.*
 Shep. No she does any thi
 port it,
 That should be silent: if you
 Do light upon her, she shall
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a SERVANT
 Serv. O master, if you did b
 at the door, you would never
 a taber and pipe; no, the bi
 move you: he sings several t
 you'll tell money; he utters
 eaten ballads, and all men's e
 tunes.

Clo. He could never come
 come in: I love a ballad but
 it be doleful matter, merrily
 very pleasant thing indeed,
 tably.

Serv. He hath songs, for m
 all sizes; no milliner can so
 with gloves: he has the pre
 for maids, so without bawdry,
 with such delicate burdens o
 sags; jump her and thump her;
 stretch-mouth'd rascal would,
 mischief, and break a foul gaj
 he makes the maid to answe
 no harm, good man; puts him
 with Whoop, do me no harm, g

Pol. This is a brave fellow.
 Clo. Believe me, thou talk
 able conceited fellow. Has h
 wares †

Serv. He hath ribands of all
 rainbow; points, more than a
 Bohemia can learnedly hand
 come to him by the gross; ink
 caubrics, lawns: why, he sin
 they were gods or goddesses; ‡
 a smock were a she-angel; he
 sleeve-hand,§ and the work u
 un't.¶

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in,
 prouch singing.
 Per. Forewarn him, that he t
 words in his tunes.
 Clo. You have of these poi
 more in 'em than you'd think,
 Per. Ay, good brother, or go

Enter AUTOLYCUS, sh
 Lawn, as white as driven sn
 Cypress, black as e'er was cr
 Flores, as sweet as damask
 Masks for faces, and for nos
 Bugle bracelet, necklace-and
 Perfume for a lady's chamber
 Golden quoifs, and stomache
 For my lads to give my dea
 Pins and poking-sticks of st
 What maids lack from head
 Come, buy of me, come; com
 Hay, lads, or elac your lasses
 Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love wit
 * Neatly. † Plain goods. ‡
 § A kind of tape. ¶
 § i he work about the bosom.
 ** Amber of which necklaces were
 a lady's chamber.

should't take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Hop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be tears.

Hop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Cl. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,* to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues,† and out a word more.

Hop. I have done. Come, you promised me a lady's lace;‡ and a pair of sweet gloves.

Cl. Have I told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Ant. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Cl. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Ant. I hope so, Sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Cl. What hast here? ballads?

Hop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad to print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one to a very doleful tune. How a sower's wife was brought to bed of twenty sorry bags at a burden, and how she loughed to rat adders' heads, and tords carbonadoed.

Hop. Is it true, thank you?

Ant. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Ant. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Teleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Hop. Pray you now, buy it.

Cl. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads, we'll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sing this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. It is true too, thank you?

Ant. Five justices' hands at it; and witness more than my pack will hold.

Cl. Lay it by too: Another.

Ant. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Hop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*:

There's scarce a maid westward, but she sings

In request, I can tell you.

Hop. We can both sing it, if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Ant. I can bear my part, you must know, is my occupation. Have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

Hop. Place the drying malt; still a noted gossiping

Dor. Bring a fourth part.

Ant. I have to write about the head of waste.

D. Whither? *M. O.* whither? *D. Whither?*

M. It because thy oath fell well,

Thou to the thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or then go't to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, then dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Then hast sworn my loss to be;

M. Then hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither go't? say, whither?

Cl. We'll have this stung out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentleman are in and talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wench, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Ant. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Exit.*]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new-st, and fin-st, fin-st new-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a pedler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Enter Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas,*

and Mopsa.]

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;‡ they call themselves saltiers;§ and they have a dance which the wenches say is gallimaufry|| of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.¶

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SERVANT, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.— [*them.*—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How

now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take

Your mind from feasting. South, when I was

young,

And banded love, as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have

ransack'd [it

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted** with him: if your lass

Interpretation should abuse; and call this

Your lack of love, or bounty; you were strait-

For a reply, at least, if you make a care [edp

Of happy holding her.

* Serious.

† Dreamed themselves in habits imitating hair.

‡ Satyr.

§ Mockery.

** Bought, trafficked.

+ Vend.

¶ Foot Rule.

†† Put to auction.

WINTER'S TALE.

I know
 Each trifle as these are:
 Books from me, are pack'd and
 which I have given already,
 —O, hear my breath my lie
 nt Sir, who, it should seem,
 w'd. I take thy hand, this
 down, and as white as it,
 th, or the fann'd snow,
 the northern blasts twice o'er.
 ws this?—
 young swain seems to wash
 fair before—I have put you
 station; let me hear [out.—
 witness to't.
 my neighbour too?
 and more
 gen, the earth, the heavens,
 [narch.
 own'd the most imperial mo-
 thy; were I the fairest youth
 eye swerve; had force, and
 [them,
 er man's,—I would not prize
 for her, employ them all;
 and condemn them, to her
 perdition. [service,
 PRO.
 s a sound affection.
 daughter,
 to him?
 speak
 so well, no, nor mean better:
 mine own thoughts I cut out
 nds, a bargain;— [to't.
 own, you shall bear witness
 er to him, and will make
 his.
 ast be
 or daughter: one being dead,
 than you can dream of yet;
 your wonder: But, come on.
 these witnesses.
 our hand;—
 yours.
 n, awhile, 'beseech you;
 er?
 ut what of him?
 of this?
 does, nor shall.
 a father
 of his son, a guest
 the table. Pray you, once
 r grown incapable [more;
 airs? Is he not stupid
 lering rheums? Can he speak?
 man? dispute his own estate?
 nd? and again does nothing,
 being childish?
 Sir,
 th, and ampler strength, in-
 of his age. [deed,
 te beard,
 this be so, a wrong
 al. Reason, my son [son,
 nself a wife; but as good rea-
 hose joy is nothing else
) should hold some counsel
 ss
 thus;
 separate flow from brain is called a
 † Talk over his affairs.

But, for some other reasons, I
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I
 My father of this business.
 Pol. Let him know't.
 Flo. He shall not.
 Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
 Flo. No, he must not.
 Shap. Let him, my son; he
 At knowing of thy choice.
 Flo. Come, come he must
 Mark our contract.
 Pol. Mark your divorce, yo
 {Di
 Whom son I dare not call; th
 To be acknowledg'd: Thou a
 That thus affect'at a sheep-h
 traitor,
 I am sorry, that, by hanging t
 Shorten thy life one week.—
 piece
 Of excellent witchcraft; who
 The royal fool thou cup'st wit
 Shap. O, my heart!
 Pol. I'll have thy beauty
 briars, and made
 More humely than thy state.—
 If I may ever know, thou dost
 That thou no more shalt see
 never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar t
 Not hold thee of our blood, no
 Far* than Deucalion off:—
 words;
 Follow us to the court.—Tho
 Though full of our displeasure
 From the dead blow of it.—A
 ment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman;
 That makes himself, but for ou
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, hence
 These rural latches to his en
 Or hoop his body more with t
 I will devise a death as cruel
 As thou art tender to't.
 Per. Even here undone!
 I was not much afraid: for o
 I was about to speak; and te
 The selfsame sun, that shines
 Hides not his visage from our
 Looks on alike.—Will't plea
 gone?
 I told you, what would come
 you,
 Of your own state take care
 Being now awake, I'll queen i
 But milk my ewes, and weep.
 Cam. Why, how now, father
 Speak, ere thou diest.
 Shap. I cannot speak, nor t
 Nor dare to know that which
 You have undone a man of fi
 That thought to fill his grave
 To die upon the bed my father
 To lie close by his honest bun
 Some hangman must put on
 by me
 Where no priest shovels in
 wretch!
 That knew'st this was the prin
 adventure
 To mingle faith with him,—U
 If I might die within this hour
 To die when I desire.
 Flo. Why look you so upon
 * Further.

I'm sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
 being alter'd: What I was, I am:
 I'm on, for plucking back; not fol-
 lowing unwillingly. [lowing

Gracious my lord,
 I'm your father's temper: at this time
 allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
 not purpose to him,—and as hardly
 endure your sight as yet, I fear.
 If the fury of his highness settle,
 it before him.

not purpose it.

Camillo.

Even he, my lord.

How often have I told you, 'twould be
 as said, my dignity would last [thus?
 'twere known!

I cannot fail, but by
 action of my faith; And then
 we crush the sides o' the earth together,
 or the seeds within!—Lift up thy
 looks:—

Succession wipe me, father! I
 to my affection.

Be advis'd.

am; and by my fancy † if my reason
 into be obedient, I have reason;
 by senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 I welcome.

This is desperate, Sir.

Call it: but it does fulfil my vow,
 must think it honesty. Camillo,
 Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
 not glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 the earth womb, or the profound seas
 hide

own fathoms, will I break my oath
 my fair below'd: Therefore, I pray you,
 have e'er been my father's honour'd
 friend, [not

shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean
 him any more,) cast your good counsels
 a passion; Let myself and fortune,
 the time to come. This you may know,
 deliver,—I am put to sea

r, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 not opportune to our need, I have
 rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 design. What course I mean to hold,
 thing benefit your knowledge, nor
 me the reporting

O, my lord,

your spirit were easier for advice,
 iger for your need.

ark, Perdita. — [Takes her aside,
 you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

He's irremovable,

I for flight: Now were I happy, if
 I could frame to serve my turn;
 from danger, do him love and honour;
 se the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 it unhappy king, my master, whom
 ch thirst to see.

Now, good Camillo,

fraught with curious business, that
 out ceremony. [Going.

Sir, I think,

re heard of my poor services, i'the love
 have borne your father?

I very nobly

on deserv'd: it is my father's music,

in your deeds; not little of his care

them recompens'd as thought on.

Well, my lord,

may please to think I love the king;

A leading string.

† Love

And, through him, what is nearest to him,
 which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
 I'll point you where you shall have such re-
 ceiving [may

As shall become your highness, where you
 Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
 As heavens forefend! your ruin.) marry her,
 And (with my best endeavours, in your ab-
 sence,)

Your discontenting* father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man,
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on

A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident† is guilty
 To what we wildly do; so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me: [purpose,

This follows,—if you will not change your
 But undergo this flight,—Make for Sicilia;

And there present yourself, and your fair
 princess,

(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;

She shall be habited, as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see

Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, for-
 giveness, [bands

As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the

Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides

him [one

Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,

Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I

Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father

To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him, with

What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
 down. [ting,†

The which shall point you forth at every sit-

What you must say, that he shall not per-
 ceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,

And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising

Than a wild dedication of yourselves [certain,

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most

To miseries enough; no hope to help you;

But, as you shake off one, to take another:

Nothing so certain as your anchors who

Do their best office, if they can but stay you

Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you

Prosperity's the very bond of love, [know,

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-

affliction alters. [gether

Per. One of these is true:

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,

But not take is† the mind.

* For discontented.

† This unthought-on accident is the unexpected dis-

covery made by Polixenes.

‡ The council-days were called the sittings. § Conspire.

Q Q

WINTER'S TALE.

(ACT IV.)

's house, these

ing, as

seems a mistress

is;

on!—Camillo,—

me

ow shall we do?

nia's son;

ou know my for-

my care [tunes

as if [Sir,

For instance,

not want,—one

They talk aside.

honesty is! and

simple gentle-

umpery; not a

glass, poman-

ad, knife, tape,

ring, to keep

ing who should

been hallowed,

the buyer: by

use was best in

my good use,

who wants but

an,) grew so in

but he would not

both tune and

of the herd to

stuck in ears:

et, it was sense-

codpiece of a

off, that hung

ing, but my Sir's

g of it. So that,

ed and cut most

ad not the old

ob against his

and scared my

not left a purs

PERDITA, come

by this means

ear that doubt.

ecure from king

er.

er.

ing AUTOLOYOUS,

this; omit

me now,—why

[Aside.

Why shakest

s no harm in-

al worn to prevent

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir:—I know ye well enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, prythee, despatch: the gentleman is half slayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [Aside.

Flo. Despatch, I prythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself

into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you: and as you can, disalien

The truth of your own seeming; that you may,

(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard

Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have [friend.

No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the

king [Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and

CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it:

To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble

hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good

nose is requisite also, to smell out work for

the other senses. I see, this is the time that

the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange

had this been, without boot? What a boot is

here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do

this year connive at us, and we may do any

thing extempore. The prince himself is about

a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his

father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought

it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the

king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more

knavery to conceal it: and therein am I con-

stant to my profession.

Enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot

brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church,

session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now!

There is no other way, but to tell the king she's

a changeling, and none of your flesh and

blood.

* Something over and above.

† Stripped.

Shep. Nay, I ut hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you heard about her, those sacred things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Ant. Very wisely, puppies! [Aside.

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel,* will make him scratch his beard.

Ant. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Ant. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement;†—[Takes up his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Ant. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having;‡ breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Ant. A he, you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying, it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the answer.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir?

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in those enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?§ receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I manoeuvre, or tunc¶ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-ape, and one that will either push on, or pack back thy business there whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the king.

Ant. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a phenomenon; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir! I have no pheasant, cock, or hen.

Ant. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being

fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Ant. The fardel there! what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Ant. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Ant. If that shepherd be not in hand fast, let him fly, the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Thank you so, Sir?

Ant. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane* to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman, which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Ant. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,† shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men,‡ what you have to the king—being something gently considered,‡ I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold, and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold—show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Ant. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Ant. Well give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Ant. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the

* Rascal, parcel

† In the fact.

‡ The dirty tread of courtiers.

† His false beard.

‡ In the fact.

‡ I ample or force.

* Related.

† The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

‡ Being handsomely dressed.

WINTER'S TALE.

ange sights; he must
daughter nor my sister,
will give you as much
the business is per-
he says, your pawn,

Walk before toward
right hand; I will look
as you.

in this man, as I may

he bids us: he was

REPERD and CLOWN.
to be honest, I see,
e; she drops bouties
d now with a double
ans to do the prince
who knows how that
advancement? I will
ze blind ones, aboard
ore them again, and
ave to the king con-
on call me, rogue, for
or I am proof against
ue else belongs to't:
in, there may be mat-
[Exit.

Room in the Palace of
s.

ES, DION, PAULINA,
EER.

ne enough, and have

ult could you make,
ecm'd; indeed, paid
(last,
one trespass: At the
e done; forget your
elf. [evil;

cannot forget
nd so still think of
which was so much,
le my kingdom; and
companion, that e'er
[man

my lord:
ed all the world,
took something good,
a, she, you kill'd,

d
at thou strik'st me
as bitter
thought: Now, good
[now,

ady:

a thousand things that

benefit, and grac'd

me,
im.

the remembrance
e, consider little,
ness' fall of issue,
en, and devour
that were more holy,
queen is well?
yalty's repair,
for future gowl,—
good.

To bless the bed of majesty a
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. I
Will have fulfill'd their secret
For has not the divine Apollo
Is't not the tenour of his oracle
That king Leontes shall not b
Till his lost child be found? wh
Is all as monstrous to our hur
As my Antigonus to break hi
And come again to me; who,
Did perish with the infant. My
My lord should to the heaven
Oppose against their wills.
issue;

The crown will find an heir
der

Left his to the worthiest; so
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Her
I know, in honour,—O, that
Had squar'd me to thy coun
I might have look'd upon my
Have taken treasure from her

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yield

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore
And better us'd, would make
Again possess her corps; and
(Where we offenders now app
Begin, And why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd,
Her eye; and tell me, for wh
You chose her: then I'd shrie
ears

Shou'd rift to hear me; and
Should be, Remember mine.

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coal
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my fr

Leon. Never, Paulina; a
spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-
Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her pl
Affront; his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—
No remedy, but you will; giv

To choose you a queen: but
so young

As was your former; but she
As, walk'd your first queen's

To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou
Paul. That

Shall be, when your first q
Never till then.

Enter a GENTLEMAN

Gent. One that gives out his
rize!

a Instigate. † Spill.

issues, with his princess, (she
I have yet beheld,) desires access
gh presence.

But with him? he comes not
father's greatness: his approach,
circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
visitation fram'd, but forc'd
ad accident. What train?
it few,
but mean.

A princess, say you, with him?
y; the most peerless piece of earth,
he sun shone bright on. [I think,
Hermione,
recent time doth boast itself
offer, gone; so must thy grave
to what's seen now. Sir, you your-
lf

and writ so, (but your writing now
has that theme,*) *She had not been,
it to be equal'd*:—thus your verse
th her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly
a have seen a better. [ebb'd,
ardon, madam:

have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
when she has obtain'd your eye,
your tongue too. This is such a
nature,

begin a sect, might quench the zeal
tutors else: make proselytes
a but bid follow.

ow? not women?

men will love her, that she is a
man

h than any man; men, that she is
of all women.

), Cleomenes;

assisted with your honour'd friends,
in to our embracement.—Still 'tis
ange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, LORDS, and
GENTLEMEN.*

ould steal upon us.

ad our prince, [pair'd
children, seen this hour, he had
this lord, there was not full a month
their births.

'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
me again, when talk'd of: sure,
all see this gentleman, thy speeches
me to consider that, which may
me of reason.—They are come.—

*CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Attendants.*

er was most true to wedlock, prince,
I print your royal father off,
you: Were I but twenty-one,
r's image is so hit in you,
ir, that I should call you brother,
im; and speak of something, wildly
rm'd before. Most dearly welcome
sir princess, goddess!—O, alas!
ple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
I have stood, begetting wonder, as
ous couple, do' and then I lost
own folly,) the society,
of your brave father, whom,
aring misery, I desire my life
to look upon.

his command
re touch'd Sicilia: and from him
all greetings, that a king, a friend,
his brother: and, but infirmity

on the coast of Hermione, the subject of your

(Which waits upon worn times,) hath some-
thing seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself [his
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scap-
And those that bear them, living. [tree,

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman') the wrongs I have done
thee, stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters [ther,
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hi-
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much
The adventure of her person? [less

Flo. Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence, from him,
whose daughter [thence

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful* gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin.

For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
bless'd,

(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd
Such goodly things as you? [on,

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
Sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach† his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off.)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city, I now came from
I speak amazedly; and it becomes [hnu.
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;

He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him; who
now

* Full of grace and virtue.

† Seize, arrest.

WINTER'S TALE.

[ACT V.]

* Never saw I
they kiss the
they speak :
realtens them

table passion of wonder appeared in them : but
the wisest beholder, that knew no more but
seeing, could not say, if the importance were
joy, or sorrow : but in the extremity of the one,
it must needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

will not have

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows
more :

we like to be ;
duleys first.—
best

The news, Rogero ?
2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is
fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a
deal of wonder is broken out within this hour,
that ballad-makers cannot be able to express
it.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

or good father's
ni sorry,
om his liking,
and as sorry,
orth : as beauty,

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can
deliver you more.—How goes it now, Sir ? this
news, which is called true, is so like an old
tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion :
Has the king found his heir ?

ay, [Jot
her ; power no
—Beseech you,

3 Gent. Most true ; if ever truth were pro-
nant by circumstance : that, which you hear,
you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the
proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her
jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of An-
tigonus, found with it, which they know to be
his character :—the majesty of the creature, in
resemblance of the mother,—the affection of
nobleness, which nature shows above her breed-
ing,—and many other evidences, proclaim her,
with all certainty, to be the king's daughter.
Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

ore to time
of such affec-
our request,
things, as indea.
g your precious

2 Gent. No.
3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which
was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There
might you have beheld one joy crown another ;
so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow
wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded
in tears. There was casting up of eyes, hold-
ing up of hands ; with countenance of such
distraction, that they were to be known by
garment, not by favour.† Our king, being
ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found
daughter ; as if that joy were now become a
loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother ! then
asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his
son-in-law, then again worries he his daughter,
with clipping her ; now he thanks the old
shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-
bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never
heard of such another encounter, which laments
report to follow it, and undoes description to
do it.

[month
with in't : not a
as more worth

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus,
that carried hence the child ?

out your petition
[To FLORZEL.
or father ;
your desires,
upon which

3 Gent. Like an old tale still ; which will
have matter to rehearse, though credit be
asleep, and not an ear open : He was torn to
pieces with a bear : this avouches the shep-
herd's son ; who has not only his innocence
(which seems much,) to justify him, but a han-
kerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

ce, follow me.
Come, good my
[Exit.

1 Gent. What became of his bark and his
followers ?

ore the Palace.

NTLEMAN.

you present at

opening of the
deliver the man-
er, after a little
manded out of
ought I heard
child.

3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of the
master's death ; and in the view of the shep-
herd : so that all the instruments, which aided
to expose the child, were even then lost, when
it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that
'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina !
She had one eye declined for the loss of her
husband ; another elevated that the oracle was

now the issue of

very of the busi-
ved in the king,
of admiration :
ing at one ano-
yes ; there was
language in their
they had heard
destroyed : A no-

* The thing imported. † Disposition or quality.
‡ Countenance, features. § Embracing.

She lifted the princess from the earth; and, as her in embracing, as if she would pierce her heart, that she might no more grieve of losing.

The dignity of this act was worth the of kings and princes; for by such deed.

One of the prettiest touches of all, which angled for mine eyes (caught though not the fish,) was, when at the death of the queen's death, with the which she came to it, (bravely confessed, testified by the king,) how attentiveness his daughter: till, from one sign of another, she did, with an *alas!* I can say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, wept blood. Who was most marbled and angled colour; some swooned, all if all the world could have seen it, had been universal.

Are they returned to the court?

No: the princess hearing of her mother, which is in the keeping of Pauline many years in doing, and now formed by that rare Italian master, and; who, had he himself eternity, put breath into his work, would be more of her custom, so perfectly he is as so near to Hermione hath done that, they say, one would speak to stand in hope of answer: thither, with excess of affection, are they gone; and intend to sup.

I thought, she had some great matter in hand; for she hath privately, twice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, that removed that house. Shall we not with our company piece the re-

Who would be thence, that has the access? every wink of an eye, some will be born: our absence makes us to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt GENTLEMEN.*]
Now, had I not the dash of my former would preferment drop on my head. the old man and his son aboard the old him, I heard him talk of a fardel, now not what: but he at that time, of the shepherd's daughter, (so he called her to be,) who began to be much and himself little better, extremity of continuing, this mystery remained red. But 'tis all one to me: for had I under-out of this secret, it would be elished among my other discredits.

After SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

As those I have done good to against and already appearing in the blossom of fortune.

Now, boy; I am past more children; and daughters will be all gentle-

are well met, Sir: You denied to me this other day, because I was no born: See you these clothes? say, I am not, and think me still no gentleman: you were best say, these robes are gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; whether I am not now a gentleman

now, you are now, Sir, a gentleman

astonished with wonder.

† Remote.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins* say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall† fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Room in PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great That I have had of thee! [comfort]

Paul. What, sovereign Sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd [contracted]

With your crown'd brother, and these your Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

* Yeomen.

† Stout.

WINTER'S TALE

it is: prepare
knock'd, as ever
behold; and say, 'tis

Curtain, and discovers

more shows off
peak;—first, you, my
near? [liege,

stare!—

at I may say, indeed,

rather, thou art she,

she was as tender,

But yet, Paulina,

ch wrinkled; nothing

re our carver's excel-

sixteen years, and

at have done,

fort, as it is

O, thus she stood,

majesty, (warm life,

when first I wou'd

the stone rebuke me,

n it!—O, royal piece,

esty; which has

embrance; and

ter took the spirits,

thee!

e,

stitution, that

her blessing.—Lady,

when I but began,

urs, to kiss.

fix'd, the colour's

row was too sore laid

cannot blow away,

scarce any joy

sorrow,

oner.

use of this, have power

from you, as he

ht of my poor image

at* you, (for the stone

e curtain,

you gaze on't; lest

es.

out that methinks al-

(lord,

make it?—See, my

it breath'd? and that

m upon her lip.

r eye has motion in'tt

art.

tain;

ed it seems to have motion

; As if.

My lord's almost so far tran
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twent
No settled senses of the wo
The pleasure of that madne

Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I h
you: but

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a tast

As any cordial comfort.—St

There is an air comes from

chizzel

Could ever yet cut breath?

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forb

The ruddiness upon her lip

You'll mar it, if you kiss it;

With only painting: Shall I

Leon. No, not these twent

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel;

For more amazement: If yo

I'll make the statue move in

And take you by the hand

think,

(Which I protest against,) I

By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can mak

I am content to look on: wh

I am content to hear; for 'ti

To make her speak, as mov

Paul. It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith: T

Or those, that think it is un

I am about, let them depart

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her

Tis time; descend; be st

proach;

Strike all that look upon wi

I'll fill your grave up: stir;

Bequeath to death your m

him

Dear life redeems you.—Y

[HERMIONE comes down

Start not: her actions shall

You hear, my spell is lawful

Until you see her die again

You kill her double: Nay, p

When she was young, you w

Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an

Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his

If she pertain to life, let her

Pol. Ay, and make't mani

liv'd

Or, how stol'n from the dea

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, shoul

Like an old tale; but it app

Though yet she speak not. I

Please you to interpose, fai

And pray your mother's ble

Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERD

HERMIONE.

Her. You gods, look down

And from your secret vials

Upon my daughter's head!—

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
 how found [I,—
 Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that
 Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
 Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
 Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
 Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
 Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
 You precious winners* all; your exultation
 Partaket to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
 there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
 Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
 As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast
 found mine;

* You who by this discovery have gained what you de-
 sired. † Participate.

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
 many

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
 (For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
 An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
 honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified
 By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
 What?—Look upon my brother!—both your
 pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens direct-
 ing,) [lina,

Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Pau-
 Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

use. win Brothers, and Sons to Æ- geon and Æmi- lia, but unknown to each other. Brothers, and attendants on the Antipholus's.	A MERCHANT, Friend to Ant cuse. PINCH, a Schoolmaster, and a ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an At ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus LUCIANA, her Sister. LUCE, her Servant. A COURTIZAN. Jailer, Officers, and other SCENE, Ephesus
---	--

Duke's Palace.
Officer, and other

procure my fall,
and woes and all.
plead no more;
laws:
of late [duke
strange of your
country men,—
their lives,
tutes with their
beat'ning looks.
fine jars
on and us,
decreed,
ourselves,
rse towns:

ten
fairs,
e dies,
ke's dispose;
vied,
nsum him.
ighest rate,
d marks;
ndemn'd to die.
when your words

re evening sun.
ay, in brief, the

y native home;
st to Epæsus.
t not have been

speakable:
ess, that my end
by vile offence,

Natural affection.

I'll utter what my sorrow give
In Syracuse was I born; and
Unto a woman, happy but for
And by me too, had not our h
With her I liv'd in joy; our w
By prosperous voyages I offer
To Epidamnum, till my factor
And he (great care of goods a
Drew me from kind embraceme
From whom my absence was
old,

Before herself (almost at faint
The pleasing punishment that
Had made provision for her f
And soon, and safe, arrived w
There she had not been long,
A joyful mother of two goodly
And, which was strange, the
As could not be distinguish'd
That very hour, and in the sel
A poor mean woman was deli
Of such a burden, male twins,
Those, for their parents were
I bought, and brought up to a
My wife, not meanly proud of
Made daily motions for our ho
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too
We came aboard:

A league from Epidamnum he
Before the always-wind-obeyi
Gave any tragic instance of o
But longer did we not retain
For what obscured light the h
Did but convey unto our fearf
A doubtful warrant of immedi
Which, though myself would
brac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of
Weeping before for what she
And piteous plainings of the p
That mourn'd for fashion, ig
fear,

Forc'd me to seek delays for t
And this it was,—for other me
The sailors sought for safety b
And left the ship, then sinkin

My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by what went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break
off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,

Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,

Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;

And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd

guests;
And would have reft* the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their

course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sor-
rowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
At eighteen years became inquisitive †

After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,

Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean† through the bounds of Asia,

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,

Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;

And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,

* Deprived.

† Clear, completely.

And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live, if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Egeon
wend,*

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,
and a MERCHANT.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epi-
daurum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here;

And, not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur,† where
we host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,

Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean

[Exit DRO. S.]

Ant. S. A trusty villain,‡ Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;

I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,§

And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose
myself,

And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own con-
tent. [Exit MERCHANT.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,

That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, taking there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so

soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd
too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:

* Go.

† I.e. servant.

‡ The sign of their hotel.

§ Exchange, market-place.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

because the meat is cold;
because you come not home;
home, because you have no

mach, having broke your fast;
now what 'tis to fast and pray,
your default to-day.

in your wind, Sir; tell me this,
[you?
you left the money that I gave
expense, that I had o'Wednes-

er for my mistress' crupper;—
it, Sir, I kept it not.

not in a sportive humour now:
y not, where is the money?
ers here, how dar'st thou trust
e from thine own custody?

y you, jest, Sir, as you sit at

ss come to you in post;
ull be post indeed;
e your fault upon my pate.
naw, like mine, should be your

come without a messenger.

Dromio, come, these jests are
ason;

a merrier hour than this:
d I gave in charge to thee?
e, Sir? why you gave no gold

on, sir knave, have done your
as,

thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
arge was but to fetch you from

[ner;
use, the Phoenix, Sir, to din-
her sister, stay for you.

us I am a Christian, answer
[ney;

re you have bestow'd my mo-
that merry sounce* of yours,
ncks when I am indispos'd:
ousand marks thou hadst of

some marks of yours upon

ss' marks upon my shoulders,
nd marks between you both,—

our worship those again,
will not bear them patiently.

stress' marks! what mistress,
st thou?

worship's wife, my mistress at
nix;

t, till you come home to din-
you will bid you home to

wilt thou flout me thus unto

ere, take you that, sir knave.

man you, Sir? for God's sake,
r hands;

not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO, E.
my life, by some device or

r-raught of all my money.

wn is full of cozenage;

rs, that deceive the eye,

recrers, that change the mind,

hes, that deform the body;

rs, prating mountebanks,
like liberties of sin:

† Over-reached.

If it prove so, I will be gone
I'll to the Centaur, to go seal
I greatly fear, my money is a

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public place.

Enter ADRIANA, and

Adr. Neither my husband,
turn'd,

That in such haste I sent to;
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant
him,

And from the mart he's son
Good sister, let us dine, and

A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, wif

They'll go, or come: If so, be
Adr. Why should their liberty

more?

Luc. Because their business
o'clock.

Adr. Look, when I serve him
ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the best
Adr. There's none, but asse

so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty
woe.

There's nothing, situate under
But hath its bound, in earth,

The beasts, the fishes, and the
Are their males' subject, and

Men, more divine, and masters
Lords of the wide world, and

Indued with intellectual sense
Of more pre-eminence than fi

Are masters to their females,
Then let your will attend on

Adr. This servitude makes
wed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles
me.

Adr. But, were you wedded
some away.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll p
Adr. How if your husband

where?

Luc. Till he come home again
bear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, wif
she pause;

They can be meek, that have
A wretched soul, bruised with

We bid be quiet, when we be
But were we burthen'd with

pain,

As much, or more, we should
So thou, that hast no unkind

thou,

With urging helpless patience
But, if thou live to see like rig

This fool-begg'd patience in t
Luc. Well, I will marry one d

Here comes your man, now i
nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ep

Adr. Say is your tardy master
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two l

and that my two ears can witn
Adr. Say, didst thou speak w

thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his
ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce c

make he so doubtfully, thou couldst
in meaning!

Nay, he struck so plainly, I could
feel his blows; and withal so doubt-
t I could scarce understand them.
But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming
it seems, he hath great care to please

Why, mistress, sure my master is
kern-mad.

kern-mad, thou villain?

I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
he's stark mad:

lesir'd him to come home to dinner,
me for a thousand marks in gold:

n-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

it doth burn, quoth I, *My gold*, quoth

me: [he:

come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth

the thousand marks I gave thee, vil-
lain?

quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:

me, Sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mis-
tress*:

it thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

noth who?

Quoth my master: [tress:—

quoth he, no house, no wife, no mis-
tress, errand, due unto my tongue,

him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

conclusion, he did beat me there.

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home.

Go back again, and be new beaten
home?

's sake, send some other messenger.

back, slave, or I will break thy pate
across.

And he will bless that cross with
other beating:

you I shall have a holy head.

hence, prating peasant, fetch thy mas-
ter home.

Am I so round with you, as you
with me,

a football do you spurn me thus?

am me hence, and he will spurn me
either:

in this service, you must case me in
leather. [Exit.

le, how impatience lowereth in your
face.

His company must do his minions
prince,

at home starve for a merry look.

nely age the alluring beauty took

poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

discourses dull? barren my wit?

e and sharp discourse be marr'd,

ess blunts it, more than marble hard.

gay vestments his affections bait?

it my fault, he's master of my state:

his are in me, that can be found

not ruin'd? then is he the ground

features? My decayed fair?

look of his would soon repair:

unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

is from home; poor I am but his stale.
Self-arming jealousy!—he, beat it
hence.

Jafeching fools can with such wrongs
dispense.

his eye doth homage elsewhere;

what let's it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he prou

Would that alone alone I

So he would keep fair qu

I see the jewel, best ean

Will lose his beauty; an

That others touch, yet offer

Wear gold: and so no man,

But falsehood and corrupt

Since that my beauty can

I'll weep what's left aw

Luc. How many fond

lousy!

SCENE II.—

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid

Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave [up

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou

mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, Sir? when speaks I

such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an

hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me

hence. [me.

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's

receipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was dis-

pleas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry

vein: [me.

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in

the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that,

and that. [Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, Sir, for God's sake: now your

jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.*

When the sun shines, let foolish quats make

sport, [beams.

But creep in crannies, when he hides his

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,†

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your scone.

Dro. S. Scone, call you it? so you would

leave battering, I had rather have it a head.

an you use these blows long, I must get a

scone for my head, and insconce† it too; or

else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But,

I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, Sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they

say, every why hath a wherefore.

* I e. Intrude on them when you please.

† Study my countenance.

‡ A scone was a fortification.

† Fair, for fairness.

‡ Hinder.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[ACT II.

ting me; and

me.

an thus beaten

erefore, is nei-

hat?

something that

s next, to give

at say, Sir, is it

he meat wants

at's that?

be dry.

eat none of it.

leric, and pur-

et in good time;

hat, before you

as plain as the
himself.

man to recover
ture.

due and reco-

a peruke, and

man.

gurd of hair,

eriment?

ing that he be-

hath scanted

in wit.

ny a man hath

ut he hath the

lude hairy men

he sooner lost:

ty.

ones too.

ay you.

ing falsing.

money that he

at dinner they

me have proved,

er; namely, no

are.

not substantial,

ime himself is

aid's end, will

a bald conclu-

er? [sion:

CIANA.

ok strange, and

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [vow

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing to thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or car'd to

thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how

comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; [it

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. [bed;

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know

you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

Lac. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd

with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return

from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, Sir, with this

gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your complaint?

Dro. S. I, Sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest: for even her very

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart. [words

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our

names, unless it be by inspiration? [names,

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more con-

tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;

Whose weakness, married to my stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

for want of pruning, with intrusion
 of sap, and live on thy confusion.
 To me she speaks; she moves me for
 her theme.

Am I married to her in my dream?
 I now, and think I hear all this?
 Or drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Now this sure uncertainty,
 Hums the offer'd fallacy.
 Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
 dinner.

O, for my beads! I cross me for a
 dinner.

A fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
 With goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
 By them not, this will ensue, [blue.
 Ask our breath, or pinch us black and
 /hy prat'at thou to thyself, and an-
 swer'at not? [not!

Thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
 I am transformed, master, am not I?
 I think, thou art, in mind, and so
 am I.

Nay, master, both in mind, and in
 my shape.

Thou hast thine own form.

No, I am an ape.

Thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an
 ass.

'Tis true; she rides me, and I long
 to graze.

Am an ass; else it could never be,
 could know her as well as she knows
 me.

One, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 I'll finger in the eye and weep,
 I'll, and master, laugh my woes to
 scorn.—

To dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
 I'll dine above with you to-day,
 I'll see you of a thousand idle pranks:
 Any ask you for your master,
 Send forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Dromio, play the porter well.

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
 Into these, and to myself disgust'd!
 As they say, and persevere so,
 His must at all adventures go.

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
 Y, and let none enter, lest I break
 our pate.

One, come, Antipholus, we dine too
 late. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
 EPHESUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Good signior Angelo, you must ex-
 cuse us all;

I shrewish, when I keep not hours:

I linger'd with you at your shop,

In making of her carkanet,†

It is-morrow you will bring it home.

'Tis a villain, that would face me down

on the mart; and that I beat him.

Wg'd him with a thousand marks in

gold;

I did deny my wife and house:—

Mark'd, thou, what didst thou mean by

this?

I say what you-will, Sir, but I know

what I know:

me.

† A necklace strung with pearls.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your
 hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you
 gave were ink, [think.

Your own handwriting would tell you what I

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at

that pass,
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of

an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar:

'Pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good wel-

come here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and

your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh

or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one

dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every

churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for

that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes

a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more

sparing guest:

But though my calves* be mean, take them in
 good part, [heart.

Better cheer may you have, but not with better
 But, soft; my door is lock'd, Go bid them let

us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely,

Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome,† malt-horse, capon,

coxcomb, idiot, patch!‡

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at

the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
 for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from
 the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
 master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came,
 lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open
 the door.

Dro. S. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, and
 you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner, I have
 not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come
 again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out
 from the house I owe?§

Dro. S. The porter for this time, Sir, and my
 name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both
 mine office and my name; [blame.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle.
 If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a
 name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil|| is there? Dro-
 mio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in
 my staff?

* Dishes of meat.

† I own, am owner of.

‡ Blockhead.

§ Fool.

|| Bustle, tumult.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

another: that's,—
 call'd Luce, Luce,
 him well.
 minion? you'll let
 ask'd you.
 well struck; there
 let me in.
 ose sake?
 the door hard.
 it ake.
 s, minion, if I beat
 that, and a pair of
 that at the door, that
 ur town is troubled
 ife! you might have
 ve! go, get you from
 pain, master, this
 cheer, Sir, nor wel-
 ain have either.
 was best, we shall
 be door, master; bid
 her
 ing in the wind, that
 so, master, if your
 within; you stand
 as a buck, to be so
 something, I'll break
 king here, and I'll
 a word with you,
 re but wind;
 lace, so he break it
 wantest breaking;
 out upon thee! I
 have no feathers,
 in; Go borrow me
 a feather; master,
 [a feather:
 ere's a fowl without
 b, we'll pluck a crow
 me, fetch me an iron
 , O, let it not be so;
 our reputation,
 pass of suspect
 your wife.
 perience of her wis-
 nd modesty, [dom,
 use to you unknown;
 he will well excuse
 s are made; against

proverbial phrases.
 fast.

Be rul'd by me; depart in p
 And let us to the Tiger all b
 And, about evening, come y
 To know the reason of this
 If by strong hand you offer
 Now in the stirring passage
 A vulgar comment will be n
 And that supposed by the c
 Against your yet ungalled e
 That may with soul intrusion
 And dwell upon your gra
 For slander lives upon succ
 For ever hous'd, where it om
 Ant. E. You have prevail
 in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, s
 I know a wench of excellen
 Pretty and witty; wild, and,
 There will we dine; this wo
 My wife (but, I protest, wit
 Hath oftentimes upbraided
 To her will we to dinner.—
 And fetch the chain; by th
 Bring it, I pray you, to the P
 For there's the house; that c
 (Be it for nothing but to spit
 Upon mine hostess there:
 h'ste:
 Since mine own doors refuse
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see
 me.
 Ang. I'll meet you at that
 hence.
 Ant. E. Do so; This jest s
 expense.

SCENE II.—Th

Enter LUCIANA, and ANTYPE

Luc. And may it be that y

got

A husband's office? shall,

Even in the spring of love,

rot?

Shall love, in building, gr

If you did wed my sister for

Then, for her wealth's a

more kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do

Muffle your false love w

blindness:

Let not my sister read it in

Be not thy tongue thy ow

Look sweet, speak fair, bec

Apparel vice like virtue's

Bear a fair presence, thou

tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of

Be secret-false: What need

What simple thief brags

'Tis double wrong, to truan

And let her read it in thy

Shame hath a bastard fame,

Ill deeds are doubled with

Alas, poor women! make us

Being compact of credit,†

Though others have the a

sleeve;

We in your motion turn, s

Then, gentle brother, get yo

Comfort my sister, cheer b

'Tis holy sport, to be a little

When the sweet breath of

• By this time.

† Love-springs are young plants.

‡ I. e. Being made altogether of

§ Vain, is light of tongue.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is
 else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,) *[divine.]*
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
 show not.
 Then our earth's wonder; more than earth
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
 speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Another d in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll
 bet if that I am I, then well I know, *[yield.]*
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid,* with thy
 note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden
 hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to
 die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Lac. What, are you mad, that you do reason
 so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;† how, I do
 not know.

Lac. It is a fault that springeth from your
 eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
 being by.

Lac. Gaze where you should, and that will
 clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
 on night.

Lac. Why call you me love? call my sister
 so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Lac. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
 heart; *[aim,*

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Lac. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim
 thee:

Thou wilt I love, and with thee lead my life;
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Lac. O soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
[Exit Lac.]

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where
 wast thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dro-
 mio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
 thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man,
 and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how be-
 sides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due
 to a woman; one that claims me, one that
 haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would
 lay to your horse; and she would have me as a
 beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have
 me; but that she, being a very beastly creature,
 lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a
 one as a man may not speak of, without he say,
 sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the
 match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage?

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench,
 and all grease: and I know not what use to
 put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run
 from her by her own light. I warrant, her
 rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Po-
 land winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll
 burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,* like my shoe, but her face
 nothing like so clean kept; For why? she
 sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime
 of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood
 could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three
 quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will
 not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than
 from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe;
 I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ire-
 land?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found
 it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness: hard, in
 the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and revert-
 ed, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I
 could find no whiteness in them: but I guess,
 it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran
 between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot
 in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
 bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires,
 declining their rich aspect to the hot breath
 of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks†
 to be ballast to her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Nether-
 lands?

Dro. S. O, Sir, I did not look so low. To
 conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim
 to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was as-
 sur'd‡ to her; told me what privy marks I had
 about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the
 mole in my neck, the great wart on my left
 arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:
 and, I think, if my breast had not been made
 of faith, and my heart of steel, she had trans-
 formed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn
 i'the wheel.§

* Swartly.
 † Afflanced.

‡ Large ships.
 § A turn-wheel.

* Mermaid for siren.

† I. e. Confounded.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

his thee presently, post to the
 and blow any way from shore,
 harbour in this town to-night.
 out forth, come to the mart,
 I walk, till thou return to me.
 know us, and we know none,
 think, to trudge, pack, and be
 from bear a man would run for
 her that would be my wife.

[Exit.
 here's none but witches do inhabit
 'tis high time that I were hence.
 I call me husband, even my soul
 I abhor: but her fair sister,
 with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 charming presence and discourse,
 made me traitor to myself:
 I self be guilty to self-wrong,
 I ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Antipholus?
 that's my name.
 Now it well, Sir: Lo, here is the
 I have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
 I wish'd made me stay thus long.
 What is your will, that I should do
 at this?
 I please yourself, Sir; I have
 it for you.
 I made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it
 once, not twice, but twenty times
 have:
 but, and please your wife withal;
 at supper-time I'll visit you,
 I receive my money for the chain.
 I pray you, Sir, receive the money

ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
 I am a merry man, Sir; fare you
 [Exit.
 that I should think of this, I cannot
 think, there's no man is so vain,
 I refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I here needs not live by shifts,
 the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I art, and there for Dromio stay;
 I cut out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

CHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.
 I know, since pentecost the sum is
 I have not much importun'd you;
 I and not, but that I am bound
 I and want gilders* for my voyage:
 I take present satisfaction,
 I with you by this officer.
 I just the sum, that I do owe to
 I to me by Antipholus; (you,
 I constant that I met with you,
 I a chain; at five o'clock,
 I ve the money for the same:
 I walk with me down to his house,
 I ge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus
 Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you
 be comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the g
 go thou

And buy a rope's end; that
 Among my wife and her conf
 For locking me out of my do
 But soft, I see the goldsmith
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it

Dro. E. I buy a thousand
 buy a rope!

Ant. E. A man is well hol
 to you:

I promised your presence, an
 But neither chain, nor goldsm
 Belike, you thought our lov
 long,

If it were chain'd together
 came not.

Ang. Saving your merry hi
 note,

How much your chain weigh
 The fineness of the gold, and
 Which doth amount to three
 That I stand debted to this g
 I pray you, see him presently
 For he is bound to sea, and st

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd
 money:

Besides, I have some busines
 Good signior take the strange
 And with you take the chain,
 Disburse the sum on the recei
 Perchance, I will* be there a

Ang. Then you will bring
 yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with
 not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: Ha
 about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not,
 have;

Or else you may return witho
 Ang. Nay, come, I pray y
 the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for
 And I, to blame, have held h

Ant. E. Good lord, you use
 excuse

Your breach of promise to the
 I should have chid you for no
 But, like a shrew, you first be
 Mer. The hour steals on; .

despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he im
 chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my
 your money.

Ang. Come, come, you kno
 even now;

Either send the chain, or se
 Ant. E. Fie! now you run
 of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I
 Mer. My business cannot

liauce;

Good Sir, say, wher you'll an
 If not, I'll leave him to the off

Ant. E. I answer you! Wl
 swer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe
 Ant. E. I owe you none, I

chain.

† Angelo

to 12th.

to know I gave it you half an hour
ago.

You gave me none; you wrong me
both to say so.

It wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
how it stands upon my credit.

Will officer, arrest him at my suit,
and charge you in the duke's name,
to obey me.

It touches me in reputation:—
sent to pay this sum for me,
by you by this officer.

I consent to pay thee that I never had!
Foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

So is thy fee; arrest him officer;
I spare my brother in this case,
I scorn me so apparently.

I arrest you, Sir, you hear the suit.
I do obey thee, till I give thee
this:—

you shall buy this sport as dear
metal in your shop will answer.

Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
for your shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Master, there is a bark of Epidam-
nus,

but till her owner comes aboard,
Sir, bears away: our freightage,^a

I've stow'd aboard; and I have bought
of balsamum, and aqua-vitæ,

in her trim; the merry wind [all,
from land: they stay for nought at
sir owner, master, and yourself.

How now! a madman! Why thou
smearest sheep,

of Epidamnium stays for me?
A ship you sent me to, to hire waf-
fers.

From drunken slave, I sent thee for
wafers;

hence to what purpose and what end.
You sent me, Sir, for a rope's end
wafers:

me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
I will debate this matter at more
ease,

your ears to listen with more heed.
A villain, bid thee straight:
his key, and tell her, in the desk
wafers o'er with Turkish tapestry,
purse of ducats. let her send it;
am arrested in the street,
shall bail me: bid thee, slave; be
to prison till it come. [gone.

Exit MERCHANT, ANGELO, OFFICER,
and ANT. K.

To Adriana! that is where he din'd,
wafers did claim me for her hus-
band.

Wafers, I hope, for me to compass.
Must, although against my will,
to must their master's minds fulfil.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
thou perceive austerely in his eye
d plead in earnest, yea or no? [ly?

It or red, or pale; or sad, or merry-
th, says. † Still. ‡ Carriage.

What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?^a

Lac. First, he denied you had in him no
right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more
my spite.

Lac. Then swore he, that he was a stranger
here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forewarn'd
he were.

Lac. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Lac. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd
of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy
love?

Lac. With words, that in an honest suit might
move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Lac. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have
his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and severe,[†]
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[‡] worse in mind.

Lac. Who would be jealous then of such a
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone. [gone?

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were
worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;[§]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue
do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet
now, make haste.

Lac. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he
well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than
hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment^{||} hath him
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; [steel;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one than
countermands [lands;

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-
foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor
souls to hell.[¶]

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter? he is
'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose
suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is ar-
rested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him,
that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
money in the desk?

^a An allusion to the redness of the northern lights,
likened to the appearance of armies.

[†] Dry, withered.

[‡] Marked by nature with deformity.

[§] Who crieth most where her nest is not.

^{||} The officers in those days were clad in buff, which is
also a cant expression for a man's skin.

[¶] Hell was the cant term for 'prison.'

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

er.—This I wonder at,
[Exit LUCIANA.

e, should be in debt:
d on a band?"
and, but on a stronger

ou not hear it ring?

bell: 'tis time, that I

m, and now the clock

back! that did I never

hour meet a sergeant,
r very fear.

e in debt! how fondly
n?

y bankrupt, and owes
worth to season.

ave you not heard men

g on by night and day?
left, and a sergeant in

[day?
urn back an hour in a

CIANA.

ere's the money, bear

home immediately.—
ress'd down with con-

and my injury.

[Exit.

—The same.

as of Syracuse.

a man I meet, but doth

acquainted friend;

t me by my name.

me, some invite me;

anks for kindnesses;

ties to buy:

t me in his shop, [me,

that he had bought for

measure of my body.

ginary wiles,

inhabit here.

of Syracuse.

's the gold you sent me

got the picture of old

this? what Adam dost

am, that kept the para-

that keeps the prison:

s skin that was killed

t came behind you, Sir,

id bid you forsake your

thee not.

s a plain case: he that

n a case of leather; the

gentlemen are tired,

ests them; he, Sir, that

men, and gives them

nt sets up his rest to do

s mace, than a morris-

mean't an officer?

sergeant of the band;

an to answer it, that

† Fanciful conception.

breaks his band: one that thi
ways going to bed, and says
good rest.

Ant. S. Well, Sir, there rest i
Is there any ship puts forth to-
be gone?

Dro. S. Why, Sir, I brough
hour since, that the bark Expe
to-night! and then were you l
sergeant, to tarry for the boy,
are the angels that you sent for,

Ant. S. The fellow is distract
And here we wander in illusion
Some blessed power deliver us

Enter a COURTIZA

Cour. Well met, well met,
pholus,

I see, Sir, you have found the
Is that the chain you promis'd

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I cha
me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistr
Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, al
dam; and here she comes in the

wench; and thereof comes, th
say, God damn me, that's as

God makes me a light wench. It

appear to men like angels of li
effect of fire, and fire will bu

wenches will burn; Come not

Cour. Your man and you
merry, Sir.

Will you go with me? We'll m

Dro. S. Master, if you do exp

or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must hav

that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fend I

me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sore

I conjure thee to leave me, and

Cour. Give me the ring of m

dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain

And I'll be gone, Sir, and not

Dro. S. Some devils ask br

one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood

A nut, a cherry-stone: but she,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you g

The devil will shake her chair

with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, the ri

chain;

I hope, you do not mean to ch

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch!

let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the

truss, that you know.

[Exit

Cour. Now, out of doubt, An

Else would he never so demea.

A ring he hath of mine worth

And for the same he promised

Both one, and other, he denies

The reason that I gather he is

(Resides this present instance

Is a mad tale, he told to-day

Of his own doors being shut

trance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted

On purpose shut the doors ag

My way is now, to his house

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to loan. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an OFFICER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

See comes my man; I think, he brings the money.

How now, Sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dr. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dr. E. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dr. E. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee bid thee home?

Dr. E. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end I am return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.]

Of. Good Sir, be patient.

Dr. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Of. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dr. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dr. E. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dr. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep, raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat, and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the COURTIZAN, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dr. E. Mistress, respice faciem, respect your end, or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Repeat the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

* Correct them all.

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy.
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, bound within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness bid thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion* with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dr. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dr. E. Perdy,† your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dr. E. Sans fable,‡ she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dr. E. Certes,§ she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dr. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you.
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dr. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dr. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

* Fellow

† A corruption of the French *ouïs*—pardon.

‡ Without a fable.

§ Certainly.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

husband, lock thee

ter, I receiv'd no

were lock'd out.

thou speak'st false

ot, thou art false in

carned pack, [all;

scorn of me:

uck out those false

he shameful sport.

ants bind ANT. and

him, let him not

the bond is strong

ow pale and was

murder me? Thou

a suffer them

shall not have him.

for he is frantic too.

thou peevish* offi-

retched man [cer?

to himself?

il I let him go,

quir'd of me.

ere I go from thee:

reditor, [it.

grows, I will pay

safe convey'd

st unhappy day!

strumpet!

enter'd in bond

in! wherefore dost

and for nothing? be

— [mad,

how idly do they

—Sister, go you

stants with ANT.

crested at!

with; Do you know

what is the sum he

oe!

ur husband had of

chain for me, but

band, all in rage,

away my ring,

eger now,)

with a chain.

nd never see it:—

re the goldsmith is,

reat at large.

ur, with his rapier

f Syracuse.

they are loose

ky, & c. mischievous.

Adr. And come with me
call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[Exeunt OFFICERS

Ant. S. I see these witch

swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be

ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur

from thence:

I long, that we were safe and

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this

surely do us no harm; you sa

fair, give us gold: methinks,

gentle nation, that but for the

flesh that claims marriage of

in my heart to stay here still,

Ant. S. I will not stay to-

town;

Therefore away, to get our s

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The

Enter MERCHANT and

Ang. I am sorry, Sir, tha

But, I protest, he had the ch

Though most dishonestly he

Mer. How is the man este

city?

Ang. Of very reverend rep

Of credit infinite, highly bel

Second to none that lives her

His word might bear my we

Mer. Speak softly: yonde

walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DRO

Ang. 'Tis so; and that sel

neck,

Which he forswore, most mon

Good Sir, draw near to me, I

Signior Antipholus, I wonde

That you would put me to this

And not without some scand

With circumstance, and oath

This chain, which now you w

Besides the charge, the shar

You have done wrong to this:

Who, but for staying on our

Had hoisted sail, and put to

This chain you had of me, ca

Ant. S. I think, I had; I r

Mer. Yes, that you did, S

it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to

swear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, t

hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity

To walk where any honest m

Ant. S. Thou art a villain

thus:

I'll prove mine honour, and

Against thee presently, if the

Mer. I dare, and do defy t

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, (

others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not,

he is mad:—

* Scap.

me, take his sword away:
and bear them to my house.
Enter, run; for God's sake,
haste.

—In, or we are spoil'd.
and DRONIO to the Priory.

Enter the ABBESS.

people; Wherefore throng
thy poor distracted husband

if we may bind him fast,
for his recovery.
was not in his perfect wits.
now, that I did draw on

with this possession held the

he hath been heavy, sour,

different from the man he
was; his passion [was;
extremity of rage.
lost much wealth by wreck

friend? Hath not else his
in unlawful love? [eye
such in youthful men,
is the liberty of gazing.
rows is he subject to
these, except it be the last;
e, that drew him oft from

I for that have reprehended

lid.
rough enough.
as my modesty would let

private.
implies too.
enough.
copy of our conference:
of for my urging it;
of for my urging it;
subject of my theme;
in glanced it;
it was vile and bad.
if came it, that the man was

rs of a jealous woman
y than a mad dog's tooth.
were hinder'd by thy rail-

it that his head is light.
eat was sauc'd with thy up-

ke ill digestions,
fire of fever bred;
r but a fit of madness?
ports were hinder'd by thy

arr'd, what doth ensue,
ll melancholy,
and comfortless despair;)
a huge infectious troop
atures, and foes to life?
and life-preserving rest
ould mad or man, or beast;
s then, thy jealous fits
usband from the use of wits.
eprehended him but mildly,
d himself rough, rude, and

with him.
f The theme.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wife again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again:—
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband
And all it doth beseech your holiness, [here;
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [Exit ABBESS.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE attended; ÆGON bare-headed;
with the Headman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the Abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus,
my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

* I. e. To bring him back to his senses. † Part. ‡ Red.
§ Impotent. || I. e. To take measures. ¶ Know.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[ACT V.

had the guard of

t and himself,
ion, with drawn

ent on us,
of more aid,

then they fled
pursued them;

gates on us,
h him out,

ve may bear him
(mand,

ke, with thy com-
ad borne hence fur

band serv'd me in

ee's word,
master of thy bed,

good I could.—
abbey-gate,

to me;
I stir.

ANT.
s, shift and save

both broke loose,
nd bound the doc-

ed off with brands

hrew on him
to quench the hair:

to him, while
him like a fool:

some present help,
the conjurer.

aster and his man

report to us.
ife, I tell you true;

since I did see it.
if he can take you,

disfigure you:
(Cry within.

stress; fly, be gone.
me, fear nothing:

s.
and! Witness you,

able:
the abbey here;

thought of human

omio of Ephesus.
racious duke, oh,

g since I did thee,
wars, and took

even for the blood
grant me justice.

oath doth make me

nd Dromio,
ince, against that

to be my wife;
nour'd me,

ight of injury I
wrong,

less thrown on me.
thou shalt find me

other.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots^e feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Asr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my
sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Lac. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Asg. O perjor'd woman! They are both ser-
sworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albert, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with

her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman, (dow,
There did this perjor'd goldsmith swear me

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the

He did arrest me with an officer. (which,
I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,

To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them

They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd
A mere anatomy, a mountebank, (villain,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outlacing me,

Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;

And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound to-

gether;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Asg. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him;

That he dined not at home but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or not?

Asg. He had, my lord: and when he ran
here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of
mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first foreswore it on the mart,

And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey
walls,

^e Harlot was a term of reproach applied to women
such as well as to women living women.

Not ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;

If he were mad, he would not plead so cold.
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Surrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go all the Abbess hither;

I think you are all mated,* or stark mad.

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, wilt thou?

Ege. Is not your name, Sir, call Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures† in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, Sir; but I am sure, I do not;
And whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

But thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor
In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grain'd face of mine be hid
In up-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,

Long lamp some fading glimmer left,
To deaf ears a little use to hear:

So old witnesses (I cannot err,)—
You art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

'Thou know'st, we parted:

son,
Thou sham'st to acknowl—

Ant. E. The duke, and the city,

Can witness with me that it is:

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan:

Have I been patron to Antiph—

During which time he ne'er as I see, thy age and dangers ma—

Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Ant. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Aegeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man That had'st a wife once call'd Emilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons: O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak, And speak unto the same Emilia!

Ege. If I dream not, thou art Emilia; If thou art she, tell me, where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I, And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnus:

What then became of them, I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;*

These two Antipholuses, these two so like, And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,— These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Ant. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Ant. And are you not my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so; And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother.—What I told you then, I hope, I shall have leisure to make good; If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

* Continued.

† Alteration of features.

‡ Forward, lead.

* The morning story is what Aegeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[ACT V.

which you had

deny it not.
is chain arrest-

by it not.
to be your bail,
ought it not.

I receiv'd from

them me :
her's man,
e for me,
rose.

I for my father

father hath his

diamond from

much thanks for

safe to take the
ere, [pays
d all our for-

his place,
lay's error
us company,
tion.—

one in travail
present hour,
d —

children both,
nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;
After so long grief, such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this
feast.

[Exeunt DUKE, ADDRESS, EZZON, COURTE-
ZAN, MERCHANT, ANGELLO, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in
the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master,
Dromio :

Come, go with us : we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADZ.
and LCC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, Sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try
it ?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior : till
then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus : [ther :

We came into the world, like brother and bro-
And now let's go hand in hand, not one be-
fore another. [Exeunt.

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.		An English Doctor.—A Scotch Doctor.
MALCOLM, his Son.		A Soldier.—A Porter.—An old Man.
DONALBAIN, } his Sons.		
MACBETH, } Generals of the King's	Army.	LADY MACBETH.
BANQUO, }		LADY MACDUFF.
MACDUFF, }		Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
LENOX, }		HUCCATE, and three Witches.
ROSS, }		
MENTETH, }		Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murder-
ANGUS, }		ers, Attendants, and Messengers.
CATHNERS, }		
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.		The Ghost of Banquo, and several other
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, G	eneral of	Apparitions.
the English Forces.		
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son		SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in
SEYTON, an Officer attending on Mac		England; through the rest of the play, in
beth in Macduff.		Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[WITCHES vanish.]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alrum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with ATTENDANTS, meeting a bleeding SOLDIER.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can re-
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt [port,
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that, [wald
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel; smiling,

* Tumult.

† I.e. Supplied with light and heavy armed troops.

‡ Came.

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too
weak: [name,]

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him, [chaps,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break; [come,

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
Discomfort* swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth,† I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,‡

I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;

* The opposite to comfort.

† Make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.

‡ Truth.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

Go, get him sur-
rounders, attended.

Roar.
through his eyes

range.

worthy thane?

float* the sky,

numbers,

traitor

small conflict:

app'd in proof,†

parisons,

arm 'gainst arm,

d, to conclude,

[Lion;

craves composi-

of his men,

mes' inch,

general use.

1 Cawdor shall

ounce his death,

Macbeth.

ole Macbeth hath

[Exeunt.

under.—Enter the

been, sister?

had chesnuts in

and mounch'd:—

[cries.

ump-fed ronyon||

ne, master o'the

nd.

he other;

ow

lay,

s nine,

ne:

ed,

it's thumb,

come,

[Drum within.

means Mary.

A vault, beyond.

Sailor's chief.

Ad. The weird sisters,* hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forest?—What

are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you such

That man may question? You seem to under-

stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be

king hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start; and seem

to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of

Are ye fantastical; or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great pro-

duction

Of noble having,† and of royal hops, [ast:

That he seems rapt; withal; to me you speak

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which

will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou

be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me

more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge

you. [Witches consult.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water

has,

And these are of them:—Whither are they ve-

nish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd cor-

poral melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak

about?

[Or have we eaten of the insane root,‡

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

* Prophetic sisters.

† Estate.

‡ The root which makes insane.

† Supernatural, spiritual.

‡ Excessively affected.

MACBETH.

shall be king.
And thane of Cawdor too; went it
so?
The self-same tune, and words.
He's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

He king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,
Of thy success: and when he reads
all venture in the rebels' fight,
His praises do contend,
And he thine, or his: Silence'd with
it.

Over the rest o' the self-same day,
Was in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Hard of what thyself didst make,
Edges of death. As thick as tale,*
With post; and every one did bear
In his kingdom's great defence,
And then down before him.

Were sent,
And from our royal master, thanks;
Hee into his sight, not pay thee.
And, for an earnest of a greater ho-
nor,
And from him, call thee thane of Caw-
dor; hail, most worthy thane!

Can the devil speak true?
Is thane of Cawdor lives; Why do
I dress me
In robes?

Was the thane, lives yet;
Heavy judgement bears that life
Deserves to lose. Whether he was
Rich Norway; or did line the rebel
In help and vantage; or that with
In his country's wreck, I know not;
Is capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Hrown him.

Amis, the thane of Cawdor:
It is behind.—Thanks for your
Dues.—

Hope your children shall be kings,
That gave the thane of Cawdor to
Less to them? [me,
It, trusted home,
Kindlet you unto the crown,
Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.
Does, to win us to our harm,
Sents of darkness tell us truths;
In honest trifles, to betray us
Consequence.—

Word, I pray you.
So truths are told,
Eclogues to the swelling act
Of thine theme. I thank you, gentle-
man, soliciting; [men.—
It; cannot be good.—If ill,
It given me earnest of success,
In a truth? I am thane of Caw-
dor.

Do I yield to that suggestion?
And image doth unfix my hair,
My seated heart knock at my ribs,
Of use of nature? Present fears
Are horrible imaginings [cal,
Whose murder yet is but fantasti-
cal single state of man, that function
In surmise; and nothing is,
Not.

they could be counted. † Title.
‡ Excitement.
§ Firmly fixed.
|| View of action are expressed by conjecture.

Ben. Look, how our
Macb. If chance will
Chance may crown.
Without my stir.

Ben. New honours come
Like our strange garments;
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour* runs through the
Ben. Worthy Macbeth, we stay
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour;—
Was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind
Are register'd where every
The leaf to read them.—
king.—

Think upon what hath
The interim having
Our free hearts each
Ben. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come

4.
Think upon what hath
The interim having
Our free hearts each

Ben. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come

SCENE IV.—Fores.—A Room.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
BAIN, LENOX, and ATTENDANTS.

Dun. Is execution done on
Those in commission yet return
Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it, he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,†
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face;‡
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less de-
serv'd; [ment

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The services and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and
servants; [thing

Which do but what they should, by doing every
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing;—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ben. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,

* Time and opportunity. † Pardon
‡ Owned, possessed.
§ We cannot construe the disposition of the mind by
the lineaments of the face. || Exultation.

MACBETH.

[ACT I.]

pon [ter,
ve name hereaf-
ch honour must
m only,
stars, shall shine
to Inverness,
which is not us'd
and make joyful
our approach;
erland!—That is
r else o'er-leap,
[Aside,
hide your fires!
deep desires:
let that be,
is done, to see.
[Exit.
he is full so va-
fed; [liant;
alter him,
and us welcome:
ourish. *Exeunt.*

A Room in
le.
ting a letter.
day of success;
test report, they
knowledge. When
m further, they
h they vanished.
der of it, came
buted me, Thane
fore, these weird
me to the coming
that shalt be!
deliver thee, my
ut thou mightest
y being ignorant
er. Lay it to thy
and shalt be
t do I fear thy
n kindness,
u would'st be
without [great,
t. What thou
[false,
ould'st not play
thou'd'st have,
[have it;
nnat do, if thou
tear to do,
He thee further,
thine ear;
my tongue
golden round,
and doth seem
—What is your

NT.
to-night.
at;
do, wer't so,
ration.
me; our thane

the best intelligence.
Supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
Than would make up his message. [more
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse, [Exit ATTENDANT.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you
spirits
That tend on mortal^a thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall[†] thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife[‡] see not the wound it
makes; [dark,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
To cry, Hold, Hold!—Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,[§] and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where
May read strange matters:—To beguile the
time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the in-
cent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch[¶]
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour[¶] ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.—Before the Castle.
Hautboys.—Servants of MACBETH attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN, Ban-
quo, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and
Attendants.

Dun. This castle bath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's
breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor cignoe of vantage,^{**} but this bird
made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
they

^a Murderous. [†] Pity [‡] Wrap as in a mantle
[§] Knife anciently meant a sword or dagger.
[¶] I. e. Beyond the present time, which is according
to the process of nature ignorant of the future.
^{**} Look, countenance. ** Convenient corner.

SCENE VII.]

MACBETH.

Most heed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess:
The love that follows us, sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
How you shall bid God yield^a us for your
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
Is every point twice done, and then done dou-
ble,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with

Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your berms.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We court'd him at the heels, and had a pur-
veyor: but he rides well, [pose
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
ho'p him

In his house before us: Fair and noble hostess,
Be our guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
love theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
make their and at your highness' pleasure,
to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
What me to mine host, we love him highly,
I shall continue our graces towards him.
your leave, hostess.

SCENE VII.—The same.—A Room in the
Castle.

Enter, and pass over the
a, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

done quickly: If the assassination
trammel upon the consequence, and

catch,
increase, success; that but this blow

the be-all and the end-all here,
upon this bank and shoul of time,—

up the life to come.—But, in these
have judgement here; that we but

instructions, which, being taught, re-
the inventor: This even-handed jus-
the ingredients of our poison'd

lips. He's here in double trust.
am his kinsman and his subject,

against the deed, then, as his host,
against his murderer shut the door,

the knife myself. Besides, this
can

his faculties so meek, hath been
is great office, that his virtues

like angels, trumpet-tongued,
not

ination of his taking off:
s a naked new-born babe,

last, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
less couriers of the air,

horrid deed in every eye,
I drown the wind.—I have no

mis shall ever pray for you.

and from his placing the dishes on the
Winds, sightless is invisible.

To prick the sides of my intent, but on
Vanishing ambition, which o'er-leaps the
And falls on the other.—How now, what

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in
business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their new
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it sh

And wakes it now, to look so green and pa
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou hav

that
Which thou esteem'st at the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. P'rythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you

would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor
Did then adhere,* and yet you would make

both:
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless

gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard jour-
ney

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassell so convince,<†
That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?‡

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,¶
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy

two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very dag-
gers,

That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
In the same sense as others.

* In the same sense as others.
† Overpower.
‡ Murder.

† Intemperance.
‡ Seizure.
¶ Apprehended.

MACBETH.

to this terrible feat.
 e time with fairest show :
 what the false heart doth
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

—Court within the Castle.

FLEANCE, and a Servant,
 ch before them.

e night, boy ?
 down ; I have not heard

s down at twelve.
 ater, Sir.

my sword :—There's hus-
 heaven,

out.—Take thee that too.
 es like lead upon me,

sleep: Merciful powers !
 sed thoughts, that nature

!—Give me my sword ;—
 d a Servant with a torch.

ot yet at rest? The king's

snal pleasure, and
 esset to your offices ;†

ets your wife withal, [op's
 t kind hostess ; and shut

ut.
 apar'd,

servant to defect ;
 ee have wrought.

of the three weird sisters :
 w'd some truth.

of them :
 treat an hour to serve,

ome words upon that busi-
 he time.

st leisure.
 cleave to my consent,—

for you.
 e,

nt it, but still keep
 , and allegiance clear,

e, the while !
 'The like to you !

[Exit Banquo.
 mistress, when my drink

bell. Get thee to bed.
 [Exit Servant.

ch I see before me,
 my hand? Come, let me

yet I see thee still.
 sion, sensible

at? or art thou but
 d, a false creation,

heat-oppressed brain?
 m as palpable

draw.
 the way that I was going ;

pent I was to use. [see,
 the fools o' the other sen-

rest: I see thee still ;
 and dudgeon,] gouts¶ of

† Bounty.
 od to servants. } Conclude.
 ¶ Drops.

Which was not so before.—
 thing ;

It is the bloody business, w
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now

world
 Nature seems dead, and wic

The curtain'd sleep ; now wit
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and

Alarum'd by his sentinel, th
 Whose howl's his watch, thu

With Tarquin's ravishing su
 design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou
 earth,

Hear not my steps, which w
 Thy very stones prate of my

And take the present horror
 Which now suits with it.—W

lives ;
 Words to the heat of deed

gives.
 I go, and it is done ; the bel

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it
 That summons thee to leave

SCENE II.—Th

Enter Lady Mac

Lady M. That which hath
 hath made me bold

What hath quench'd them, h
 —Hark !—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd,
 Which gives the stern'at g

about it:
 The doors are open ; and the

Do mock their charge witl
 drugg'd their posset

That death and nature do co
 Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's th
 Lady M. Alack! I am

awak'd,
 And 'tis not done :—the att

Confounds us :—Hark !—I
 ready,

He could not miss them.—F
 My father as he slept, I had

band?
 Enter Macb

Macb. I have done the d
 not hear a noise!

Lady M. I heard the owl
 crickets cry.

Did you not speak?
 Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.
 Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.
 Macb. Hark !—

Who lies i'the second chamb
 Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sigh
 [L

Lady M. A foolish thought
 sight.

Macb. There's one did laug
 one cried, murder!

That they did wake each o
 heard them:

But they did say their praye
 Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lo
 Macb. One cried, God ble

the other ;

I seen me, with these hangman's
k.

In fear, I could not say, Amen,
In say, God bless us.

Consider it not so deeply,
Wherefore could not I pronounce,
A?

Word of blessing, and Amen
Throat.

These deeds must not be thought
Upon, so, it will make us mad.
Thought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep
ore!

Murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sle up the ravel'd sleavet of care,
Each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Minds, great nature's second course,
Or in life's feast;—

What do you mean?

It cried, Sleep no more! to all the
B:

Murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!
'Ho was it that thus cried? Why,
By thine,

And your noble strength, to think
Of things.—Go, get some water,
To filthy witness from your hand.—
Bring these daggers from the
B?

There. Go, carry them; and smear
Rooms with blood.

Go no more.

O think what I have done;

Ain, I dare not.

Confirm of purpose? [dead,
daggers. The sleeping, and the
ictures. 'tis the eye of childhood,
Painted devil. If he do bleed,
Faces of the grooms withal,
Seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within
ence is that knocking?

h me, when every noise appals me?
are here? Ha! they pluck out
e eyes!

A Neptune's ocean wash this blood
my hand? No; this my hand will
linous seas intarnardine,† [rather
green—one red

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

My hands are of your colour; but
une [knocking

cast so white. [Knock.] I hear a
entry.—retire we to our chamber
er clears us of this deed

ist then? Your constancy
unattended.—[Knocking.] Hark!
re knocking.

nightgown, lest occasion call us,
to be watchers.—Be not lost
your thoughts.

know my deed,—'twere best not
rev myself. [Knock.

an with thy knocking! Ay, 'would
u could'st! [Exit

SCENE III.—The same.

PORTER.—[Knocking within]
re's a knocking, indeed! If a man
of hell-gate, he should have old
key. [Knocking] Knock, knock,

† Sleeve is unwrought silk
ordine is to stain of a flesh colour

knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the
expectation of plenty. Come in time, have
baphins" enough about you, here you'll swant
for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Who's
there, i'the devil's name? Faith, here's an
equivocator, that could swear in both the scales
against either scale, who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate
to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.
[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's
there? Faith here's an English tailor come
hither for stealing out of a French hose. Come
in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet!
What are you?—But this place is too cold for
hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had
thought to have let in some of all professions,
that go the primrose way to the everlasting
bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you,
remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to
That you do lie so late? [bed,

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great pro-
voker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance. Therefore, much drink may
be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it
makes him, and it mars him, it sets him on,
and it takes him off, it persuades him, and dis-
heartens him, makes him stand to, and not
stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very throat o'me:
But I requited him for his lie, and, I think,
being too strong for him, though he took up
my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast
him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him, here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
I have almost slipp'd the hour. [him;

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics;
This is the door. [pain.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.† [Exit MACDUFF

Len. Goes the king

From hence to-day?

Macb. He does.—He did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we
lay, [say,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams
of death,

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

• Handkerchiefs.

† &c. Affords a cordial to it.

‡ Conkerning.

§ Appointed service.

MACBETH.

The obscure
[earth
some say, the

cannot parallel

horror! Tongue,

see!
ter?

made his master-

h broke ope

and stole thence

he life?

ber, and destroy

t bid me speak;

elves.—Awake!

ETH and LENOX.

r' and treason!

colm' awake!

th's counterfeit,

p, up, and see

Malcolm! Ban-

[sprights,

, and walk like

[Bell rings.

ETH.

ss,

alls to parley

ak, speak,—

I can speak:

ar, [quo!

) Banquo! Ban-

but thyself,

LENOR.

hour before this

from this instant,

rtality:

erace, is dead;

l the meer lets

NALBAIN.

know it:

ain of your blood

it is stopp'd.

murder'd.

as it seem'd, had

[blood,

all badg'd with

b, unwip'd, we

[found

ed; no man's life

make an affirmative,

on in our author.

Macb. 1), yet I do repent
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you
Macb. Who can be wise, an
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a mom

The expedition of my violent

Out-ran the pauser reason.—

His silver skin lac'd with his

And his gash'd stabs look'd

nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance:

Steep'd in the colours of th

daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gr

That had a heart to love, and

Courage, to make his love kn

Lady M. Help me hence, h

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our

That most may claim this arg

Don. What should be spok

Where our fate, hid within a

May rush, and seize us? Let's

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow

The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[Lady Macb

And when we have our naked

That suffer in exposure, let us

And question this most blood;

To know it further. Fears aw

us:

In the great hand of God

Against the undivulg'd pretel

Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on

And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all bu

Mal. What will you do? I

with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is

Which the false man does ca

Don. To Ireland, I; our se

Shall keep us both the safer:

There's daggers in men's smil

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft

Hath not yet lighted; and ou

ls, to avoid the aim. Therefo

And let us not be dainty of le

But shift away: There's warr

Which steals itself, when the

SCENE IV.—Without

Enter ROSS and an

Old M. Threescore and ten

well:

Within the volume of which th

Hours dreadful, and things s

sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

Thou see'st, the heavens, a

man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: t

day,

And yet dark night strangle

Is it night's predominance, or

* Covered with blood to their hilt.

† Power. ‡ Im

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, [last,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out, [make
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of
mine eyes, [Macduff:—
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon
them

suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Trifles ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to
Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there;—adieu!—

Let our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you: and
with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Drum sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice [rous,]
(Which still hath been both grave and prospe-
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that ~~to-morrow~~;
When, therewithal, we shall have ~~some~~ of
state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of
foot;
And so I do commend* you to their backs.
Farewell— [Exit BANQUO.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be
with you.

[Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our plea-
sure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the pa-
lace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit ATTEN.]
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty† of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis
much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd‡ my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-
der'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,

* Intend to themselves

* Commit.

† Nobleness.

‡ For defiled.

MACBETH.

of Banquo kings'
into the list,
France's—Who's

two MURDERERS.

ere till we call.

Exit ATTENDANT.

ke together?

our highness.

speeches? Know,

past, which held

[been

you thought, had

le good to you

ss'd in probation.

nd, how cross'd:

nd all things else,

raz'd,

n to us.

further, which is

Do you find

nt in your nature,

Are you so gos-

nd for his issue,

d you to the grave,

ge

ve go for men:

, mongrels, span-

[eleped?

demi-wolves, are

valued the

low, the subtle,

r, every one

ounteous nature

y he does receive

he bill

and so of men.

the file,

manhood, say it;

in your bosoms,

nemy off;

nd love of us,

ly in his life,

fect.

ifets of the world

teekless† what

g'd† with fortune,

any chance,

emy.

nd in such bloody

g thrusts [could

. And though I

keep him from my

yet I must not,

+ Proted. † Deluded.

cripts of the Counsel.

† Tide, description.

† Mortal enmity

For* certain friends that a
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop.

Whom I myself struck down:

That I to your assistance do

Masking the business from th

For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command:

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine thr

in this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to pl

Acquaint you with the perfec

The moment on't; for't must

And something from the

thought,

That I require a clearness: A

(To leave no rubs, nor botche

Flance his son, that keeps h

Whose absence is no less mat

Than is his father's. must em

(Of that dark hour. Resolve:

I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, m

Macb. I'll call upon you stra

in.

It is concluded:—Banquo,

If it find heaven, must find it

SCENE II.—The same.—

Enter Lady MACBETH, an

Lady M. Is Banquo gone fr

Serr. Ay, madam, but retur

Lady M. Say to the king, I

For a few words.

Serr. Madam, I will.

Lady M. Nought's had, all

Where our desire is got with

'Tis safer to be that which we

Than, by destruction, dwell i

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord? why do

(Of sorries† fancies your com

Using those thoughts, whic

have died

With them they think on?

Should be without regard:

done.

Macb. We have scotch'd th

it;

She'll close, and be herself;

Remains in danger of her for

But let

The frame of things disjoint,

Ere we will eat our meal in t

In the affliction of these terril

That shake us nightly: Be

dead,

Whom we, to gain our pla

Than on the torture of the mi

In restless ecstasy.‡ Danc

After life's fitful fever, he sl

Treason has done his worst

poison.

Malice domestic, foreign lev

Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er ye

Be bright and jovial 'mong

night.

Macb. So, shall I, love; m

you:

* Because of. † Most melanc

membrance apply to Banquo;
in eminence,* both with eye and
tongue; that we
our honours in these flattering

our faces vizards to our hearts,
what they are.

You must leave this.

I, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
life!

What, that Banquo, and his Fleance,
But in them nature's copy's not
true.

There's comfort yet, they are assail-
ed;

you jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
and flight; ere, to black Hecate's
summons,

home beetle; with his drowsy
night's yawning peal, there shall be
a dreadful note.

What's to be done?

I innocent of the knowledge, dearest
back,

applaud the deed. Come, seeling
the tender eye of pitiful day;

thy bloody and invisible hand,
and tear to pieces, that great bond
toss me pale!--Light thickens; and
crow

ing to the rocky wood:

ps of day begin to droop and drowse;
gh's black agents to their prey do
use.

r'llest at my words; but hold thee
and begun, make strong themselves by
it.

be, go with me

II.—The same.—A Park or Lawn,
a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three MURDERERS.

But who did bid thee join with us?
Macbeth.

He needs not our mistrust, since he
divers

it, and what we have to do,
action just.

Then stand with us.

yet glimmers with some streaks of

the lated traveller apace,

a timely ion, and near approaches

it of our watch.

Hark! I hear horses.

Fifthly.] Give us a light there, ho!

Then it is he; the rest

within the note of expectation, I

re it the court.

His horses go about.

Almost a mile: but he does usually,

do, from hence to the palace gate

our walk.

BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a

torch preceding them.

A light, a light!

Tis he.

Stand to't.

will be run to-night.

Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.

the highest honours.

a copy, the lease, by which they hold their

state, has its time of termination.

is borne in the air by its shards or scaly wings.

of endowment.

it who are set down in the list of guests, and

upper.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.

2 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down, the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much

is done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady
MALBETH, ROSS, LENOX, LORDS, and AT-
TENDANTS.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit
down at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society.

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state,* but in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our

friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first MURDERER, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks.—

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he with-

Is he despatch'd?

[in.

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did

for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats:

Yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else

been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air: [in

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safer

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he

bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

[died,

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-

morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit MURDERER.

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best

at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat in ceremony,

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in

MACBETH'S place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's ho-

nour roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo pre-

* Continues in her chair of state.

MACBETH.

babe,
 slab :
 cauldron,*
 and trouble ;
 bubble.
 baboon's blood,
 good.
 three WITCHES.
 end your pains ;
 he gains.
 sing,
 ng,
 in.
 ite,
 y ;
 cle,
 ay.
 of my thumbs,
 comes :—
 e
 TH.
 secret, black, and
 ne.
 at which you pro-
 it,) answer me :
 and let them fight
 the yesty† waves
 gation up ;
 dg'd,‡ and trees
 on their warders'
 la, do slope
 tions ; though the
 e all together,
 , answer me
 rather hear it from
 ee them.
 's blood, that bath
 se, that's sweaten
 bbet, throw
 w
 ty‡ show.
 of an Armed Head
 own power,—
 ought ;
 ou nought.
 Macbeth! beware
 .—Dismiss me :—
 { Descends.
 t, for thy good cau-
 Laid flat by wind or rain.
 ve begun to sprout.

Thou hast harp'd* my fear
 word more :—
 1 Witch. He will not be co
 More potent than the first.
 Thunder.—An APPARITION
 rises.
 App. Macbeth! Macbeth!
 Macb. Had I three ears, I
 App. Be bloody, bold,
 And resolute : laugh to sc
 For none of woman born sha
 Macb. Then live, Macduff
 of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance
 And take a bond of fate : th
 That I may tell pale-hearted
 And sleep in spite of thund
 Thunder.—A APPARITION
 with a Tree in his H
 That rises like the issue of a
 And wears upon his baby b
 And top of sovereignty †
 All. Listen, but speak not
 App. Be lion-mettled, pr
 care
 Who chafes, who frets, or wh
 Macbeth shall never vanqui
 Great Birnam wood to high
 Shall come against him.
 Macb. That will never be
 Who can impress the forest
 Unfix his earth-bound root?
 good!
 Rebellious head, rise never,
 Of Birnam rise, and our h
 Shall live the lease of natur
 To time, and mortal custom
 Throbs to know one thing ;
 art
 Can tell so much,) shall Ba
 Reign in this kingdom?
 All. Seek to know no mor
 Macb. I will be satisfied :
 And an eternal curse fall
 know :—
 Why sinks that cauldron? :
 this?
 1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch
 Show!
 All. Show his eyes, and g
 Come like shadows, so dep
 Eight Kings appear, and pas
 order; the last with a
 Bonaquo following.
 Macb. Thou art too like th
 down!
 Thy crown does scar min
 thy hair,
 Thou other gold-boun
 A third is like the former :—
 Why do you show me this?
 eyes!
 What! will the line stretch
 doom?||
 Another yet?—A seventh?
 And yet the eighth appears,
 Which shows me many mo
 * Truched on a passion as a har
 † The round is that part of a cr
 head : the top is the ornament w
 ‡ Who can command the forest
 dier impressed.
 § Musc. || The dinst

alls and treble scepters carry :
—Ay, now, I see 'tis true ;
Miller'd* Banquo smiles upon

men for his.—What, is this so ?
Sir, all this is so :—But why
: thus amazedly ?—
hear we up his sprights,†
rest of our delights ;
is to give a sound,
was the antique round :
king may kindly say,
his welcome pay.
The Witches dance, and vanish.
: are they ? Gone ?—Let this
me hour
wed in the calender !—
at there !

Enter LENOX.

your grace's will ?
in the weird sisters ?
lord.
they not by you ?
red, my lord.
d be the air whereon they ride ;
I those that trust them !—I did

f horse : Who was't came by ?
or three, my lord, that bring
rd,
o England,
o England ?
good lord.
hou anticipat'et; my dread ex-
mase never is o'erlook, (plots :
go with it : From this moment,
gs of my heart shall be
my hand. And even now
oughts with acts, be it thought
se :
acduff I will surprise ;
; give to the edge o'the sword
bes, and all unfortunate souls
line. No boasting like a fool ;
o, before this purpose cool :
jhts !—Where are these gentle-

where they are. [Exit.

Five.—A Room in MACDUFF'S
Castle.

MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.

at had he done, to make him
land ?
ust have patience, madam.
had none : [not,
adness : When our actions do
ake us traitors.‡
now not,
his wisdom, or his fear.
dom ! to leave his wife, to leave
rs,
ad his titles, in a place [not ;
imself does fly ? He loves us
tural touch :¶ for the poor wren,
ative of birds, will fight,**
in her nest, against the owl.
and nothing is the love,
wisdom, where the flight
all reason.
arest coz',

† blood. ‡ I e. Spirits.
taking away the opportunity.

§ considered as evidence of our treason.
|| Fight for.

I pray you, school yourself : But, for your hus-
band,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold ru-
mour [fear ;
From what we fear, yet know not what we
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's father-
less.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah,* your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do
they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'd'st never fear the
net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do
for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and
yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that
swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools :
for there are liars and swearers enough to
beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor mon-
key ! But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him :
if you would not, it were a good sign that I
should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.†
I doubt, some danger does approach you near—
If you will take a homely man's advice, [ly :
Be not found here ; hence, with your little
ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

* Sirrah was not, in our author's time, a term of re-
proach.

† I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

MACBETH.

son. Heaven pre-

[Exit MESSENGER.

I fly?

I remember now

where, to do harm,

ed, sometime,

Why then, alas!

defence,

What are

ERS.

and?

ce so unsanctified,

find him.

g-ear'd villain.

[Stabbing him.

other;

[Dies.

FF, crying murder,

the MURDERERS.

—A Room in the

ace.

MACDUFF.

me desolate shade,

ly.

[men,

ed, and, like good

thdom: Each new

[sorrows

orphans cry; new

that it resounds

and yell'd out

wail;

what I can redress,

friend, I will.

ay be so, perchance,

name blisters our

[well;

you have lov'd him

yet. I am young;

[dom

rough me; and wis-

unocent lamb,

ous.

e may recoil, [don;

But 'crave your par-

oughts cannot trans-

[fell:

though the brightest

ould wear the brows

o.

pes.

there, where I did

you wife, and child,

those strong knots of

pray you,

our dishonour,

You may be rightly

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor on

Great tyranny, lay thou thy ba

For goodness dares not check t

thy wrongs,

Thy title is affect'd!*—Fare th

I would not be the villain that

For the whole space that's

And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in an absolute f

I think, our country sinks betw

It weeps, it bleeds; and each

Is added to her wounds: I thi

There would be hands uplifted

And here, from gracious Eagle

Of goodly thousands: But, for

When I shall tread upon the t

Or wear it on my sword, yet n

Shall have more vices than it l

More suffer, and more sundry

By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: it

All the particulars of vice so p

That, when they shall be open

Will seem as pure as snow; an

Esteem him as a lamb, being c

With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions

Of horrid hell, can come a dev

In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious,† avaricious, false,

Sudden,‡ malicious, smacking

That has a name: But there's:

In my voluptuousness: you

daughters,

Your matrons, and your maie

The cistern of my lust; and a

All continent impediments we

That did oppose my will: Be

Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemper

In nature is a tyranny; it hat

The untimely emptying of the

And fall of many kings. But

To take upon you what is you

Convey your pleasures in a sp

And yet seem cold, the time y

wink.

We have willing dames enoug

That vulture in you, to devou

As will to greatness dedicate

Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grow

In my most ill-compos'd affec

A stanchless avarice, that, w

I should cut off the nobles for

Desire his jewels, and this o

And my more-having would l

To make me hunger more;

forge

Quarrels unjust against the g

Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice

Sticks deeper; grows with

Than summer-seeding lust: I

The sword of our slain kings

Scotland bath foysons§ to fill

Of your mere own: All these

With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: T

graces,

* Beneficent.

§ Exile from goodness in the

* Legally settled by those who

exile n.

† Lascivious.

‡ Phary.

Verity, temperance, stableness,
 fortitude, mercy, lowliness,
 patience, courage, fortitude,
 relish of them; but abound
 in each several crime, [should
 many ways. Nay, had I power, I
 sweet milk of concord into hell,
 a universal peace, confound
 on earth.

O Scotland! Scotland!

Such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 have spoken.

Fit to govern!

Live.—O nation miserable,
 untitled tyrant bloody-accepter'd,
 If thou see thy wholesome days again,
 If the truest issue of thy throne
 In interdiction stands accus'd,
 If blasphemy his breed!—Thy royal
 tiber [thee,
 of sainted king; the queen, that bore
 on her knees than on her feet,
 y day she lived. Fare thee well!
 Is, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 wish'd me from Scotland.—O, my
 ends here! [breast,

and off, this noble passion,
 integrity, hath from my soul
 a black scorpion, reconcil'd my
 thoughts [both

and truth and honour. Devilish Mac-
 of these trains hath sought to win me
 over; and modest wisdom plucks me
 credulous haste: But God above
 seen thee and me! for even now
 elf to thy direction, and

mine own detraction: here abjure
 and blames I laid upon myself,
 piers to my nature. I am yet

to woman; never was forsworn;
 have coveted what was mine own;
 e broke my faith; would not betray
 to his fellow; and delight [ing

truth, than life: my first false speak-
 upon myself: What I am truly,
 and my poor country's, to command
 indeed, before thy here-approach,
 rd, with ten thousand warlike men,
 at a point, was setting forth.

I together; And the chance, of good-
 ness, [silent?
 is warranted quarrel! Why are you
 such welcome and unwelcome things
 to reconcile. [at once,

Enter a Doctor.

ell; more anon.—Comes the king
 with, I pray you?

y, Sir: there are a crew of wretched
 rals,

his cure: their malady convinces
 assay of art; but, at his touch,
 tity hath heaven given his hand,
 ently amend.

Thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.
 What is the disease he means?

is call'd the evil:

raculous work in this good king;
 en, since my here-remain in Eng-
 nd,

o him do. How he solicits heaven,
 eat knows. but strangely-visited
 ople,

and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

ty credulity.

† Overpowers, subdues.

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp^a about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves [thee,
 The healing benediction. With this strange vir-
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
 not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hi-
 ther.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
 The means that make us strangers! [remove

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country;
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
 nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile—
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend
 the air, [across

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
 A modern ecstasy;† the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
 Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
 Each minute teems a new one. [speaker;

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
 peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace, when I
 did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech;
 How goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
 tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
 Now is the time of help, your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff; their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither: gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
 An older, and a better soldier, none
 That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 'Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like! But I have words,
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
 The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,||
 Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind, that's honest,
 But in it shares some woe; though the main
 Pertains to you alone. [part

Macd. If it be mine,
 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

^a The coin called an angel.

[†] Common distress of mind.

[‡] Catch.

[§] Put off.

^{||} A grief that has a single owner.

MACHETH.

despise my tongue
[sound,
with the heaviest

it.
briz'd: your wife,

ate the manner,
se murder'd deer,

[brows;
ur hat upon your
hef, that does not
[break.
heart, and bids it

vants, all
to thence!

our great revenge,

n.—All my pretty

nte!—All?
s, and their dam,

n.

nna:
things were,
ao.—Did heaven

? Sinful Macduff,
e' naught that I

out for mine,
als: Heaven rest

ce of your sword:
[it.

the heart, enrage
woman with mine
[heaven,

e!—But, gentle
front to front,
hand, and myself;
lum; if he 'scape,

r power is ready;
leave: Macheth
owers above
ceive what cheer

ands the day.
[Exeunt.

Room in the Castle.

ad a waiting GEN-

atched with you,
our report. When

ent into the field,
r bed, throw her
her closet, take
on it, read it, af-
turn to bed; yet
leep.

Doct. A great perturbation in
ceive at once the benefit of sleep
effects of watching.—In this slumber
besides her walking, and other
formances, what, at any time, I
her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will
her.

Doct. You may, to me; and
you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor as
no witness to confirm my speech

Enter Lady MACBETH, with

Lo you, here she comes! This is
and, upon my life, fast asleep.
stand close.

Doct. How came she by that?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: a
her continually; 'tis her commu-

Doct. You see, her eyes are a

Gent. Ay, but their sense is a

Doct. What is it she does now
she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed
to seem thus washing her hands,
her continue in this a quarter of

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I
what comes from her, to satisfy
brauce the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot!

One; Two; Why, then 'tis time
Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord,

and afeard! What need we fear
it, when none can call our power
—Yet who would have thought
have had so much blood in him

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife
Where is she now?—Wh
hands ne'er be clean?—No more
lord, no more o'that: you may
startling.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have
you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she
am sure of that: Heaven knows
known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of
all the perfumes of Arabia wa-
this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sight is there
surely charged.

Gent. I would not have such
bosom, for the dignity of the wife

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond
Yet I have known those which
their sleep, who have died bolli-

Lady M. Wash your hands
night-gown; look not so pale:—
again, Banquo's buried; he calls
of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; to
at the gate. Come, come, come,
your hand; What's done, cannot
To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are a
tural deeds

malard troubles : Infected minds
 of pillows will discharge their se-

the divine, than the physi-
 give us all ! Look after her ;
 her the means of all annoyance,
 eep eyes upon her :—So, good
 it :

he has mated,* and amard my
 dare not speak.
 d night, good doctor. [Exit.

To—The Country near Dunsinane.
Wan and Colours, MENTETH, CATH-
LAGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

English power is near, led on by
 calm,
 ward, and the good Macduff.
 in them : for their dear causes
 is bleeding, and the grim alarm,
 orficed man.†

Birnam wood [coming,
 meet them ; that way are they
 knows, if Donalbain be with his
 her ?

ertain, Sir, he is not : I have a file
 try ; there is Siward's son,
 brought youths, that even now
 first of manhood.

it does the tyrant ?
 t Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
 's mad ; others, that lesser hate
 iant fury : but, for certain, [him,
 skle his distemper'd cause
 it of rule.

does he feel
 orders sticking on his hands :
 y revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
 mands, move on, in command,
 we : now does he feel the title
 bout him, like a giant's robe
 fish thief.

then shall blame
 senses to recoil, and start,
 t is within him does condemn
 ag there ?

, march we on,
 ence where 'tis truly ow'd :
 medecin'g of the sickly weal ;
 pour we, in our country's purge,
 us.

much as it needs, [weeds.
 overeign flower, and drown the
 march towards Birnam.

[Exit, marching.

To—Dunsinane.—A Room in the
Castle.

ETH, DOCTOR, and ATTENDANTS.

ig me no more reports ; let them
 ;
 rood remove to Dunsinane,
 t with fear. What's the boy Mal-
 !

orn of woman ? The spirits that
 nequents, pronounc'd me thus :
 beth ; no man, that's born of woman,
 r power on thee.—Then fly, false
 he,

with the English epicures :
 way by, and the heart I bear,
 ag|| with doubt, nor shake with

Enter a SERVANT.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
 Where got'st thou that goose look ! [look!‡

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Serv. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
 fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch thy
 Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
 face ?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton !—I am
 sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or dissol me now.

I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear,† the yellow leaf :

And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
 breath, [dare not.

Which the poor heart would fain deny, but
 Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
 reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh
 be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr§ the country round ;
 Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
 How does your patient, doctor ? [armour.—

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of
 it.— [staff :—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my
 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
 me :— [cast

Come, Sir, despatch :—If thou could'st, doctor,
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
 What rhubarb, senna ; or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence !—Hearest
 thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal prepara-
 Makes us hear something. [tion

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and
 clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[Exit.

† A religious ; an ascetic.
 § The physician. || Sink.

* Base fellow.
 ‡ Dry.

† An appellation of weakness.
 § Scour.

MACBETH.

For Dunsinane: A
crow.

ours, MALCOLM, old
MACDUFF, MENTETH,
Ross, and Sol-

the days are near at
[hand

g.
before us?

him.
hew him down a

[shadow
thereby shall we
and make discovery

, but the confident

and will endure

age to be given,
given him the revolt;

n, but constrained
[things,

oo.
res
put we on

es,
n make us know

, and what we owe,
unwise hopes relate;

ust arbitrate:†
he war.

[Exeunt, marching.

Within the Castle.

Colours, MACBETH,
Soldiers.

ners on the outward
[strength

ome: Our castle's
here let them lie,

eat them up:
those that should

[beard,
dareful, beard to

home. What is that
y within, of Women.

en, my good lord.
et the taste of fears:

senses would have
d my fell; of hair

rouse, and stir
supp'd full with

night'rous thoughts,
herefore was that

, is dead.
ied hereafter;

ce for such a word.—
t, and to-morrow,

m day to day,
ted time:

ighted fools
Out, out, brief

w; a poor player,
our upon the stage,

it is a tale
and and fury,

ermine. ; Skin

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy to
quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say;
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mess. As I did stand my
hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your
so:

Within this three mile may ye
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false
Upon the next tree shalt thou

Till famine cling* thee: if thy
I care not if thou dost for me

I pull in resolution; and beg
To doubt the equivocation of

That lies like truth: *Fear not,*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and

Comes toward Dunsinane.—
out!—

If this, which he avouches, do
There is nor flying hence, nor

I 'gin to be a-weary of the an
And wish the estate o'the

Ring the alarum bell:—Blow
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness

SCENE VI.—The same.—A
Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours
Sirward, MACDUFF, &c. and
Houghs.

Mal. Now near enough; ye
throw down,

And show like those you are
Shall, with my cousin, your

Lead our first battle: worthy
Shall take upon us what else

According to our order.
Sir. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's p
Let us be beaten, if we cannot

Macd. Make all our trump
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers
death. [Exeunt. A

SCENE VII.—The same.—A
[Macb.]

Enter Macbeth

Macb. They have tied me to
not fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the
That was not born of woman

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Sirward

Yo. Sir. What is thy name

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to

Yo. Sir. No; though thou
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth

Yo. Sir. The devil himself
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful

* Shrive.

in flesh, abhorred tyrant; with
ord
le thou speak'st.
light, and young SIWARD is slain.
wast born of woman.—
sile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.

Enter MACDUFF.

Why the noise is:—Tyrant, show
me:

sin, and with no stroke of mine,
children's ghost will haunt me

[arms

at wretched kernes,* whose
near their staves; either thou,

nd, with an unbatter'd edge,
undeeded. There thou should'st

batter, one of greatest note
† Let me find him, fortune!
not.

[Exit. Alarm.

MALCOLM and SIWARD.

My lord;—The castle's gently
d:

ople on both sides do fight;
es do bravely in the war;

Itself professes yours,
do.

re met with foes
side us.

Sir, the castle.
[Exit. Alarm.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Should I play the Roman fool,
e

[gashes

sword? while I see lives, the
them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

hell-bound, turn.
men else I have avoided thee:

sick, my soul is too much charg'd
thine already.

e no words,
my sword; thou bloodier villain
a give thee out!

[They fight.

losest labour:
t thou the intrenchant air;

a sword impress, as make me
:

ade on vulnerable crests;
ed life, which must not yield

an born.
air thy charm;

igel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
duff was from his mother's womb

'd.
ped be that tongue that tells me
w'd my better part of man!

[so, juggling fiends no more believ'd,
ith us in a double sense;

word of promise to our ear,
to our hope.—I'll not fight with

yield thee, coward,
the show and gaze o'the time.

e, as our rarer monsters are,

† Reported with clamour.

cannot be cut. § flourish.

Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield, [feet,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;

And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!
[Exit, fighting.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and
Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, LA-

NOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Sol-

diers.
Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe

arriv'd.
Sir. Some must go off: and yet, by these I
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

[see, Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son,
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's

He only liv'd but till he was a man; [debt:
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sir. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your

cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then

It hath no end.
Sir. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.
Sir. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.
Sir. He's worth no more;

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer

comfort.
Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on a

Pole.
Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,

where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,*
That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish.
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of

time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and

kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad;
That fled the snare of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[Flourish. Exit.

* The kingdom's wealth or ornament.

ING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

afterwards King	LEWIS, the Dauphin.
son of Geoffrey,	ARCH-DUKE of Austria.
the elder Brother	CARDINAL PANDULPH, the P.
of Pembroke.	MELUN, a French Lord.
of Essex, Chief	CHATILLON, Ambassador from
of Salisbury.	John.
of Norfolk,	ELINOR, the Widow of King
claim to the King.	Mother of King John.
Son of Sir Robert	CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur
	BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonse
	tile, and Niece to King
	LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother
	and Robert Faulconbridge.
Half-brother, bastard	Lords, Ladies, Citizens of
Richard the First.	Heralds, Officers, Soldiers
to Lady Faulcon-	and other Attendants.
et.	SCENE, sometimes in England
	in France.

A Room of State

LEWIS, PEMBROKE,

here, with CHATILLON, what would

ing, speaks the king

Majesty,

England here.

ing;—borrow'd man-

other; hear the em-

right and true be-

Geoffrey's son, [half

most lawful claim

territories;

Touraine, Maine;

the sword,

these several titles;

ing Arthur's hand,

sovereign.

If we disallow of

fierce and bloody

mercifully withheld.

war for war, and

K. John. Bear mine to him

peace:

Be thou as lightning in the sky

For ere thou canst report I v

The thunder of my canon shu

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet

And sullen presago of your

An honourable conduct let h

Pembroke, look to't: Farew

[Exit CHATILLON]

Eli. What now, my son?

said,

How that ambitious Constance

Till she had kindled France,

Upon the right and party of

This might have been prevented

With very easy arguments of

Which now the manage^r of tw

With fearful bloody issue ar

K. John. Our strong poss

right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession

your right;

Or else it must go wrong with

So much my conscience whis

Which none but heaven, and

hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northampton

pers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is th

traversy,

Come from the country to be

That ere I heard: Shall I pr

K. John. Let them approach

Our abbies, and our priories,

a Conduct, whither

Enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

Rebellion's charge — What men are you? Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, Northamptonshire; and eldest son, opposite, to Robert Faulconbridge, who, by the honour-giving hand of the king, was knighted in the field.

What art thou?

The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

Not of one mother then, it seems.

Most certain of one mother, mighty king. [father:]

well known, and, as I think, one the certain knowledge of that truth, no other to heaven, and to my mother; I doubt, as all men's children may.

But on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

and her honour with this diffidence.

I, madam? no, I have no reason for it; my brother's plea, and none of mine;

ask if he can prove, 'a pops me out from four five hundred pound a year;

guard my mother's honour, and my land!

Is a good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,

my claim to thine inheritance?

I know not why, except to get the land.

He slander'd me with bastardy.

'Tis I be as true-begot, or no,

I lay upon my mother's head;

I am as well begot, my liege,

I the bones that took the pains for me!

I our faces, and be judge yourself.

Robert did beget us both,

our father, and this son like him,—

Robert, father, on my knee

even thanks, I was not like to thee.

Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face,

out of his tongue affecteth him.

Not read some tokens of my son

in the composition of this man?

My eye hath well examined his

parts, [speak,

is them perfect Richard—Sirrah,

will move you to claim your brother's

land?

Because he hath a half-face, like my

father;

A half-face would he have all my land,

and would groat five hundred pounds a year

of my gracious liege, when that my father

lived,

never did employ my father much,

Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my

land;

I must be, how he employ'd my mother,

and once despatch'd him in an embassy

away, there, with the emperor,

of high affairs touching that time

absence of his absence took the king,

he mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

now he did prevail, I shame to speak

his truth; large lengths of seas and

shores

my father and my mother lay,

we heard my father speak himself,

his same lusty gentleman was got.

Heir.

+ Trava, outline.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd His lands to me, and took it, on his death, That this, my mother's son, was none of his; And, if he were, he came into the world Full fourteen weeks before the course of time. Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate; Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him: And, if she did play false, the fault was hers; Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, Had of your father claim'd this son for his? In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the In sooth, he might. then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—

My mother's son did get your father's heir; Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir, Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence,* and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, as if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so

thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-far-

things goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,

'Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face;

I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy

fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take

my chance. [year;

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a

Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me

thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters

way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name

whose form thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:

Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me

your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:

What thought?

* Dignity of appearance.

+ Robert.

U 4

KING JOHN.

the right,
er the hatch:
at walk by night;
men do catch.
ll well shot;
got.
now hast thou
[squire.—
thee a lauded
chard; we must
[need.
it is more than
fortune come to
honesty. [thee'
ut the BASTARD.
was;
rse.
an a lady:—
od-a-mercy, fel-
call him Peter.
et men's names;
able,
ur traveller,—
ship's mess;
is suffic'd,
catechise
— My dear Sir,
I begin,)
tion now;
ABC-book:—
command;
me, Sir:—
at Sir, at yours:
question would,
ent;
Apennines,
o,)
clusion so.

ke myself.
ame,
ation;
k, or no;)
vice,
rement;
deliver
the age's tooth:
tise to deceive,
learn;
if my rising.—
in riding robes?
ath she no hus-

horn before her?
r and JAMES,

now, good lady!
so hastily?
e, thy brother!

or up and down?
old Sir Robert's

oughty man?
seek so?

Ay, thou unre-
[Robert?

at thou at Sir
art thou.

ou give us leave
p.

respectable.
My travelled top.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—
There's toy's abroad; anon!

Madam, I was not old Sir Rob
Sir Robert might have eat his
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er
Sir Robert could do well; Mai
Could he get me? Sir Robert
We know his handy-work:—
mother,

To whom am I beholden for th
Sir Robert never help to make
Lady F. Hast thou conspired

too,
That for thine own gain shoul
What means this scorn, thou
knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good
hoolike?

What! I am dubb'd; I have it
But, mother, I am not Sir Rob
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert,
Legitimation, name, and all is
Then, good my mother, let me
Some proper man, I hope; V
ther?

Lady F. Hast thou denied
conbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I den
Lady F. King Richard Co
thy father;

By long and vehement suit I
To make room for him in my h
Heaven lay not my transgressi
Thou art the issue of my dear
Which was so strongly urg'd,

Bast. Now, by this light, we
Madam, I would not wish a b
Some sins do bear their privile
And so doth yours; your fan
folly:

Need must you lay your heart
Subjected tribute to command
Against whose fury and unma
The awless lion could not wag
Nor keep his princely heart
hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of
May easily win a woman's. A
With all my heart I thank the
Who lives and dares but say
well

When I was got, I'll send his
Come, lady, I will show thee
And they shall say, when Ri
If thou hadst said him nay, it
Who says it was, he lies; I

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France.—Before Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Aachen and Forces; on the other, the France, and Forces; LAW ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Law. Before Angiers well n
tria.—

Arthur, that great fore-runner
Richard, that robb'd the lion of
And fought the holy wars in P
By this brave duke came early

* Idle reports.
† A character in an old drama called *Arden*.

amends to his posterity,
 importance,* hither is he come,
 his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 shake the usurpation
 natural uncle, English John:
 him, love him, give him welcome
 either.

And shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
 leath,
 x, that you give his offspring life,
 ag their right under your wings of
 war.

u welcome with a powerless hand,
 a heart full of unstained love;
 before the gates of Angiers, duke.
 A noble boy! Who would not do thee
 right?

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 o this indenture of my love;
 ay home I will no more return,
 wro, and the right thou hast in France,
 with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 yet spurns back the ocean's roaring
 ides,

so from other lands her islanders,
 that England, hedg'd in with the
 main,

er-walled bulwark, still secure
 ident from foreign purposes,
 that utmost corner of the west
 as for her king. till then, fair boy,
 I think of home, but follow arms.

O, take his mother's thanks, a wi-
 low's thanks, [strength,
 strong hand shall help to give him
 a more requital to your love.

The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
 their swords

just and charitable war.

c Well then, to work, our cannon
 shall be bent

the brows of this resisting town.—
 our chiefest men of discipline,
 se plots of best advantages:†

before this town our royal bones,
 the market-place in Frenchmen's
 blood,

will make it subject to this boy.

Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 advis'd you stain your swords with
 blood:

Chatillon may from England bring
 it in peace, which here we urge in
 war;

we shall repent each drop of blood,
 rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
 seeger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

igland says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 y pause for thee, Chatillon, speak.

Then turn your forces from this paltry
 siege,

them up against a mightier task.

, impatient of your just demands,

himself in arms; the adverse winds,

ensure I have staid, have given him

his legions all as soon as I [time

thes are expedient to this town,

strong, his soldiers confident,

along is come the mother-queen,

stirring him to blood and strife,

humbley

stones to over-awe the town
 late, expeditions. † The Golden of Revenge.

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their
 backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath* in t'bristendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drame

[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this ex-
 pedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence,
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
 BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France: if France in
 peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to
 heaven!

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to
 heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war
 return

From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burden of our armour here we sweat:

This toil of ours should be a work of thine,

But thou from loving England art so far,

That thou has under-wrought† his lawful king,

Cut off the sequence‡ of posterity,

Outfaced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of

his.

This little abstract doth contain that large,

Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time

Shall draw this brief§ into as huge a volume.

That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,

And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great

commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal|| judge, that stirs

good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;

And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Ed. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Comst. Let me make answer,—thy usurping

son.

Ed. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be

king; [world'

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the

* Mischief.

† Undermined.

‡ A short writing.

§ Succession.

|| Celestial.

KING JOHN.

thy son as true,
and this boy
effrey,
being as like,
dam.
I think,
got;
mother.
boy, that blots
dam, boy, that

ou?
devil, Sir, with
you alone.
proverb goes,
by the beard;
catch you right,
faith.
ome that lion's
robe! [robe,
back of him,
an ass.—
from your back;
your shoulders

ame, that deaf
luous breath?
hat we shall do
ak off your con-

m of all,—
ou, Touraine,
ot thee
down thy arms?
I do defy thee,

to my hand;
give thee more
France can win:

child.
andam, child;
it grandam will
a fig:

re!
in my grave;
s made for me.
so, poor boy, he

ou, wh'er's she
not his mother's
[eyes,

ria from his poor
ture of a fee;
heaven shall be
on you. [brib'd
of heaven and

er of heaven and
ad thine, usurp
l rights.

thy eldest son's
thee; [son,
or child;
on him,

entle. } Whether

Being but the second generati
Removed from thy sin-conceiv
K. John. Bedlam, have don
Const. I have but this to say
That he's not only plagued for
But God hath made her sin an
On this removed issue, plagu'
And with her plague, her sin;
Her injury,—the beadle to her
All punish'd in the person of
And all for her; A plague up
Efr. Thou unadvised scold,
A will, that bars the title of t
Const. Ay, who doubts that?
will;

A woman's will; a canker'd g
K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause,
perate:

It ill beserms this presence, to
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither
These men of Angiers; let us h
Whose title they admit, Arthu

Trumpets sound. Enter CITIZEN

1 Cit. Who is it, that hath w
wulls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for En
K. John. England, for itself
You men of Angiers, and my lo

K. Phi. You loving men of A
subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this
K. John. For our advanta
hear us first.—

These flags of France, that ar
Before the eye and prospect of
Have hither march'd to your e
The cannons have their bowel
And ready mounted are they,
Their iron indignation 'gainst
All preparation for a bloody s
And merciless proceeding by t
Confront your city's eyes, you
And, but for our approach,
That as a waist do girdle you
By the compulsion of their ord
By this time from their fixed b
Had been dishabited, and wid
For bloody power to rush upon
But, on the sight of us, your lo
Who painfully, with much exp
Have brought a countercheck b
To save unscratch'd your c
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, va
And now, instead of bullets w
To make a shaking fever in yo
They shoot but calm words, folc
To make a faithless error in yo
Which trust accordingly, kind
And let us in, your king; whose
Forewearing in this action of a
Crave harbourage within your

K. Phi. When I have said, i
us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose y
Is most divinely vow'd upon t
Of him it holds, stands young
Son to the elder brother of this
And king o'er him, and all the
For this down-trodden equity,
In warlike march these gree
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospital

* To encourage. } Conference.

of this oppress'd child,
y provokes. Be pleased then
it duty, which you truly owe,
not owes" it; namely, this young
ince

our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
pect, have all offence seal'd up;
no' malice vainly shall be spent
s invulnerable clouds of heaven;
a blessed and unwe'd retire,
ok'd swords, and helmets all un-
n'd,
ar home that lusty blood again,
o we came to spout against your
wn, [peace.
your children, wives, and you, in
fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
roundure of your old-fac'd walls
on from our messengers of war;
these English, and their discipline,
our'd in their rude circumference.
as, shall your city call us lord,
self which we have challeng'd it?
e give the signal to our rage,
in blood to our possession?
brief, we are the king of England's
jects,
ed in his right, we hold this town.
Acknowledge then the king, and
me in.
mi can we not: but he that proves
king,
I we prove loyal; till that time,
ramm'd up our gates against the
aid.

Doth not the crown of England
re the king?

. that, I bring you witnesses,
en thousand hearts of England's
ed,—

wards, and else.

To verify our title with their lives.
As many, and as well-born bloods
those,—

me bastards too.

stand in his face, to contradict his
im.

If you compound whose right is
rthiest, [both.

re worthiest, hold the right from
Then God forgive the sin of all

se souls,

is everlasting residence,

dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

trial of our kingdom's king!

Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers!

arms!

George,—that swing'd the dragon,
ie'er since,

horseback at mine hostess' door,

me fence! Sirrah, were I at home,

z, sirrah, [To AUSTRIA] with your

rest,

x-head to your lion's lude,

a monster of you.

ace; no more.

tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

Up higher to the plain; where we'll

forth,

ointment, all our regiments.

sed then, to take advantage of the

d.

It shall be so;—[To LEWIS] and at

other hall

the rest to stand.—God, and our

bt! [Exeunt.

as.

† Circle.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. En-
ter a French HERALD, with trumpets, to the
gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide
your gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath
made

Much work for tears in many an English mo-
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding
ground:

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English HERALD, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells; [approach,
King John, your king and England's, doth
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-
bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cut. Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-
swer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so
even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power;
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the BASTARD, at the
other, King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and
Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining
Unless thou let his silver water keep [shores,
A peaceful progress in the ocean.

K. Ph. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory
towers,

* Judged, determined.

KING JOHN.

... is set on fire !
 ... dead chaps with
 ... teeth, his fangs,
 ... the flesh of men,
 ... of kings —
 ... amazed thus ?
 ... the stained field,
 ... andied spirits !
 ... art confirm
 ... blows, blood, and
 ... the townsmen yet
 ... for England ; who's
 ... and, when we know
 ... that here hold up
 ... our own great de-
 ... person here ;
 ... and of you.
 ... than we, denies all
 ... we do lock [this ;
 ... strong-barr'd gates.
 ... our fears, resolv'd,
 ... urg'd and depos'd.
 ... scroyles of Angiers
 ... or battlements,
 ... a gape and point
 ... and acts of death.
 ... led by me ;
 ... to salem,
 ... ch conjointly bend
 ... ace on this town :
 ... ace and England
 ... nged to the mouths ;
 ... onours have brawl'd
 ... mptuous city :
 ... ese jades,
 ... on
 ... vulgar air.
 ... nted strengths,
 ... ars once again ;
 ... ly point to point :
 ... shall cull forth
 ... admon
 ... give the day,
 ... as victory.
 ... sel, mighty states ?
 ... the policy ?
 ... ky that hangs above
 ... powers,
 ... shall we knit our
 ... with the ground ;
 ... be king of it ?
 ... mettle of a king,—
 ... re, by this peevish
 ... y artillery, [town,—
 ... these saucy walls :
 ... dash'd them to the
 ... , and, pell-mell,
 ... s, for heaven, or hell.
 ... Say, where will you
 ... west will send de-
 ... [struction
 ... om the south,
 ... bullets on this town.

4 Mutineers.

Bast. O prudent disciplin
 south ;
 Austria and France shoo
 I'll stir them to it :—Come,
 1 Cit. Hear us, great k
 while to stay,
 And I shall show you pea
 Win you this city without a
 Rescue those breathing live
 That here come sacrifices fo
 Persever not, but hear me,
 K. John. Speak on, wit
 bent to hear.
 1 Cit. That daughter ther
 Blanch,
 Is near to England ; Look
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and
 If lusty love should go in q
 Where should he find it fair
 If zealous love should go i
 Where should he find it pur
 If love ambitious sought a r
 Whose veins bound richer
 Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, v
 Is the young Dauphin ever
 If not complete, O say, he
 And she again wants nothi
 If want it be not, that she i
 He is the half part of a ble
 Left to be finished by such
 And she a fair divided exc
 Whose fulness of perfection
 O, two such silver currents
 Do glorify the banks that b
 And two such shores to
 made one,
 Two such controlling bow
 To these two princes, if you
 This union shall do more t
 To our fast-closed gates ; fi
 With swifter spleen than
 The mouth of passage shall
 And give you entrance ;
 match,
 The sea enraged is not hal
 Lions more confident, mow
 More free from motion ; no
 In mortal fury half so per
 As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten care
 Out of his rags ! Here's a b
 That spits forth death, and
 and sea ;
 Talks as familiarly of roar
 As maids of thirteen do of
 What cannoner begot this
 He speaks plain cannon, f
 bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado wi
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; no
 But buffets better than a f
 Zounds ! I was never so bel
 Since I first call'd my brot
 Eli. Son, list to this con
 match ;
 Give with our niece a dow
 For by this knot thou shal
 Thy now unsur'd assurance
 That yon green boy shall l
 The bloom that promiseth
 I see a yielding in the lool
 Mark, how they whisper
 their souls

5 Flou.

of this ambition :
 melted, by the windy breath
 of pity, and remorse,
 back again to what it was.
 answer not the double majesties
 treaty of our threaten'd town ?
 ask England first, that hath been
 and first

this city : What say you ?
 that the Dauphin there, thy
 only son,
 look of beauty read, I love,
 will weigh equal with a queen :
 and Fair Touraine, Maine, Poic-
 tie upon this side the sea (tiers,
 thy now by us besieg'd)
 our crown and dignity,
 a bridal bed, and make her rich
 with, and promotions,
 city, education, blood,
 with any princess of the world.
 wilt say at thou, boy ! look in the
 face.

my lord, and in her eye I find
 a wondrous miracle,
 of myself form'd in her eye ;
 but the shadow of your son,
 and makes your son a shadow :
 never lov'd myself,
 when I beheld myself,
 flattering table* of her eye.

[Whispers with BLANCH.
 n in the flattering table of her
 — [brow !—
 the frowning wrinkle of her
 in her heart !—he doth espy
 one's traitor. This is pity now,
 and drawn, and quarter'd, there
 I be,
 so vile a lout as he.
 uncle's will, in this respect, is

it in you, that makes him like,
 he sees, which moves his liking,
 e translate it to my will ;
 , (to speak more properly,)
 it easily to my love.
 not flatter you, my lord,
 in you is worthy love,
 at nothing do I see in you,
 hath thoughts themselves should
 or judge,)
 d should merit any hate.
 hat say these young ones ? What
 you, my niece ?
 if she is bound in honour still

wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.
 speak then, prince Dauphin ; can
 give this lady ?
 ask me if I can refrain from love ;
 her most unfeignedly.
 then do I give Volquessen, Tou-
 raine,
 Anjou, these five provinces,
 me, and this addition more,
 thousand marks of English coin.—
 ace, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 son and laughter to join hands.
 likes as well,—young princes,
 your hands.
 your lips too ; for, I am well as-

when I was first assur'd.
 w, citizens of Angiers, open your

Let in that amity which you have made ;
 For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
 Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—
 I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much :—
 Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.
 Lew. She is sad and passionate* at your
 highness' tent.

K. PAI. And, by my faith, this league, that
 we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady ? In her right we came ;
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another
 way.

To our own vantage.†

K. JOHN. We will heal up all [league,
 For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bro-
 And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlock'd fur unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all but the BASTARD.—The CITI-
 ZENS retire from the walls.

Bast. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad com-
 position !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part.
 And France, (whose armour conscience buck-
 led on ;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
 As God's own soldier,) rounded‡ in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly
 devil,

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
 maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose [that,
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling com-
 modity,§—

Commodity, the bias of the world ;
 The world, who of itself is peis'd|| well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This away of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from ail indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.
 Not that I have the power to clutch¶ my hand,
 When his fair angels** would salute my palm.
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, rattleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[Exit.

* Mournful. † Advantage. ‡ Conceiv'd. § Deceiv'd.
 ¶ Pointed, balanced. ¶ Clasp. ** Coyn

† Affected

KING JOHN.

I.
The French King's

R, and SALISBURY.

ed! gone to swear a
[friends!
join'd! Gone to be
and Blanch those

spoke, misheard;
y tale again:
at say, 'tis so:
e, for thy word
common man:
ve thee, man;
contrary.

thus frightening me,
e of fears; [fears;
and therefore full of
ect to fears;
to fears; [jest,

less, thou didst but
not take a truce,
emble all this day.
aking of thy head?
ly on my son?
upon that breast of

lamentable rheum,
et o'er his bounds?
ners of thy words?
l thy former tale,
er thy tale be true.
eve, you think them

ove my saying true.
me to believe this

w to make me die;
counter so,
esperate men,
fall, and die.—

boy, then where art
[me?—

nd! what becomes of
t brook thy sight;
a most ugly man.
have I, good lady,

s by others done?
him itself so heinous
at speak of it. [is,
madam, be content.
d'st me be content,

by mother's womb,
and sightless; stains,
ewart, prodigious,
r, and eye-offending

would be content;
e thee; no, nor thou
nor deserve a crown.
thy birth, dear boy!
to make thee great:
at with lilies boast,
se: but fortune, O!
and won from thee;
th thine uncle John;
and hath pluck'd on

ct of sovereignty,
e bawd of theirs.

† Appearing.
‡ Portentous.

France is a bawd to fortune
That strumpet fortune, thou
Tell me, thou fellow, is no
Envenom him with words
And leave those woes alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam
I may not go without you
Const. Thou may'st, thou
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows
For grief is proud, and ma
To me, and to the state^a of
Let kings assemble; for me
That no supporter but the
Can hold it up: here I am
Here is my throne, bid kin
[She throws a

Enter King JOHN, King
BLANCH, ELINOR, BAST
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair
blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept
To solemnize this day, the
Stays in his course, and pl
Turning, with splendour o
The meagre cloddy earth
The yearly course, that br
Shall never see it but a ho
Const. A wicked day, a

What hath this day done
That it in golden letters sh
Among the high tides,† in
Nay, rather, turn this day
This day of shame, oppress
Or, if it must stand still, I
Pray, that their burdens n
Lest that their hopes prod
But on this day, let shame
No bargains break, that a
This day, all things begun
Yea, faith itself to hollow
K. Phi. By heaven, lud
cause
To curse the fair proceedi
Have I not pawn'd to you
Const. You have begu
terfeit,
Resembling majesty; wh
and tried,
Proves valueless: You are
You came in arms to spill
But now in arms you stren
The grappling vigour and
Is cold in amity and paint
And our oppression bath
Arm, arm, you heavens, a
kings!

A widow cries; be husband
Let not the hours of this u
Wear out the day in peace
Set armed discord 'twixt t
Hear me, O, hear me!
Aust. Lady Constance, †
Const. War! war! no pe
a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria!
That bloody spoil: Thou
thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great i
Thou ever strong upon the
Thou fortune's champion, †

^a Seated in state.

But when her humorous ladyship is by
To touch thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou, [swear,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff^a it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those
words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those re-
creant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for
thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those re-
creant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the
pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogato-
ries,

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of
England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose [foes.
Against the pope, and count his friends my

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,

a Do so.

That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, Amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do
no right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let
go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France
repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

Aust. Well, rustian, I must pocket up these
Because— [wrongs,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the car-
dinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the car-
dinal?

Leo. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts
thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed^a bride.
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
her faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers
not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer
well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will per-
plex thee more.

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my per-
son yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd toge-
ther

With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

^a "When unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

Thompson's *Astoria*, 266.

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd [paint
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of
blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?—
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host, [bed
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be
bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the
A cased lion by the mortal paw, [tongue,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou
dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to
faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy-
And may not be performed by thyself: [self,
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct, [fire,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;

* Exchange of salutation.

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off.
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
men? [drums,—

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish
Clamours of hell,—be measures* to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms [nounce,
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What mo-
tive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds, [honour!

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine

Lew. I muse,† your majesty doth seem so
cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll
fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that beld
sexton time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair
day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st
lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune
lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together.— [Exit BASTARD.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms lets he! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.—Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions.—Enter the BASTARD,
with AUSTRIA's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wor-
drous hot;

* Music for dancing.

† Wonder.

; Force.

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie
While Philip breathes. [there.]

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip,
make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.

March; Exeunt; Retreat. Enter
JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD,
MAT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace
stay behind. [To
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look on

My grandam loves thee, and thy uncle
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, thus will make my mother
grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the BASTARD] I
England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake
Off boarding abbots; angels' imprison
Set thou at liberty the fat ribs of peas
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.

Let our commission in his utmost force,
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety, so I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Cox, farewell. [Exit BASTARD.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman, hark, a
word. [She takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to
say so yet: [slow,

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we
stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the
veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their ch
A passion hateful t
Or if that thou cou
Hear me without th
Without a tongue, [sing]
Without eyes, ears, [sing]
words;

Then, in despite of bro
I would into thy bosom
But ah, I will not:— [sing] I lo
And, by my troth, I ink, the
Hub. So well, the what you
take,
Though that my dea were ad
By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, th
look .. Hubert, Hub

you young boy: I'll tell thee
a very serpent in my
whoso'er this foot
lies before me. Dost thou
u art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.]

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A passion hateful t
Or if that thou cou
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K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same.—The French King's
Tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and
Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the
A whole armada; of convicted sail; [blood,
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go
well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends
slain?

And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fort-
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd, [fied:
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath—
I pry thee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gen-
tle Constance!

* Conception.
† Fleet of war.

‡ Joined.
§ Overcome.

KING JOHN.

Counsel, all redress,
 Counsel, true redress,
 Sweet death!
 And rottenness!
 Lasting night,
 Perity,
 Bones;
 Vaulty brows;
 In thy household
 With fulsome dust,
 Thyself:
 Will think thou
 Misery's love,

Peace.
 Having breath to
 Mouth!
 In the thunder's
 Shake the world;
 All anatomy,
 Feeble voice,
 Location.
 Madness, and not

To belie me so;
 As mine;
 As Geoffrey's wife;
 He is lost:
 Heaven, I were!
 Forget myself:
 Could I forget!—
 Make me mad,
 Cardinal;
 Able of grief,
 Reason
 These woes,
 Myself:
 My son;
 Wits were he:
 Well I feel
 Calamity.
 Ses: O, what love

Her hairs!
 Drop hath fallen,
 And wiry friends
 Able grief;
 Ful loves,
 Will.
 As.
 And wherefore will

, and cried aloud,
 Accm my son,
 Their liberty!
 ty,
 To their bonds,
 Prisoner.—
 Heard you say,
 W our friends in

Boy again;
 n, the first male
 y suspire,† child,
 uss creature born.
 ent my bud,
 From his cheek,
 A ghost;
 He's fit;
 So again,
 Court of heaven
 ore never, never
 Hur more.

† Gracful.

Pand. You hold too heinous
 grief.
 Const. He talks to me, that's
 K. Phi. You are as fond of g
 child.
 Const. Grief fills the room
 child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and
 Puts on his pretty looks, repea
 Remembers me of all his gracio
 Stuffs out his vacant garments
 Then, have I reason to be fond
 Fare you well: had you such a
 I could give better comfort tha
 I will not keep this form upon

[Tearing off
 When there is such disorder in
 O lord, my boy, my Arthur, m
 My life, my joy, my food, my a
 My widow-comfort, and my

K. Phi. I fear some outrage,
 her.
 Lew. There's nothing in it
 make me joy:
 Life is as tedious as a twice-to
 Vexing the dull ear of a drows
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd th
 taste,
 That it yields naught, but sha
 ness.

Pand. Before the curing of a
 Even in the instant of repair as
 The fit is strongest; evils, that
 On their departure most of all.
 What have you lost by losing o

Lew. All days of glory, joy,
 Pand. If you have won it, cert
 No, no: when fortune means
 good,
 She looks upon them with a thi
 'Tis strange, to think how m
 hath lost

In this which he accounts so ch
 Are not you griev'd, that Art
 soner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is gh
 Pand. Your mind is all as y
 blood.

Now hear me speak, with a pro
 For even the breath of what I
 Shall blow each dust, each str
 Out of the path which shall dirt
 Thy foot to England's throne;
 mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and:
 That, whiles warm life plays i
 veins,

The misplac'd John should ent
 One minute, nay, one quiet bre
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an un
 Must be as boisterously mainta
 And he, that stands upon a slig
 Makes nice of no vile hold to st
 That John may stand, then Art
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain
 thur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of la
 wife,
 May then make all the claim th

Lew. And lose it, life and all,

Pand. How green are you, as
 old world!
 John lays you plots; the times
 For he, that steeps his safety in
 Shall find but bloody safety, as

stilly born, shall cool the hearts
people, and freeze up their zeal;
to small advantage shall step forth,
a reign, but they will cherish it:
exhalation in the sky,
nature, no distemper'd day,
wind, no custom'd event,
ill pluck away his natural cause,
can meteora, prodigies, and signs,
portages, and tongues of heaven,
ouncing vengeance upon John.
y be, he will not touch young Ar-
u's life,
nself safe in his prisonment.

Sir, when he shall hear of your
prouch,
ng Arthur be not gone already,
it news he dies. and then the hearts
people shall revolt from him,
be lips of unacquainted change;
long matter of revolt, and wrath,
bloody fingers' ends of John.
I see this hurly all on foot;
hat better matter breeds for you,
e nam'd!—The bastard Faulcon-
dge
England, ransacking the church,
charity: If but a dozen French
in arms, they would be as a call
a thousand English to their side;
in snow, tumbled about,
as a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
be wrought out of their discontent:
seir souls are topfull of offence,
d go; I will whet on the king.
ng reasons make strong actions:
t us go;
ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

—Northampton.—A Room in the
Castle.

HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.

at me these irons hot: and, look
e stand
ayas: when I strike my foot
noon of the ground, rush forth:
the boy, which you shall find with
hair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
I hope, your warrant will bear out
deed.
cleanly scruples! Fear not you:
k to't.— [*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*]
come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

od morrow, Hubert.
od morrow, little prince.
little prince (having so great a title
prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
ood, I have been merrier.
try on me!
so body should be sad but I:
mber, when I was in France,
lemen would be as sad as night,
astonness. By my christendom,
out of prison, and kept sheep,
as merry as the day is long;
ould b' here, but that I doubt
tractises more harm to me,
d of me, and I of him:

a *Duponty.*

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hu-
bert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

[*Aside*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my
bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What luck you? and, Where lies your
grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
And quench his fiery indignation, [*tears,*]
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hu-
bert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps*]

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so bold? rou-
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

KING JOHN.

ert, let me not be

ve these men away,
amb;
nor speak a word,
gerly:
ay, and I'll forgive
put me to. [you,
let me alone with

d to be from such a
rcunt ATTENDANTS.
ld away my friend;
a gentle heart:—
is compassion may

ce yourself.
y?
your eyes.
ere were but a mote

wand'ring hair,
cious sense!
hings are boist'rous

ls seem horrible.
c? go to, hold your

rance of a brace of

t for a pair of eyes:
ic; let me not, Hu-

t out my tongue,
(), spare mine eyes;
to look on you!
ment is cold,

h; the fire is dead

be us'd
See else yourself;
urning coal;
down his spirit out,
hes on his head.

I can revive it, boy.
a will but make it

[Hubert:
your proceedings,
arkle in your eyes,
ell'd to fight,
th tarret him on.
se to do me wrong,
do lack
, and iron, extends,
lacking uses.
will not touch thine

me uncle owes:;
purpose, boy,
burn them out.

ike Hubert! all this
[while

Adieu;
but you are dead:
with false reports.
ubtless, and secure,
h of all the world,

nk you, Hubert.
Go closely in with

for thee. [Exeunt.

† Set him on.
‡ Secretly.

SCENE II.—The same.—A
the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crown'd; P
BURY, and other Lords. Th
State.

K. John. Here once again v
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, wit
Pcm. This once again, bui
ness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you v
And that high royalty was ne
The faiths of men ne'er stain
Fresh expectation troubled n
With any long'd-for change,

Sal. Therefore, to be posse
To guard* a title that was ric
To gild refined gold, to paint
To throw a perfume on the vi
To smooth the ice, or add ano
Unto the rainbow, or with taj
To seek the beauteous eye o
Is wasteful, and ridiculous e

Pcm. But that your royal p
done,

This act is as an ancient tale
And, in the last repeating, tr
Being urged at a time unseas

Sal. In this, the antique and
Of plain old form is much dia
And, like a shifted wind unto
It makes the course of though
Startles and frights considera
Makes sound opinion sick, and
For putting on so new a fashi

Pcm. When workmen strive
well,

They do confound their skill in
And, oftentimes, excusing of
Doth make the fault the wors
As patches, set upon a little
Discredit more in hiding of th
Than did the fault before it w

Sal. To this effect, before
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: be
To overbear it; and we are a
Since all and every part of w
Doth make a stand at what yo

K. John. Some reasons of t
nation

I have possess'd you with,
And more, more strong, (wh
fear,)

I shall induce you with: Mean
What you would have refor
well;

And well shall you perceive,
I will both hear and grant yo

Pcm. Then I, (as one that a
these,

To sound the purposes of all
Both for myself and them, (be
Your safety, for the which my
Bend their best studies,) bear
The enfranchisement of Ari
strait

Doth move the murmuring lip
To break into this dangerous
If, what in rest you have, in r
Why then your fears, (which,
tend

The steps of wrong,) should m

* Lacc. † Decorate. ‡ U
‡ Publish.

be kinman, and to choke his days
 with ignorance, and deny his youth
 advantage of good exercise?
 His enemies may not have this
 pensions, let it be our suit,
 were bid us ask his liberty;
 our goods we do no further ask,
 upon our weal, on you depending,
 your weal, he have his liberty.
 Let it be so, I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert.—Hubert, what news with
 us!

Is this the man should do the bloody
 deed;

I his warrant to a friend of mine.

Of a wicked heinous fault

In eye that close aspect of his

The mood of a much-troubled breast;

Forfeitedly believe, 'tis done,

So fear'd he had a charge to do.

The colour of the king doth come and

His purpose and his conscience, [go,

His twist two dreadful battles set.

It is so ripe, it needs must break.

And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue

hence

corruption of a sweet child's death.

1. We cannot bold mortality's strong

and:—

Is, although my will to give is living,

which you demand is gone and dead

is, Arthur is deceas'd to night.

And, we fear'd, his sickness was past

me.

And we heard how near his death

it was,

and child himself felt he was sick:

1. He answer'd, either here, or hence.

2. Why do you bend such solemn

rows on me?

3. I bear the shears of destiny?

4. Commandment on the pulse of life?

5. Is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame,

5. Itness should so grossly offer it:

6. It is your game! and so farewell.

7. Nay yet, lord Salisbury, I'll go with

thee.

8. The inheritance of this poor child,

kingdom of a forced grave. [1. Is,

2. Which ow'd* the breath of all this

3. Of it doth hold, Bad world the

while! [out

4. Not be thus borne: this will break

5. Sorrows, and ere long, I doubt,

[*Exit Lords.*

6. They burn in indignation; I re-

sent,

7. No sure foundation set on blood;

8. A life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a MESSENGER.

1. I say thou hast; Where is that blood,

2. We seen inhabit in those cheeks?

3. Why clears not without a storm

4. Thy weather:—How goes all in

France?

5. From France to England.—Never such

6. A power

7. Foreign preparation,

8. Set in the body of a land!

9. Of your speed is learn'd by them;

10. As you should be told they do prepare,

11. As come, that they are all arriv'd.

12. And, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence
 been drunk? [care?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's

That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died

Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,

The lady Constance in a frenzy died [tongue

Three days before; but thus from rumour's

I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful oc-

casion!

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd

My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?

How wildly then walks my estate in France!—

Under whose conduct came those powers of

France,

That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy [world

With these ill tidings. Now, what says the

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff

My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,

Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Hear with me, cousin; For I was

amaz'd*

Under the tide: but now I breathe again

Aloft the flood; and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-

men,

The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travelled hither through the land,

I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:

And here's a prophet, that I brought with me

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I

found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;

To whom he sang, in rude harsh-sounding

rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,

Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst

thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall

out so.

K. John. Hubert away with him; imprison

him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety,† and return,

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths

are full of it.

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)

And others more, going to seek the grave

Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to night

On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies:

I have a way to win their loves again;

Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better

foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,

KING JOHN.

affright my towns
ent invasion!—
to thy heels;
on them to me again.
time shall teach me
[Exit.
priteful noble gentle-
haps, shall need
re and the peers;
t, my liege. [Exit.
ad!

BERT.
y, five moons were
ld whirl about
ous motion.
lams, in the streets
erously: {mouths:
s common in their
to, they shake their
in the ear; {heads,
th gripe the hearer's
les fearful action,
n nods, with rolling
his hammer, thus,
the anvil cool,
ung a tailor's news;
measure in his hand,
ch his nimble haste
contrary feet,)
warlike French,
rank'd in Kent:
t officer
of Arthur's death.
thou to possess me
ung Arthur's death?
him: I had mighty
[him.
hadst none to kill
why, did you not
e of kings, to be at-
[rant
humours for a war-
house of life:
thority,
now the meaning
hen, perchance, it
advise'd respect.*
and seal for what I
last account 'twixt
his hand and seal
nation!
s to do ill deeds,
adest not thou been
ature mark'd, [by,
a deed of shame,
into my mind:
morr'd aspect,
villany,
in danger,
of Arthur's death;
to a king,
destroy a prince.

† Observed.

K. John. Hadst thou but al-
made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I
Or turn'd an eye of doubt up
As bid me tell my tale in ex-
Deep shame had struck me
break off,
And those thy fears might ha-
But thou didst understand me
And didst in signs again par-
Yea, without stop, didst let t
And, consequently, thy rude
The deed, which both our tos-
name,—
Out of my sight, and never s-
My nobles leave me; and my
Even at my gates, with ranks c-
Nay, in the body of this flesh
This kingdom, this confine of
Hostility and civil tumult rais-
Between my conscience, a
Hub. Arm you against you
I'll make a peace between yo
Young Arthur is alive: This
Is yet a maiden and an innoc-
Not painted with the crimson
Within this bosom never ente
The dreadful motion of a mu-
And you have slander'd natu-
Which, howsoever rude exter-
Is yet the cover of a fairer mi-
Than to be butcher of an innoc-
K. John. Doth Arthur live
to the peers,
Throw this report on their im-
And make them tame to their
Forgive the comment that my
Upon thy feature; for my rag-
And foul imaginary eyes of
Presented thee more hideous
O, answer not; but to my clo-
The angry lords, with all exp-
I conjure thee but slowly; ru-
SCENE III.—The same.—E-
Enter ARTHUR, on th-
Arth. The wall is high; and
down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and
There's few, or none, do know
This ship-boy's semblance h-
I am afraid; and yet I'll vent
If I get down, and do not bre-
I'll find a thousand shifts to g-
As good to die, and go, as di-
O me! my uncle's spirit is in
Heaven take my soul, and E-
bones!
Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY
Sal. Lords, I will meet hi-
mund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must
This gentle offer of the periles
Pem. Who brought that leti-
dinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a
France;
Whose private with me,† of the
Is much more general than th-
Big. To-morrow morning
then.

* His own body. † Expedition.

is, rather than not forward: for 'twill be
[stage] journey, lands, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Once more to-day will meet, discom-
p'nd' lands! [straight.

E. by me, requests your presence
to king hath disposess'd himself of
not like his this bastained cloak [us;
pure honour, nor attend the foot
run the print of blood where-e'er it
walks:

and tell him so; we know the worst.
What'er you think, good words, I
think, were best.

if grief, and not our manners, reason
us.

but there is little reason in your grief;
a, 'twere reason, you had manners
us.

is, Sir, impatience hath his privilege.
The true; to hurt his master, no man
do.

is in the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ANTHONY.
death, made proud with pure and
glorious beauty]

had not a hole to hide this deed.

under, as hating what himself hath

it open, to urge an revenge. [dona.

r, when he deem'd this beauty to a

sure,

too precious-princely for a grave.

Richard, what think you? Have you

seen read, or heard? or could you think?

a almost think, although you see,

do see? could thought, without this

object,

is another? This is the very top,

it, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

r's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

not savag'ry, the vilest stroke,

wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

l to the tears of soft remorse.†

all murders past do stand excus'd in

so sole, and so unmatchable, [this:

: a holiness, a purity,

t-unboughten sin of time;

s a deadly bloodied but a just,

l by this heinous spectacle.

t is a damned and a bloody work;

less action of a heavy hand,

be the work of any hand.

that it be the work of any hand!—

kind of light, what would ensue:

hateful work of Hubert's hand;

ice, and the purpose, of the king:—

no obedience I forbid my soul,

before this ruin of sweet life,

thing to his breathless excellence

me of a vow, a holy vow;

taste the pleasures of the world,

be infected with delight,

dreamt with ease and idleness,

e set a glory to this hand,†

it the worship of revenge.

ig. Our souls religiously confirm thy

words.

Enter HUNTER.

ords, I am hot with haste in seeking

on:

sth live; the king hath sent for you.

rumour. † Fly.

hould be dead; a glory is the circle of rays

with the heads of men in pictures.

Sol. O, he is bold, and laughs not at
death:—

Arise, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sol. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword,

Best. Your sword is bright, Sir; put it up

again.

Sol. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's side.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back,

I say; [years:

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Last I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, duncull! dar'st thou leave a

nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

Sol. Then art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;† [thine,

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue see'st speak

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Best. Keep the peace, I say.

Sol. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-

bridge.

Best. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis-

bury:

If thou but frowns on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword be-

time;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-

Second a villain, and a murderer? [bridge:

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sol. Trust not those cunning waters of his

eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;‡

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin

there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us

out. [Exeunt Lords.

Best. Here's a good world!—Knew you of

this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Best. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—say, nothing is so

black; [cifer:

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince La-

There is not yet so ugly a head of hell!

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Best. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be

A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou

drown thyself,

o Honest. † By compelling me to tell you.

‡ Moisture. † Fly.

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd,* methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd† interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at
home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture‡ can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your
hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go
meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tem-
pest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,§
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not
the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast him
the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did
live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he
knew. [sad?]

But wherefore do you droop? why look you
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
(Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
(, let it not be said!—Forage, and run [there?]
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me.

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers*
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce.
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd† silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your
(Or if he do, let it at least be said, [peace;
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this pre-
sent time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I
know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Leic. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

* Confounded. † Unowned. ‡ Girdle. § Convert.

* Forces.

† Fondled.

Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 stary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
 proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I glad that such a sore of time
 seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
 all the inveterate canker of one wound,
 ing many: O, it grieves my soul,
 must draw this metal from my side
 widow-maker; O, and there,
 honourable rescue, and defence,
 it upon the name of Salisbury:
 it is the infection of the time,
 or the health and physio of our right,
 not deal but with the very hand
 of injustice and confused wrong.—
 I not pity, O my grieved friends!
 O, the sons and children of this isle,
 born to see so sad an hour as this;
 when we step after a stranger march
 or gentle bosom, and fill up
 enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and
 no spot of this enforced cause,) [weep
 the gentry of a land remote,
 how unacquainted colours here?
 were!—O nation, that thou could'st re-
 move!

Fortune's arms, who clippeth^{*} thee about,
 bear thee from the knowledge of thy
 apple thee unto a pagan shore; [self,
 these two Christian armies might com-
 ed of malice in a vein of league, [bine
 t to spend it so unneighbourly!
 A noble temper dost thou show in this;
 sat affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 e an earthquake of nobility.
 t a noble combat hast thou fought,
 a compulsion and a brave respect!†
 wipe off this honourable dew,
 verly doth progress on thy cheeks;
 rt hath melted at a lady's tears,
 an ordinary inundation;
 effusion of such manly drops,
 ower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 had seen the vaulty top of heaven
 quite o'er with burning meteors.
 thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 th a great heart heave away this storm:
 nd these waters to those baby eyes,
 ver saw the giant world enrag'd;
 t with fortune other than at feasts,
 urn of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
 e purse of rich prosperity, [deep
 ris himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 nit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

When there, methinks, an angel spake:
 where the holy legate comes apace,
 us warrant from the hand of heaven;
 our actions set the name of right,
 oly breath.
 Hail, noble prince of France!
 xt is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
 f to Rome; his spirit is come in,
 stood out against the holy church,
 eat metropolis and see of Rome:
 re thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 me the savage spirit of wild war;
 like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 lie gently at the foot of peace,
 e no further harmful than in show.

embrace.

† Love of country.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
 I am too high-born to be propertyed,* [back;
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
 Between this châtis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this
 fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed, [me?
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with
 Rome?

[borne,
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
 work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook† conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well:—Now hear our English
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me. [king;
 He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at
 your door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;‡
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and
 trunks;
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,

* Appropriated.

† Leap over the hatch.

‡ Face down.

\ Covered.

KING JOHN.

on's crow,*
 Englishman;—
 bled here,
 hastenment!
 is in arms;
 towers,t
 near his nest.—
 te revolts,
 the womb
 ash for shame:
 visag'd maids,
 ter drums;
 tiets change,
 r gentle hearts
 n.
 nd turn thy face
 [well];
 d us: fare thee
 to be spent

her:—
 e tongue of war
 being here.
 being beaten,
 Do but start
 hy drum,
 eady brac'd,
 and as thine;
 er shalt,
 lkin's ear,
 thunder: for al

gate here,
 port than need,)
 ehead sits
 he is this day
 s of the French.
 o find this dan-

it, Dauphin, do
 [Exeunt.

Field of Battle.
 and HUBERT.

with us? O, tell
 fares your ma-
 ath troubled me
 rt is sick!

ER.

kinsman, Faul-

the field;
 uch way you go.
 winstead, to the

, for the great

upbin here,

go on Goodwin

[now:

chard but even

fire themselves.

ant fever burns

as good news.—

ly latter straight;

† Nest.
 ‡ Sky

Weakness possesseth me, and

SCENE IV.—*The same.*—*Ans-*
same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE
others.

Sal. I did not think the king
 friends.

Pem. Uponce again; put spir
 If they miscarry, we miscarry

Sal. That misbegotten devil,
 In spite of spite, alone uphold

Pem. They say, king John,
 left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and h

Mel. Lead me to the revolts o

Sal. When we were happy
 names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you
 Unthread the rude eye of rebe
 And welcome home again disc
 Seek out king John, and fall
 For, if the French be lords of
 Het means to recompense the
 By cutting off your heads: 'Thu
 And I with him, and many m
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmu
 Even on that altar, where we
 Dear amity and everlasting lo

Sal. May this be possible? n

Mel. Have I not hideous
 Retaining but a quantity of li
 Which bleeds away, even as a
 Resolved from his figure 'gain
 What in the world should m

ceive,
 Since I must lose the use of al
 Why should I then be false; :
 That I must die here, and live
 I say again, if Lewis do win
 He is forsworn, if e'er those e
 Behold another day break in
 But even this night,—whose I
 breath

Already smokes about the bu
 Of the old, feeble, and day-w
 Even this ill night, your breath
 Paying the fine of rated treach
 Even with a treacherous line
 If Lewis by your assistance w
 Commend me to one Hubert,
 The love of him,—and this res
 For that my grandsire was an
 Awakes my conscience to can
 In lieu whereof, I pray you,
 From forth the noise and rum
 Where I may think the remnan
 In peace, and part this body a
 With contemplation and devo

Sal. We do believe thee,—A
 But I do love the favour and
 Of this most fair occasion, by
 We will untread the steps of
 And, like a bated and retired
 Leaving our rankness and irr
 Stoop low within those bound
 And calmly run on in obedien
 Even to our ocean, to our grea
 My arm shall give thee help to

* A proverb intimating treachery.
 † In allusion to the images made by
 ‡ There ; 13 let

to the cruel pangs of death! [sigh; close eye.—Away, my friends! New news,† that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.

V.—The same.—The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

O sun of heaven, methought, was
ath to set; [blush,
and made the western welkin
English measur'd backward their
ground,
O, bravely came we off,
a volley of our needless shot,
bloody toil, we bid good night;
our tatter'd colours clearly up,
field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Here is my prince the Dauphin?
re:—What news?
we count Melun is slain; the Eng-
h lords,
sation, are again fallen off: [long,
supply, which you have wish'd so
way, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
I, foul shrewd news!—Heshrew thy
ry heart!
hink to be so sad to-night,
h made me.—Who was he, that said,
did fly, an hour or two before
bling night did part our weary
wers?
hoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
ell; keep good quarter,§ and good
re to-night;
all not be up so soon as I,
fair adventure of to-morrow.

[Exeunt.

*I.—An open Place in the Neighbour-
hood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter BASTARD and HUBERT, meeting.

so's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
I shoot.
friend:—What art thou?
the part of England.
hither dost thou go?
hat's that to thee? Why may not I
mand
fairs, as well as thou of mine?
ubert, I think.
ou hast a perfect thought:
all hazards, well believe [well:
y friend, that know'st my tongue so
ou?
ho thou wilt: an if thou please,
st befriend me so much, as to think
way of the Plantagenets.
kind remembrance! thou, and eye-
s night, [me,
me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon
ccent, breaking from thy tongue,
ape the true acquaintance of mine
r.
me, come; sans|| compliment, what
ws abroad?
hy, here walk I, in the black brow
night,
s out.
rief, then; and what's the news?

se. † Innovation.
posts or stations.

† Sky.
|| Without.

Hub. O, my sweet Sir, news fitting to the
night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it. [news;

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to
him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his
majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power* this
night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[Exeunt.

*SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead-
Abbey.*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his
blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house.)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and
holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here.—

Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce ex-
tremes,

In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies; [hold,
Which, in their throng and press to that last
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

* Forces.

KING JOHN.

nts, who bring in
hair.

my soul hath ei-
nor at doors.
my bosom,
up to dust:
with a pen
just this fire

majesty?
—dead, forsook,

the winter come,
maw;
take their course
nor entreat the

my parched lips,
—I do not ask you

are so strait,*
me that.
some virtue in

is hot,—
ere the poison
annize
d blood.

ARD.

th my violent mo-
our majesty. tion,
art come to set

uck'd and burn'd;
with my life should

ne little hair:
ng to stay it by,
s be uttered;
t, is but a clod,
l royalty.
paring hitherward;
ow we shall answer

t of my power,
move,
varily,
d flood.

[The King dies.
d news in as dead
[thus.
now a king,—now
un on, and even so
[stay,
what hope, what

+ Model.

When this was now a king,
Hast Art thou gone so?
To do the office for thee of n
And then my soul shall

heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy
Now, now, you stars, that
spheres,
Where be your powers?
mended faiths;

And instantly return with m
To push destruction, and pe
Out of the weak-door of our
Straight let us seek, or at
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our v
Sal. It seems, you know
as we:

The cardinal Pandulph is w
Who half an hour since ca
phin;

And brings from him such a
As we with honour and resq
With purpose presently to k

Hast. He will the rather
Ourselves well sinewed to c

Sal. Nay, it is in a manne
For many carriages he hath
To the seaside, and put his
To the disposing of the card
With whom yourself, myself
If you think meet, this after
To consummate this business

Hast. Let it be so;—As
prince,

With other princes that may
Shall wait upon your father

P. Hen. At Worcester m
For so he will'd it.

Hast. Thither shall it the
And happily may your swe
The lineal state and glory o
To whom, with all submissi
I do bequeath my faithful a
And true subjection everlas

Sal. And the like tendi
To rest without a spot for e

P. Hen. I have a kind so
you thanks,

And knows not how to do i
Hast. O, let us pay the

woe,
Since it hath been beforehan
This England never did, (n
Lie at the proud foot of a c

But when it first did help to
Now these her princes are

Come the three corners of t
And we shall shock them:

us rue,
If England to itself do rest

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
HENRY OF LANCASTER, Duke of York;
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster;
HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BONNY, BACOT, GREEN, } Creatures to King Richard.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE of Exton.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
LADY attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,*
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sound-
 ed him,

If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice;
 Or worthily as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that
 argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
 to face, [hear

ed frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
 be accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exit some Attendants.*

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but
 flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
 Namely, to appeal* each other of high trea-
 son.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
 bray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record of my
 In the devotion of a subject's love, [speech!]
 Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
 Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

KING RICHARD II.

[ACT I.]

reign,) ere I move,
right-drawn sword

is here accuse my
s war, [zeal;
tongues,
t us twain:
cool'd for this,
patience boast,
at all to say:
ur highness curbs

my free speech;
it had return'd
down his throat.
loyalty,
my liege,
am,
ed, and a villain:
low him odds;
run a-foot
the Alps,
ble*
t set his foot.
loyalty,—
doth he lie.
ard, there I throw

of a king;
s royalty,
akes thee to ex-
so much strength,
awn, then stoop:
ighbourhood else,
arm to arm,
can't worst de-

by that sword I
[der,
ood on my shoul-
gree,
ily trial:
y I not light,
nt!
asin lay to Mow-

eritt us
t in him.
ak my life shall
[nobles,
eight thousand
ghness' soldiers;
or lewd; employ-

rious villain.
ttle prove,—
furthest vergo
nglish eye,—
eighteen years
this land,
ur first head and

will maintain
l this good,—
Gloster's death;
adversaries;
tor coward,
through streams

Abel's, cries,
rns of the earth,
chastisement;
my descent,
te be spent.

ked. } Prompt

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution
soars!—

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,*

How kind, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes,
and ears:

Were he my brother, say, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son.)

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart, [beat!

Through the false passage of thy throat, then
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account.
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's
death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case,—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my griev'd soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,†
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his house:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
Thus we prescribe though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it began;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my
age:

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid;
there is no boot.‡

Nor. Myself, I throw, dread sovereign, at
thy foot;

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom;
spear;

The which no balm can cure, but his hand
Which breath'd this poison.

* Reproach to his ancestry. † Charge.
‡ Arrogant. § No advantage in doing.

ch. Rage must be withstood :
his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.
Yea, but not change their spots : take
but my shame,
sign my gage. My dear dear lord,
no treasure mortal times afford,
less reputation ; that away,
but gilded loam, or painted clay.
In a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
I'd spirit in a loyal breast.
Your is my life ; both grow in one ;
your from me, and my life is done :
as my liege, mine honour let me try ;
live, and for that will I die.

a. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do
you begin.

O, God defend my soul from such
foul sin !

How crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
pale beggar-fear impeach my height
His out-dar'd dastard ! Ere my tongue
read mine honour with such feeble
wrong,

I so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
his motive of recanting fear ;
It bleeding in his high disgrace,
none doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. [Exit GAUNT.

a. We were not born to sue, but to
command :

For we cannot do to make you friends,
as your lives shall answer it,
try, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
all your swords and lances arbitrate
ling difference of your settled hate ;
cannot atone* you, we shall see
leign† the victor's chivalry.—
command our officers at arms
to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.

*II.—The same.—A Room in the Duke
of LANCASTER'S Palace.*

GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER.

Alas ! the part† I had in Gloster's
blood
re solicit me, than your exclams,
gainst the butchers of his life.
A correction lieth in those hands,
made the fault that we cannot correct,
our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
as he sees the hours ripe on earth,
his hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur ?

Is there in thy old blood no living fire ?
Seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
seven phials of his sacred blood,
fair branches springing from one root :
those seven are dried by nature's
course,
those branches by the destinies cut :
alas, my dear lord, my life, my Glos-
ter,—

I full of Edward's sacred blood,
ishing branch of his most royal root,—
d, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
I down, and his summer leaves all
aded,
his hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Went! his blood was thine ; that bed,
that womb, [thee,
title, that self-mould, that fashion'd
in a man ; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

file.

† Show.

‡ Relationship.

Yet art thou slain in him : Thou dost consent*
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's
substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight, [fully
Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrong-
Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain
myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion
and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight ;
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff† recreant‡ to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometime brother's
wife,

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—
With all good speed at Plashy§ visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my
groans ? [there,

Therefore commend me ; let him not come
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where :
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a Throne. HERALDS, &c.
attending.*

Enter the Lord MARSHAL, and AUMERLE:

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold, [pet

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trum-
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

* Assent.

† Cowardly.

Z z

† A base villain.

§ Her house in Essex.

KING RICHARD II.

King RICHARD,
GAUNT, and
their places. A
sistered by another
Norfolk in ar-

of yonder cham-
in arms: (pion
ly proceed
his cause.

king's, say who
(arms:
knightly clad in
st, and what thy

ed, and thy oath;
and thy valour!
Mowbray, duke of

my oath,
might should vio-
truth, [late']
ceding issue,
that appeals me,
and this mine arm,
himself,
and me:
the heaven!
He takes his seat.

GAUNT, in ar-
Herald.

under knight in

ometh hither
war;
law
s cause.

and wherefore

royal lists?

and what's thy
(ven!

defend thee hea-
Lancaster, and

ed in arms,
and my body's

duke of Norfolk,

dangerous,

ard, and to me;

he heaven!

erson be so bold,

he lists;

officers

designs.

or kiss my sove-

majesty:

e like two men

grimage;

s leave,

veral friends.

duty greets your

(leave.

l, and take his

and fold him in

use is right,

ght!

day thou shed,

ge thee dead.

profane a tear

owbray's spear;

light

owbray fight.—

My loving lord, [To Lord MA
my leave of you;—

[Of you, my noble cousin, lord

Not, sick, although I have to d
But lusty, young, and ch
breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I n
The daintiest last, to make the e
O thou, the earthly author of n

Whose youthful spirit, in me re
Doth with a two-fold vigour lif
To reach at victory above my h
Add proof unto mine armour w
And with thy blessings steel m
That it may enter Mowbray's v
And furbisht new the name of
Even in the lusty 'haviour of h
GAUNT. Heaven in thy good c
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the e
And let thy blows, doubly red
Fall like amazing thunder on t
Of thy adverse pernicious ones
Housc up thy youthful blood,
Boling. Mine innocence, an
to thrive! [H

Nor. [Rising] However heav
cast my lot,

There lives or dies, true to
A loyal, just, and upright gent
Never did captive with a freer
Cast off his chains of bondage,
His golden uncontroll'd enfran
More than my dancing soul du
This feast of battle with mine
Most mighty liege, and my con
Take from my mouth the wish
As gentle and as jocund, as to
Go I to fight; Truth hath a qu

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord:
Virtue with valour couched in

Order the trial, marshal, and l
[The KING and the LORDS rets

Mar. Harry of Hereford,
Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God d
Boling. [Rising.] Strong as
I cry—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [T
Thomas duke of Norfo

1 Her. Harry of Hereford,
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sove
On pain to be found false and

To prove the duke of Norfolk,
bray,

A traitor to his God, his king,
And dares him to set forward

2 Her. Here standeth Tho
duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and
Both to defend himself, and to

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster
To God, his sovereign, and to

Courageously, and with a free
Attending but the signal to be

Mar. Sound, trumpets; as
combatants. [A

Stay, the king hath thrown his
K. Rich. Let them lay by th
their spears,

And both return back to their
Withdraw with us:—and le
sound,

* Yielding. † Brighten up.
‡ Play a part in a mask.

we return these dukedoms what we deserve.—

[A long flourish.
[To the Combatants.
What with our council we have done,
at our kingdom's earth should not be

sell'd
at dear blood which it hath fostered ;
our eyes do hate the dire aspect
wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
swords ;

if we think the eagle-winged pride
aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
val-hating envy, set you on [cradle
to our peace, which in our country's
the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
up rose'd up with bolsterous untan'd
drums, [bray,

such resounding trumpets' dreadful
sling shock of wrathful iron arms,
turn our quiet confidence flight fair peace,
also as wade even in our kindred's
blood ;—

ye, we banish you our territories :—
make Hereford, upon pain of death,
ten five summers have enrich'd our
at regret our fair domains, [fields,
ad the stranger paths of banishment.

g. Your will be done : This must my
comfort be,— [me ;

a, that warms you here, shall shine on
me his golden beams, to you here lent,
set on me, and gild my banishment.

ch. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

[with some unwillingness pronounce :
slow hours shall not determinate
clear limit of thy dear exile ;—
clear word of—never to return

I against thee, upon pain of life.
A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege, [mouth :

I unlook'd for from your highness'
r merit, not so deep a main

cast forth in the common air,
deserved at your highness' hand.

guage I have learn'd these forty years,
ve English, now I must forego :

as my tongue's use is to me no more,
unstringed viol or a harp ;

a cunning instrument cas'd up,
g open, put into his hands

ows no touch to tune the harmony.
my mouth you have enjoin'd my tongue,

portcullis'd,† with my teeth and lips ;
I, unfeeling, barren ignorance

my jailer to attend on me.
old to fawn upon a nurse,

in years to be a pupil now ; [death,
a thy sentence then, but speechless

robe my tongue from breathing native
tongue ?

ish. It boots thee not to be compas-
sionate ;†

ir sentence plaining comes too late.
Then thus I turn me from my country's

light,
I in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.
ch. Return again, and take an oath
with thee,

our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
y the duty that you owe to heaven,

at therein we banish with yourselves,)
the oath that we administer—

we shall (so help you truth and heaven !)

ch. [Barred. † To move compassion.

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face ;

Nor never write, regret, nor remembrance
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate—

Nor never by advised* purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or compass any ill,

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to make enemy ;—

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were true—

My name be blotted from the book of life, [tor,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !

But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do
know ;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;

Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of time
I see thy griev'd heart : thy end aspect [eyes

Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,

Return [To Boling.] with welcome home from
banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word !

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

Gau. I thank my liege, that, in regard of
He shortens four years of my son's exile : [me,

But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,

Can change their moons, and bring their times
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou has many years
to live.

Gau. But not a minute, king, that thou
canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a

morrow :
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good

advice,†
Whereto thy tongue a party† verdict gave ;

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?
Gau. Things sweet to taste, prove in di-

gestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge : but I had rather,

You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more
A partial slanderer sought I to avoid, [mild :

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid

him so ;

* Concerted. † Consideration. ‡ Had a part or share.
§ It grows of partially.

KING RICHARD II.

shall go.
ARD and Train.
presence must

paper show.
I; for I will

our side.
lost thou heard

to thy friends?
ke my leave of

and be prodigal
of the heart.
absence for a

present for that

they are quick-

grief makes one

thou tak'st for

then I miscall it
grunage. [so,

thy weary steps

to set

return.

tedious stride I

deal of world

I love.

vicehood

he end,

nothing else,

to grief?

eye of heaven

happy havens:

thus;

ty.

thee;

the heavier sit,

fully borne.

urchase honour,

or suppose,

our air,

er clime.

ar, imagine it

ot whence thou

ascians;

st, the presence

my steps, no more

a dance:

power to bite

sets it light.

ure in his hand,

casus?

ppetite,

er's snow,

ner's heat?

he good,

to the worse:

rankle more,

eth not the sore.

ou, I'll bring thee

I would not stay.

round, farewell;

ourt. | Growing.

My mother, and my nurse, that
Where-e'er I wander, boast of
Though banish'd, yet a truebo

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Ru
Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT
AUMERLE follows

K. Rich. We did observe.—C
How far brought you high F
way?

Ann. I brought high Heref
him so,

But to the next highway, and

K. Rich. And, say, what s
tears were shed?

Ann. 'Faith, none by me: es
east wind,

Which then blew bitterly agah
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; an

Did grace our hollow parting v

K. Rich. What said our cou
parted with him.

Ann. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained d

Should so profane the word,
To counterfeit oppression of su

That words seem'd buried i
grave.

Marry, would the word
lengthen'd hours,

And added years to his short b

He should have had a volume

But, since it would not, he has

K. Rich. He is our cousin, i
doubt,

When time shall call him home

Whether our kinsman come to

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot her

Observ'd his courtship to the cou

How he did seem to dive into

With humble and familiar cou

What reverence he did throw s

Wooing poor craftsmen, wit
smiles,

And patient underbearing of b

As 'twere, to banish their effec

Off goes his bunnet to an oyste

A brace of draymen bid—God

And had the tribute of his sup

With—*Thanks my countrymen,* s

As were our England in reven

And he our subjects next degr

Green. Well, he is gone; as
these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which sh

Expedient* manage must be m

Ere further leisure yield them

For their advantage, and your

K. Rich. We will ourself i
war.

And, for our coffers—with too

And liberal largess,—are gi
light,

We are enforc'd to farm our re

The revenue whereof shall sur

For our affairs in hand: If the

Our substitutes at home sh

charters;

Whereto, when they shall kno

They shall subscribe them for

gold,

And send them after to supply

For we will make for Ireland]

* Expeditious.

Enter Bushy.

What news?

B. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;

ly taken; and hath sent post-haste, at your majesty to visit him.

Ch. Where lies he?

B. At Ely-house.

Ch. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,

him to his grave immediately!

Ag of his coffers shall make coats

our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

And, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

E. L.—London.—A Room in Ely-house.

On a Couch; the Duke of York, and others standing by him.

Y. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last

some counsel to his unstaied youth.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

A vain comes counsel to his ear.

O, but they say, the tongues of dying attention, like deep harmony: [men

words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain: [in pain.

breathe truth, that breathe their words no more may say, is listen'd more

they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;* [before:

men's ends mark'd, than their lives setting sun, and music at the close,

last taste of sweets, is sweetest last; remembrance, more than things long

past: [hear,

Richard my life's counsel would not

h's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

soes of his state: then, there are found as metres; to whose venom sound

a ear of youth doth always listen:

f fashions in proud Italy;

manners still our tardy apish nation

fler, in base imitation,

both the world thrust forth a vanity,

new, there's no respect how vile,) not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

too late comes counsel to be heard,

will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

At him, whose way himself will choose; with thou lack'st, and that breath wilt

thou lose.

Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;

and, expiring, do foretell of him;

A fierce blaze of riot cannot last;

but fires soon burn out themselves:

flowers last long, but sudden storms are

short;

betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;

per feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

greedy, insatiate cormorant,

beg means, soon preys upon itself.

Al throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

th of majesty, this seat of Mars,

er Eden, demi-paradise;

press, built by nature for herself,

* Flatter.

Against infection, and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their

birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)

Like to a tenement, or palting* farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:

O, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, and QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth; [more.

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What, comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt† in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt? For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon, Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt: Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick: And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

* Paltry.

† Lean, thin.

KING RICHARD II.

anointed body to the cure
 Physicians that first wounded thee :
 Flatterers sit within thy crown,
 None is no bigger than thy head ;
 Measured in so small a verge,
 No whit lesser than thy land.
 Randairs, with a prophet's eye,
 A son a son should destroy his sons,
 My reach he would have laid thy
 — before thou wert possess'd,
 Possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Wert thou regent of the world,
 Me to let this land by lease :
 World, enjoying but this land,
 Thus shame, to shame it not !
 England art thou now, not king :
 Law is bondsman to the law ;

— a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 An ague's privilege,
 My frozen admonition
 On cheek, chasing the royal blood,
 From his native residence.
 Not's right royal majesty,
 My brother to great Edward's son,
 That runs so roundly in thy head,
 Thy head from thy unreverend
 — spare me not, my brother Ed-
 — his father Edward's son ;
 Ready, like the pelican,
 Fed out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 Metall in heaven 'mongst happy
 — edent and witness good, (souls)
 Respect'at not spilling Edward's

present sickness that I have ;
 Madness be like crooked age,
 Or a too-long wither'd flower.
 Shame, but die not shame with
 — hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 To my bed, then to my grave :
 Live, that love and honour have.
 — set, borne out by his Attendants.
 And let them die, that age and sul-
 — have ;
 — thou, and both become the grave.
 — each your majesty, impute his
 — sickness and age in him : (words
 — on my life, and holds you dear
 — of Hereford, were he here.
 — ight ; you say true : as Hereford's
 — so his :
 — mine ; and all be as it is.

For NORTHUMBERLAND.
 — hege, old Gaunt commends him
 — r majesty.
 — hat says he now ?
 — nothing ; all is said :
 — now a stringless instrument ;
 — and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
 — ork the next that must be bank-
 — so !
 — be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
 — he ripest fruit first falls, and so
 — he ;
 — ent, our pilgrimage must be :
 — ant.—Now for our Irish wars :
 — plant those rough rug-headed
 — †

Which live like venom, where
 But only they, hath privilege
 And for these great affairs do
 Towards our assistance, we
 The plate, coin, revenues, all
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did
 York. How long shall I
 — how long

Shall tender duty make me
 Not Gloster's death, nor E-
 — ment,
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor
 Nor the pervention of poor I
 About his marriage, nor my
 Have ever made me sour my
 Or bend one wrinkle on my
 I am the last of noble Edward
 Of whom thy father, prince of
 In war, was never lion rag'd
 In peace, was never gentle I
 Than was that young and pr
 His face thou hast, for even
 Accomplish'd with the numb
 But, when he frown'd, it
 — French,

And not against his friends :
 Did win what he did spend,
 Which his triumphant father
 His hands were guilty of no
 But bloody with the enemies
 O, Richard ! York is too far
 Or else he never would com
 K. Rich. Why, uncle, wh
 York. O, my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please ; b
 Not to be pardon'd, am cont
 Seek you to seize, and gripe
 The royalties and rights of b
 Is not Gaunt dead ? and d
 — live ?

Was not Gaunt just ? and is
 Did not the one deserve to b
 Is not his heir a well-deserv
 Take Hereford's rights awa
 His charters, and his custom
 Let not to-morrow then ensu
 Be not thyself, for how art t
 But by fair sequence and su
 Now, afore God (God forbid
 If you do wrongfully seize
 Call in the letters patent tha
 By his attorney-general to a
 His livery,† and deny his off
 You pluck a thousand dang
 You lose a thousand well-di
 And prick my tender patience
 Which honour and allegiance

K. Rich. Think what you
 — to our hands
 His plate, his goods, his mon
 York. I'll not be by, the
 — farewell :
 What will ensue hereof, the
 But by bad courses may be
 That their events can never

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the
 — straight ;
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-
 To see this business : To-mo
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis
 And we create, in absence of
 Our uncle York lord govern
 For he is just, and always lo

† Alluding to the idea that no v
 in Ireland.
 † When of thy age. ; Tu

† Irish soldiers.

soon: to-morrow must we part;
our time of stay is short.

[Flourish.
THE QUEEN, BUSHY, ACMERLE,
and BAGOT.

Lords, the duke of Lancaster
is dying too; for now his son is

in title, not in revenue.
In both, if justice had her

part is great; but it must break
hence,

send with a liberal^o tongue.

Speak thy mind; and let him
speak more,

words again, to do thee harm!

That thou'dst speak, to the
[Hereford]

with it boldly, man;

or to hear of good towards him.

At all, that I can do for him;

It good to pity him,

not of his patrimony.

Before heaven, 'tis shame, such

are borne,

since, and many more

in this declining land.

himself, but basely led

and what they will inform,

'gainst any of us all,

not severely prosecute [heirs.

lives, our children, and our

monies hath he pill'd; with

a taxes,

carts: the nobles hath he fin'd

barrels, and quite lost their

daily new exactions are devis'd;

violences, and I wot not what:

his name, doth become of this?

have not wasted it, for warr'd

not,

led upon compromise

ancestors achiev'd with blows:

spent in peace, than they in

of Wiltshire hath the realm

king's grown bankrupt, like a

man.

ach, and dissolution, hangeth

on.

not money for these Irish wars,

taxations notwithstanding,

king of the banish'd duke.

able kinsman: most degenerate

near this fearful tempest sing,

after to avoid the storm:

and sit sore upon our sails,

like not, but securely perish.†

is the very wreck that we must

is the danger now, [suffer,

the causes of our wreck.

even through the hollow eyes

h,

ing; but I dare not say

things of our comfort is.

let us share thy thoughts, as

not ours.

Adent to speak, Northumber-

We three are but thyself; and, speaking, so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be
bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le
Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,

That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,

[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and

Francis Quoint,— [Lugne,

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bre-

With eight tall^o ships, three thousand men of

war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,†

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Impt out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd

crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,‡

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to

them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be

there. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much
sad:

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,

And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause [myself,

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me; and my inward soul

With nothing trembles, at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty

shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

Divides one thing entire to many objects;

Like perspectives,|| which, rightly gaz'd upon,

Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to

wail; [dows

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but sha-

Of what is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not;

more's not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,

Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward

soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,

^o Deprived. † Pillaged.
since in our security.

^o Stout. † Expedition. ‡ Supply with new leather.
‡ Gilding. § Pictures.

KING RICHARD II.

on no thought I
ng faint and shrink.
conceit,* my gra-

conceit is still de-

f, mine is not so;
-omething grief;
ang that I grieve:
possess;
et known; what
se woe, I wot.

majesty!—and well

shipp'd for Ireland.
so? 'tis better hope,
[hope;
ste, his haste good
u hope, he is not

, might have retir'd

h enemy's hope,
ing in this land:
repeals himself,
safe arriv'd

ven forbid!

oo true: and that is

d, his young son

ad, and Willoughby,
nds, are fled to him.

t proclaim'd North-

olling faction

on the earl of Wor-

n'd his stewardship,
ants fled with him

art the midwife to

ow's dismal heir:
forth her prodigy;
wer'd mother,

so sorrow join'd.
lam,
r me?

umity
n flatterer,
of death,
e the bands of life,
n extremity.

rk.

duke of York.

ear about his aged

are his looks!—

comfortable words.
I should belie my

we are on the earth,
crosses, care, and

to save far off,
ke him lose at home:
op his land;

ow. ; Drawn it back.

Who, weak with age, cannot
Now comes the sick hour this
Now shall he try his friends

Enter a SERV.

Serv. My lord, your son

York. He was!—Why, I

The nobles they are fled, th
And will, I fear, revolt on H

Sirrah,
Get thee to Plasby, to my s
Bid her send me presently

Serv. My lord, I had forg
To-day, as I came by, I ca
But I shall grieve you to re

York. What is it, knave!
Serr. An hour before I
died.

York. God for his mere
woes
Comes rushing on this wof

I know not what to do:—I
(So my untruth* had not pe
The king had cut off my l

What, are these posts despa
How shall we do for money
Come, sister,—cousin, I w

Go, fellow, [To the SERVANT:
provide some carts
And bring away the armour

Gentlemen, will you go mu
How, or which way, to ord

Thus thrust disorderly into
Never believe me. Both a

The one's my sovereign, w
And duty bids defend; th
Is my kinsman, whom the

Whom conscience and my k
Well, somewhat we must
I'll

Dispose of you:—Go, must
And meet me presently at

I should to Plasby too;—
But time will not permit:—
And every thing is left at:

[Exit
Bushy. The wind sits fa
Ireland,

But none returns. For us
Proportionable to the enon
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides our 'nea
love,
Is near the hate of those k

Bagot. And that's the
for their love
Lies in their purses; and v

By so much fills their hear
Bushy. Wherein the ki
matters'd

Bagot. If judgement lie
we,
Because we ever have bee

Green. Well, I'll for ref
tol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is al

Bushy. Thither will I
office
The hateful commons will

* Dialogus

Except the cure to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bol. No. I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell! if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bol. That's as York thrives to beat back
Bolingbroke.

Over. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
takes

Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bol. Farewell at once; for once, for all,
and ever.

Over. Well, we may meet again,
Bol. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley
now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspur to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-
pany;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine
hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Bol. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whence-
soever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have
learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook
the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason? [together.

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
Percy. Because your lordship was pro-
claimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspur.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Here-
ford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not
forgot.

Which ne'er I did remember: to my know-
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is
the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which older days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Bol. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be
sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thee
seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what
stir [War?

Keeps good old York there, with his men of
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft
of trees, [heard:

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and
Beymour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and
Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Bol. Welcome, my lords: I wot,^a your
love pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most
noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to at-
tain it.

Bol. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of
the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune come to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter STANLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is
to you.

Bol. My lord, my answer is—to Lan-
caster;

And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will),

From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you
To take advantage of the absent time,[†] [on

And fright our native peace with self-born
arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Bol. I shall not need transport my words
by you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble
uncle! [Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not
thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Bol. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's
ground?

But then more why;—Why have they dar'd
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

^a Know. [†] Time of the king's absence.

KING RICHARD II.

arms? [hence?
 appointed king is
 left behind,
 power.
 hot youth.
 ther, and myself,
 that young Mars

thousand French;
 this arm of mine,
 astise thee,
 fault?
 let me know my

and wherein?
 the worst de-

ed treason:
 here art come,
 time,
 sovereign.

I was banish'd
 Lancaster.

our grace,
 indifferent eye:

anks, in you
 my father
 stand condemn'd

rights and royal-
 [away

force, and given
 ore was I born?

of England,
 of Lancaster.

noble kinsman;
 been thus trod

e Gaunt a father,
 use them to the

here, [bay.
 me leave:

un'd and sold;
 as employ'd.

I am a subject.
 are denied me;

my claim
 cent.

been too much
 upon, to do him

endowments are
 let me tell you

n's wrongs,
 him right:

aving arms,
 at his way,

it may not be;
 this kind,

is all.
 sworn, his com-

right of that,
 o give him aid;

that breaks that
 e issue of these

s confess,
 and all ill left:

ave me life
 no wrong him.

it is your interest.

I would attach you all, and me
 Unto the sovereign mercy of th
 But, since I cannot, be it know
 I do remain as neuter. So, fa
 Unless you please to enter in t
 And there repose you for this

Boling. An offer, uncle, that
 But we must win your grace,
 To Bristol castle; which, they
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their co
 The caterpillars of the common
 Which I have sworn to weed, a

York. It may be, I will go
 yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our co
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me w
 Things past redress, are now

care.

SCENE IV.—A Camp.
Enter SALISBURY, and a

Capt. My lord of Salisbury,
 ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen
 And yet we hear no tidings fr
 Therefore we will disperse ours

Sat. Stay yet another day, tho
 The king reposeth all his conf
 In thee

Capt. 'Tis thought, the king i
 not stay.

The bay-trees in our country a
 And meteors fright the fixed st
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloo
 And lean-look'd prophets a

change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruff
 The one, in fear to lose what th
 The other, to enjoy by rage am
 These signs forerun the de

kings.—
 Farewell; our countrymen are
 As well assur'd, Richard their

Sat. Ah, Richard! with the
 I see thy glory, like a shooting
 Fall to the base earth from the
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lo

Witnessing storms to come, wo
 Thy friends are fled, to wait up
 And crossly to thy good all for

And crossly to thy good all for

ACT III.
SCENE I.—BOLINGBROKE'S C

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK,
LAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY,
behind with BUSHY and GREEN!

Boling. Bring forth these met
 Bushy, and Green, I will not v
 (Since presently your souls mu

dies,)

With too much urging your per
 For 'twere no charity: yet, to w
 From off my hands, here, in the

I will unfold some causes of yo
 You have misled a prince, a ro
 A happy gentleman in blood an

By you unhappied and disfigur
 You have, in manner, with you
 Made a divorce betwixt his que

Broke the possession of a royal
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair
 With tears drawn from her eye

wrongs.

* Completely.

face, by fortune of my birth;
 fling in blood; and near in love,
 make him misinterpret me,—
 my neck under your injuries,
 my English breath in foreign
 air,
 My bread of banishment:
 have fed upon my signories,
 my parts, and sell'd my forest
 in; [coat, †
 in windows torn my household
 impress, leaving me no sign,—
 pinions, and my living blood,—
 world I am a gentleman.
 much more, much more than twice
 as,
 as to the death:—See them de-
 d over
 and the hand of death.
 so welcome is the stroke of death
 to [well.
 stroke to England. Lords, fare-
 comfort is,—that heaven will take
 souls,
 injustice with the pains of hell.
 Lord Northumberland, see them
 catch'd.
 and NORTHUMBERLAND and others,
 in Prisoners.
 gy, the queen is at your house;
 make, fairly let her be entreated:
 and to her my kind commends; ‡
 care my greetings be deliver'd.
 gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
 of your love to her at large.
 unks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
 Glendower and his complices;
 ask, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

—The Coast of Wales.—A castle
 in view.

Enter King
 Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and

arkloughly castle call you this at
 my lord: How brooks your grace
 is,
 sing on the breaking seas!
 loads must I like it well; I weep
 ry,
 in my kingdom once again.—
 do salute thee with my hand,
 in wound thee with their horses'
 I:
 rted mother with her child
 with her tears, and smiles in
 ing;
 smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 favour with my royal hands.
 sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
 piders, that suck up thy venom,
 aided toads, lie in their way;
 face to the treacherous feet,
 usurping steps do trample thee.
 g nettles to mine enemies:
 ey from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 way thee, with a lurking adder;
 le tongue may with a mortal touch
 upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
 senseless conjuration, lords;

own the hedges. † Of arms. ‡ Motto.
 † Commendations.

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that
 made you king,

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be em-
 brac'd,

And not neglected, else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
 remiss,

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great, in substance, and in
 friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st
 thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
 backs, [selves!

Stand bare and naked, trembling at them—
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord:
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards
 the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your
 power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious
 lord, [tongue,

Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, [men!
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy
 state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your
 grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thou-
 sand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you
 are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not
 king?

a Force.

KING RICHARD II.

'thou sleep'st.
 thousand names?
 subject strikes
 to the ground,
 we not high?
 know, my uncle
 turn. But who
 happiness betide
 deliver him.
 and my heart pre-
 canst unfold.
 'twas my care;
 of care?
 great as we?
 serve God,
 his fellow so:
 cannot mend;
 as well as us:
 loss, decay;
 death will have his
 our highness is so
 ty. [arm'd
 day, [shores,
 ers drown their
 ly'd to tears;
 is the rage
 our fearful land
 hearts harder than
 [sculps
 r thin and hairless
 s, with women's
 their female joints
 st thy crown:
 bend their bows
 thy state;
 rusty bills
 g and old rebel,
 ve power to tell.
 ll, thou tell'st a
 [got?
 re? where is Ba-
 here is Green?
 r us enemy
 n peaceful steps?
 ll pay for it.
 eace with Hollag-
 ade with him, in-
 , damn'd without
 any man!
 arm'd, that sting
 [Judas!
 rce worse than
 rrible hell make
 this offence! [war
 changing his pro-
 at deadly hate:—
 their peace is made
 nds: those whom
 [wound],
 ath's destroying
 e hollow ground.
 l the earl of Wilt-
 Bristol lost their

Am. Where is the duke my
 power?
 K. Rich. No matter where;
 man speak:
 Let's talk of graves, of worms,
 Make dust our paper, and with
 Write sorrow on the bosom of
 Let's choose executors, and ta
 And yet not so,—for what can
 Save our deposed bodies to the
 Our lands, our lives, and all are
 And nothing can we call our o
 And that small model of the be
 Which serves as paste and cov
 For heaven's sake, let us sit up
 And tell sad stories of the deal
 How some have been depos'd
 war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts the
 Some poison'd by their wives,
 kill'd;
 All murder'd:—For within the
 That rounds the mortal temple
 Keeps death his court: and the
 Scolding his state, and grinning
 Allowing him a breath, a little
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and
 Infusing him with self and vain
 As if this flesh, which walls ab
 Were brass impregnable; and,
 Comes at the last, and with a l
 Bores through his castle wall,
 king!
 Cover your heads, and mock
 With solemn reverence; throw
 Tradition, form, and ceremoni
 For you have but mistook me a
 I live with bread like you, feel u
 Need friends:—Subjected thus
 How can you say to me—I am
 Car. My lord, wise men n
 present woes,
 But presently prevent the way
 To fear the foe, since fear oppo
 Gives, in your weakness, stre
 foe,
 And so your follies fight again
 Fear, and be slain; no more
 fight:
 And fight and die, is death des
 Where fearing dying, pays dent
 Am. My father hath a pow
 And learn to make a body of a
 K. Rich. 'Thou chid'st me wel
 ingbroke, I come
 To change blows with thee for o
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blo
 An easy task it is, to win our o
 Say, Scroop, where lies our
 power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although
 Scroop. Men judge by the co
 The state and inclination of
 So may you by my dull and he
 My tongue hath but a heavie
 I play the torturer, by small an
 To lengthen out the worst that n
 Your uncle York hath join'd wit
 And all your northern castles y
 And all your southern gentlemen
 Upon his party."
 K. Rich. Thou hast said eno
 Beadrew't thee, cousin, which
 forth
 Of that sweet way I was in to

say you now! What comfort have we
now, I'll hate him everlastingly, [now?]
his name be of comfort any more,
a first castle; there I'll give away;
my wife's slave, shall kindly use every
power I have, discharge; and let them

at the hand that both come here to grow,
have none:—let us men speak again
for this, for counsel is but vain.

My king, one word.

Alack, He does me double wrong,
wounds me with the fathering of his
language.

My followers, let them hence:—
Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair
day.

THE III.—Wales.—Before First Castle.

with Arms and Colours, BOLINGBROKE,
[Enter; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and
others.

Reg. So that by this intelligence we learn,
Walesmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
me to meet the king, who lately landed,
leaves few private friends, upon this coast.
With this news is very fair and good, my
lord;

and, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
Oh, it would become the lord Northum-
berland,

up—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
on such a sacred king should hide his head!
With your grace mistakes me; only to be
I his title out.

With the time hath been, [brief;]
with you have been so brief with him, he
would not so brief with you, to shorten you,
taking so the head, your whole head's
length.

With. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.

With. Take not, good cousin, further than
you should, [head.]

With you mistake: The heavens are o'er your
king. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
will against their will.—But who comes
here?

Enter Percy.

Al. Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
With. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
that thy entrance.

With. Royally!

With. It contains no king?

With. Yes, my good lord,

both contains a king; king Richard lies
in the limits of yon lime and stone:
with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salis-
bury,

Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
of reverence, who, I cannot learn.

With. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

With. Noble lord

to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
rough brass trumpet send the breath of
this ruin'd ears, and thus deliver. [parley]
my Bolingbroke

both his knees doth kiss king Richard's
and sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
his most royal person: hither come
himself to lay my arms and power;
willed that, my banishment repeal'd,
and lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood.

With. 'Tis from the wounds of slaughter'd English—
The which, how far off from the mind of Bol-
ingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the
Castle, with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threatening
drum,

That from the castle's tetter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perceiv'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should
With no less terror than the elements [meet
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he
looks.

A parol sounded, and answered by another Trumpet
within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King
RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUWERLE,
SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself
appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

With. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have
done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

o Penn.
i Rich. II.

† Plough.

; Short.
j Parly.

o Soil.

KING RICHARD II.

forbid, our lord

And arms

noble cousin,

only kiss thy hand;

he swears,

randaire's bones;

your bloods,

ne most gracious

arlike Gaunt;

of himself,

worn or said,—

ether scope,

end to beg

in his knees:

ented once,

minend* to rust,

and his heart

gesty.

nce, is just;

credit him.

, say,—thus tho-

come hither;

er demands

contradiction:

ce thou hast

and commends.—

, do we not,

[To AUMERLE.

ak so fair?

erland, and send

die?

's fight with gen-

ends their help-

nd' that e'er this

ad banishment

ake it off again

at I were as great

my name!

have been!

et be now!

'll give thee scope

both thee and me.

es back from Bo-

ng do now? Must

he be depos'd?

Must he lose

ame, let it go:

et heads;

ermitage;

man's gown;

of wood;

alking-staff;

ved saints;

ittle grave,

ore grave:—

's highway, [feet

, where subjects'

sovereign's head:

now whilst I live;

pon my head—

y tender-hearted

h despised tears;

odge the summer

evolving land.

* Softness.

Or shall we play the wantons
And make some pretty mate
tears?

As thus:—To drop them still
Till they have fretted us a pa
Within the earth; and, therein
Two kinsmen, digg'd their gra
eyes?

Would not this ill do well?—
I talk but idly, and you mock
Most mighty prince, my lord!
What says king Bolingbroke?
Give Richard leave to live til
You make a leg,* and Boling
North. My lord, in the bas
attend

To speak with you; may't ple
K. Rich. Down, down, I co
ing Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unrol
[North.]
In the base court? Base coi
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and
In the base court? Come dow
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, when
should sing. [E

Boling. What says his maj
North. Sorrow and grief of
Makes him speak fondly,† lik
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and
below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his ma
My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, y
princely knee,
To make the base earth prom
Me rather had, my heart mig
Than my unpleas'd eye see y
Up, cousin, up; your heart u
Thus high at least, [Touch
although your knee t

Boling. My gracious lord,
mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is your
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, m
lord,

As my true service shall dem

K. Rich. Well you deserve
serve to have,
That know the strong'st m
Uncle, give me your hand: m
Tears show their love, but
dies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be
Though you are old enough t
What you will have, I'll give
For do we must, what force
Set on towards London:—Ce

Boling. Yea, my good lord

K. Rich. Then I must not

SCENE IV.—Langley.—Th
Garden.

Enter the QUEEN, and t

Queen. What sport shall
this garden,
To drive away the heavy tho
I Lady. Madam, we'll play

* A bow.

† Lower.

'Twill make me think,
it is full of rubs, and that my fortune
is not the bias.*

Madam, we will dance.
My legs can keep no measure in de-
light, [grief:
poor heart no measure keeps in
no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Madam, we'll tell tales.

Of sorrow, or of joy?
Of either, madam.
Of neither, girl:
ay, being altogether wanting,
remember me the more of sorrow;
nay, being altogether had,
more sorrow to my want of joy:
I have, I need not to repeat;
I want, it boots† not to complain.
Madam, I'll sing.
Tis well, that thou hast cause;
should'st please me better, would'st
me weep.

I could weep, madam, would it do
me good.
And I could weep, would weeping
do me good,
I borrow any tear of thee.
Here come the gardeners:
into the shadow of these trees.—

THE GARDENER, and two SERVANTS.
bedness unto a row of pins,
lack of state; for every one doth so
change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[QUEEN and LADIES retire.
to, bind thou up yon' dangling apric-
ocks,
to unruly children, make their sire
oppression of their prodigal weight;
supportance to the bending twigs.—
and like an executioner,
heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
too lofty in our commonwealth:
be even in our government.—
employ'd, I will go root away
me weeds, that without profit suck
fertility from wholesome flowers.
Why, should we, in the compass of
pale,‡
and form, and due proportion,
as in a model, our firm estate?
sea-walled garden, the whole land,
woods; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
all disorder'd, and her wholesome
with caterpillars? [herbs

told thy peace:—
ath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
himself met with the fall of leaf:
is that his broad-spreading leaves
id shelter,
d'd in eating him to hold him up,
d'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
he earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

What, are they dead?
They are; and Bolingbroke
is the wasteful king.—Oh! What
pity is it, [land,
had not so trimm'd and dress'd his
his garden! We at time of year
in the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
ing over-proud with sap and blood,
much riches it confound itself:

* Fixed on one side of the bowl which turns it
straight line.

† Inclosure. ‡ Figures planted in box.

Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

I Serv. What, think you then, the king shall
be depos'd;

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
Tis doubt,* he will be; Letters came last
night

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's
likeness, [Coming from her concealment.
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and
how, [wretch.

Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light
of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?—

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never
grow. [Exit QUEEN and LADIES.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth,† here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London.—Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne;
the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons
below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SUR-
REY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER,
another LORD, Bishop of CARLISLE, Abbot of
WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers be-
hind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;

* No doubt.

† Pity.

KING RICHARD II.

at it with the king, and who per-
d
office of his timeless end.
set before my face the lord Au-
man, stand forth, and look upon
man.
lord Aumerle, I know your dar-
vague
may what once it hath deliver'd.
time when Gloster's death was
led,
—Is not my arm of length,
from the restless English court
to my uncle's head?
other talk, that very time,
say, that you had rather refuse
a hundred thousand crowns,
Broke's return to England;
how blest this land would be,
cousin's death.
ea, and noble lords,
shall I make to this base man?
dishonour my fair stars,
to give him chastisement?
or have mine honour soil'd
under of his stand'rous lips.—
gage, the manual seal of death,
thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
saints, what thou hast said, is
blood, though being all too base
temper of my knightly sword.
got, forbear, thou shalt not take
tempting one, I would he were the
presence, that hath mov'd me so.
at thy valour stand on sympathies,
gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
sua that shows me where thou
st, [it,
say, and vauntingly thou spak'st
cause of noble Gloster's death.
st it, twenty times thou liest;
urn thy falsehood to thy heart,
forged, with my rapier's point.
dar'st not, coward, live to see
day.
by my soul, I would it were this
water, thou art damn'd to hell for
merle, thou liest; his honour is as
l, as thou art all unjust;
ou art so, there I throw my gage,
u thee to the extremest point
athing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
at I do not, may my hands rot off,
randish more revengeful steel
tering helmet of my foe!
te the earth to the like, forsworn
erle;
ce on with full as many lies
otla'd in thy treacherous ear
sun: there is my honour's pawn;
the trial, if thou dar'st.
o sets me else! by heaven, I'll
y at all:
s and spirits in one breast,
enty thousand such as you.
lord Fitzwater, I do remember
e Aumerle and you did talk.

• Untimely.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: yo
then;
And you can witness with
Surrey. As false, by heav
is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable be
That lie shall lie so heavy o
That it shall render vengeance
Till thou the lie-giver, and
In earth as quiet as thy fath
In proof whereof, there is a
Engage it to the trial if thou
Fitz. How fondly dost th
horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or b
I dare meet Surrey in a w
And spit upon him, whilst I
And lies, and lies: there is
To tie thee to my strong cor
As I intend to thrive in this
Aumerle is guilty of my tru
Besides, I heard the banish
That thou, Aumerle, didst
To execute the noble duke
Aumerle. Some honest Christi
gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I
If he may be repeal'd to try
Boling. These differences
gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: re
And, though mine enemy, n
To all his land and signori
turn'd,
Against Aumerle we will b
Car. That honourable d
seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd
For Jesu Christ; in glorious
Streaming the ensign of the
Against black Pagans, Tur
And, toil'd with works of w
To Italy; and there, at Ven
His body to that pleasant co
And his pure soul unto his
Under whose colours he had
Boling. Why, bishop, is N
Car. As sure as I live, my
Boling. Sweet peace cond
to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lo
Your differences shall all re
Till we assign you to your d
Enter York, att
York. Great duke of Lan
thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard
Adopts thee heir, and his hi
To the possession of thy roy
Ascend his throne, descend
And long live Henry, of the
Boling. In God's name, I'll
throne.
Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence
Yet best befitting me to sp
Would God, that any in this
Were enough noble to be up
Of noble Richard; then true
Learn him forbearance from
What subject can give sente
And who sits here, that is a
ject!

• Noted.

are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Apparent guilt be seen in them:
 The figure of God's majesty,
 His steward, deputy elect,
 I crowned, planted many years,
 By subject and inferior breath,
 Himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
 A Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Show so heinous, black, obscene a
 deed!

O subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Pity heaven thus boldly for his king.
 Of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Traitor to proud Hereford a king.
 To crown him, let me prophesy,—
 Of English shall manure the ground,
 As ages groan for this foul act;
 All go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 This seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 With kin, and kind with kind con-
 fusion, horror, fear, and mutiny, [found;
 To inhabit, and this land be call'd
 Of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 Fear this house against this house,
 In woofullest division prove,
 To fall upon this cursed earth
 Resist it, let it not be so,
 O, child's children, cry against you—
 For!

We'll have you argu'd, Sir, and for
 your pains,
 A treason we arrest you here.—
 Of Westminster, be it your charge
 him safely till his day of trial—
 Ease you, lords, to grant the common's
 suit.

Fetch hither Richard, that in common
 view
 surrender; so we shall proceed
 suspicion.

I will be his conduct." [Exit.

Lords, you that are here under our
 arrest, [answer:—

your sureties for your days of an-
 swer we beholden to your love, [To CAR-
 TILF.

Look'd for at your helping hands

YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Offi-
 cers bearing the Crown, &c.

A. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 have shook off the regal thoughts
 with I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 salute, flatter, bow, and bend my
 knee.—

Now leave a while to tutor me
 submission. Yet I well remember
 court of these men. Were they not
 mine?

I not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
 I did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
 ruth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-
 sand, none.

O the king!—Will no man say, amen?
 O the priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
 O the king! although I be not he,
 I, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 What service am I sent for hither?

To do that office, of thine own good
 will,

Thine majesty did make thee offer,—
 Ignation of thy state and crown
 by Bolingbroke.

A. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
 seize the crown,

Here, on this side, my hand; on that side,
 thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes* two buckets filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on
 high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
 resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs
 are mine.

You say my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
 your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
 cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won;
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they
 stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
 crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no,—no, ay;—for I must no-
 thing be.

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duties.
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear, [oaths.
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego,
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
 griev'd; [chief'd!

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all a-
 long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days!—
 What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read

[Offering a Paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel
 out

My wear'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
 heaven.—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait me,
 [hands,

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

KING RICHARD II.

h, read o'er these

all of tears, I can-

hem not so much,
traitors here.

on myself,
the rest:
om's consent,
ly of a king;
reignty, a slave;
tate, a peasant.

, thou haught,† in-

o name, no title,—
n me at the font,—
heavy day,
inters out,
me to call myself!
ing of snow,
Bolingbroke,
ar-drops'
and yet not greatly

et in England,
er straight;
a face I have,
mesty.

d fetch a looking-
Exit an Attendant.
er, while the glass

ment'at me ere I

my lord Northum-

I not then be satis-

satisfied: I'll read

indeed
, and that's—my-

with a Glass.

rein will I read.—
with sorrow struck
of mine,
ust—O, flattering
perity, [glass,
this face the face,
household roof
a? Was this the

beholders wink?
so many follies,
Bolingbroke?

face;
face;

against the ground.
undred shivers.—
of this sport,—
destroy'd my face.
your sorrow bath
[destroy'd

Ha! let's see:—
all within;
of lament
unseen grief,
the tortur'd soul;
and I thank thee,

ot only giv'at

Haughty

Me cause to wait, but teacher
How to lament the cause. I'
And then be gone, and troubl
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin
K. Rich. Fair cousin? Wl
than a king:

For, when I was a king, my f
Were then but subjects; bein
I have a king here to my flath
Being so great, I have no nee

Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leav

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will
your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, c
Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Conve
are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a tri
[Exeunt K. RICHARD, &
Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday ne
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepar
[Exeunt all but the A
CARLISLE, &

Abbot. A woful pageant h
held.

Car. The woe's to come;
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to
Aum. You holy clergymen,

To rid the realm of this perni
Abbot. Before I freely spea

You shall not only take the s
To bury: mine intents, but to

Whatever I shall happen to d
I see your brows are full of d

Your hearts of sorrow, and yc
Come home with me to suppe

A plot, shall show us all a m

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London.—A S
the Tower.

Enter QUEEN, and I

Queen. This way the king w
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected
To whose flint bosom my cons
Is doom'd a prisoner, by prou
Here let us rest, if this rebell
Have any resting for her true

Enter King RICHARD, &

But soft, but see, or rather de
My fair rose wither: Yet loo
That you in pity may dissolve
And wash him fresh again
tears.--

Ah, thou, the model where old
Thou map of honour; thou
tomb,

And not king Richard; thou
inn.

Why should hard-favour'd g
When triumph is become an s

* Jugglers, also robbers.

† Lower of London.

‡ Ca

§ Pi

KING RICHARD II.

not with grief, fair woman, do
 too sudden : learn, good soul,
 ever state a happy dream,
 rak'd, the truth of what we are
 his : I am sworn brother, sweet,
 ity ; and he said I [France,
 ague till death. Hie thee to
 ee in some religious house.
 must win a new world's crown,
 nine hours here have stricken

is my Richard both in shape
 and [broke
 and weakened ? Hath Boling-
 intellect ? hath he been in thy

thrusteth forth his paw,
 the earth, if nothing else, with

'd, and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 ction wildly ? kiss the rod ;
 age with base humility,
 a, and a king of beasts ?
 ing of beasts, indeed ; if aught
 like,

a happy king of men.
 queen, prepare thee hence for
 : [tak'st,
 end, and that even here thou
 ath-bed, my last living leave.
 low nights, sit by the fire
 folks ; and let them tell thee
 long ago betid.* [tales
 bid good night, to quit their
 imentable fall of me, [grief,
 earers weeping to their beds.
 enseless brands will sympathize
 at of thy moving tongue,
 mon, weep the fire out :
 I mourn in ashes, some coal-
 ing of a rightful king. [black,

ERTHMBERLAND, attended.

rd, the mind of Bolingbroke is
 d ;
 misfret, not unto the Tower.—
 here is order ta'en for you ;
 peed you must away to France.
 orthumberland, thou ladder
 withal
 Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
 not be many hours of age
 ere foul sin, gathering head,
 o corruption : thou shalt think,
 ide the realm, and give thee
 helping him to all ; [half,
 nak, that thou, which know'st
 y
 btful kings, wilt know again,
 little urg'd, another way
 headlong from the usurped

ked friends converts to fear ;
 do ; and hate turns one, or both,
 ger, and deserved death.
 wilt be on my head, and there
 " [with.
 d part ; for you must part forth-
 nably divorc'd?—Bad man, ye
 ,
 riage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
 vixt me and my married wife.—
 the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
 , for with a kiss 'twas made.—

† So even with them.

Part us, Northumberland
 north,
 Where shivering cold an
 My wife to France ; from
 pomp,
 She came adorned hither
 Sent back like Hallowmas
 Queen. And must we b
 part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from mine
 heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and
 with me.

North. That were some ! — but

Queen. Then whither he

K. ?

Weep in F
 Better ..
 Go, you say

Queen ? it way

K. R. for one step : a groan, and
 way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
 part ;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no
 good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

So, now I have my own again, begone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
 fond delay :

Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.—A Room in the Duke
 of York's Palace.

Enter YORK, and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell
 the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,

Where rude misgovern'd hands, from win-
 dow's tops, [head.

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bol-
 ingbroke,—

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bol-
 ingbroke ! [spake,

You would have thought the very windows
 So many greedy looks of young and old

Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,

With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
 Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
 neck,

* All-hallows, i. e. All-saints, Nov. 1.

† Never the higher

‡ Tapestry hung from the windows.

KING RICHARD II.

you, country-

pass'd along.
where rides he

eyes of men,
es the stage,
ters next,
ious:

ontempt, men's
[him;

cried, God save
welcome home:

sacred head;
he shook off,—

tears and smiles,
tience,—

strong purpose,
[melted,

st perforce, have
ned him.

ese events;
our calm contents.

subjects now,
yet allow.

t.

Aumerle.

hard's friend,
Rutland now:

his truth,
made king.

Who are the vio-
[spring?

of the new-come
nor I greatly care

none, as one.

or this new spring

a come to prime,
hold those just:

my lord, they do.

know.

I purpose so.

at hangs without

see the writing.

sees it:

the writing.

to pardon me;

ence,

ld not have seen.

sons, Sir, I mean

or? [into

that he is enter'd

triumph day.

hat doth he with

you art a fool.—

ardon me; I may

et me see it, I say.

ches it, and reads.

'traitor' slave!

my lord?

ere? [Enter a

horse

chery is here!

† Ever

nts.

Duch. Why, what is it, my
York. Give me my boots,
horse:—

Now by mine honour, by my
I will approach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman!

Duch. I will not peace:—W
son?

Ann. Good mother, be con-
Than my poor life must answer

Duch. Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, w

York. Bring me my boots
king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle
art amaz'd:*

Hence, villain; never more co

York. Give me my boots, I

Duch. Why, York, what v

Wilt thou not hide the trespass

Have we more sons? or are v

Is not my teeming date drur

And wilt thou pluck my hairs

And rob me of a happy mother

Is he not like thee? is he not

York. Thou fond mad won

Wilt thou conceal this dark

A dozen of them here have ta

And interchangeably set do

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: Ther

York. Away,

Fond woman! were he twen

I would approach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd

As I have done, thou'd'st be

But now I know thy mind,

That I have been disloyal to

And that he is a bastard, no

Sweet York, sweet husband

He is as like thee as a man

Not like to me, or any of my

And yet I love him

York. Make way, unruly

Duch. Alas, Aumerle; m

horse,

Spur, post; and get before

And beg thy pardon ere he

I'll not be long behind; that

I doubt not but to ride as fu

And never will I rise up fro

Till Bolingbroke have pard

Begone.

SCENE III.—Windsor.—A

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King,

Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of

'Tis full three months, sin

last:—

If any plague hang over us,

I would to God, my lords, h

Inquire at London, 'mongst

For there, they say, he daily

With unrestrained loose com

Even such, they say, as stan

And beat our watch, and rut

While he, young, wanton, al

Takes on the point of honou

So dissolute a crew.

* I'mplead, confounded.

My lord, some two days since I saw
the prince;
him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

And what said the gallant?

His answer was,—he would unto the
tews;

the common'st creature pluck a glove,
t it as a favour; and with that
t unhorse the lustiest challenger.

As discolute as desperate, yet,
rough both
a sparkles of a better hope,
ter days may happily bring forth.
comes here?

Enter ARMERLE, hastily.

Where is the king?

What means

a, that he stares and looks so wildly?
lod save your grace. I do beseech
our majesty,

one conference with your grace alone.

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
one alone.—

[*Exit Percy and Lonan.*
no matter with our cousin now?

be ever may my knees grow to the
arth, [Kneels.

e cleave to my roof within my mouth,
ardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Intended, or committed, was this
first, how heinous ere it be, [fault?
y after-love, I pardon thee.

hen give me leave that I may turn
ic key,

an enter till my tale be done.

Have thy desire.

[*ARMERLE locks the door.*

Within.] My liege, beware, look to
yself;

a traitor in thy presence there.

Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[*Drawing.*

by thy revengeful hand;

no cause to fear.

Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-
ardy king:

r love, speak treason to thy face?

door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

What is the matter, uncle? speak;
death; tell us how near is danger,
ay arm us to encounter it.

Peruse this writing here, and thou
talt know

in that my haste forbids me show.

remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
ise past:

at me; read not my name there,

is not confederate with my hand.

I was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
own.—

can the traitor's bosom, king:

not love, begets his penitence:

pity him, lest thy pity prove

that will sting thee to the heart.

O heinous, strong, and bold conspi-
acy!—

ither of a treacherous son!

er,* ironaculate, and silver fountain,

rece this stream through muddy pas-
ages,

his current, and defil'd himself!

* Transparent

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing* son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd.

And he shall spend mine honour with his
shame,

As thriftless sons their scruping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for

God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king,
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*†

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know, she's come to pray for your soul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rents sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
maket here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me,
gentle liege. [Kneels.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt,

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Ruland, my transgressing boy

Aunt. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my
knee [Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints
bended be. [Kneels.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
face; [Jest;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all be-
side.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know,

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow,

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity. [have

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up,

But, pardon, first; and afterwards stand up.

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy
speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now,

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,

No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so
meet.

* Transgressing

† An old ballad.

‡ No

KING RICHARD II.

king; say, par-
on pardon to de-
rd-hearted lord.
ust the word!—
in our land;
t understand.
set thy tongue

thou thine ear;
and prayers do
to rehearse.

in hand.
od shall pardon
a kneeling knee
it again;
t pardon twain,

urt.
rother-in-law,—
orted crew,—
g them at the

ral powerst
traitors are:
world, I swear,
know where.
too, adieu:
and prove you

I pray God make
[Exeunt.

SERVANT.

k the king, what
this living fear?

words.
oth he: he spake
did he not?

wistfully look'd
[man
t, thou wert the
r from my heart;
t. Come, let's

rid his foe.
[Exeunt.

Dungeon of the

GARD.

ying how I may

to the world:
s populous,
t myself,
mer it out.
e to my soul;
ee two beget

† Forces.

A generation of still-breeding
And these same thoughts
world:*

In humours, like the people
For no thought is content
sort,—

As thoughts of things divine,
With scripples, and do set the
Again at the word.

As thus,—*Come little ones on*
It is as hard to come, as for a c
To thread the postern of a man
Thought tending to ambition.
Unlikely wond'rs how these
May tear a passage through t
Of this hard world, my ragge
And, for they cannot, die in t
Thoughts tending to confes
selves,—

That they be not the first of
Nor shall not be the last lik.
Who, sitting in the stock
shame,—

That many have, and others
And in this thought they find
Hearing their own misfortune
Of such as have before endur
Thus play I, in one person, in
And none contented. Someti
Then treason makes me wish
And so am I then crushing
Persuades me I was better w
Then am I king'd again: and
Think that I am unking'd by
And straight am nothing:
Nor I, nor any man, that but
With nothing shall be pleas'd
With being nothing.—Music

Ha, ha! keep time:—How
sic is.

When time is broke, and no
So is it in the music of men's
And here have I the daintine
To check time broke in a disc
But, for the concord of my t
Had not an ear to hear my t
I wasted time, and now doth
For now hath time made m
clock.

My thoughts are minutes;
they jar
Their watches on to mine ey
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial
is pointing still, in cleansing
Now, Sir, the sound, that tell
Are clamorous groans, that
heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs
groans,
Show minutes, times, and
time

Runs posting on in Bolingbro
While I stand fooling here,
clock.†

This music mads me, let it so
For, though it have holpe
with,

n me, seems it will make
Yet blessing on his heart tha
For 'tis a sign of love, and
Is a strange brooch‡ in this

* His own body. † ‡
† Little gate. ‡ †
‡ Strike for him, like the figure of
‡ An ornamented buckle, and also

KING RICHARD II.

Enter GROOM.

Hail, royal prince!
 Thanks, noble peer;
 Not of us is ten groats too dear.
 How! and how comest thou hither,
 man never comes, but that sad dog
 give me food, to make misfortune live?
 I was a poor groom of thy stable,
 now,
 a wretched king; who, travelling to-
 wards York,
 had, at length have gotten leave
 on my sometimes' master's face.
 Yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
 streets, that coronation day,
 Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
 that thou so often hast bestrid;
 that I so carefully have dress'd!
 Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
 gentle friend,
 be under him?
 So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
 wind.
 So proud that Bolingbroke was on
 a back!
 hath eat bread from my royal hand;
 hath made him proud with clapping
 me.
 not stumble? Would he not fall
 now,
 he must have a fall,) and break the
 neck
 of our man that did usurp his back?
 no, horse! why do I rail on thee,
 created to be aw'd by man,
 to bear? I was not made a horse;
 bear a burden like an ass,
 d, and tir'd, by jauncing Boling-
 broke.

Enter KEEPER, with a Dish.

allow, give place; here is no longer
 my. [*To the GROOM.*
 If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
 way.
 What my tongue dares not, that my
 ear shall say. [*Exit.*
 My lord, will't please you to fall to?
 Taste of it first, as thou art wont
 to do.
 My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of
 Exton, who
 come from the king, commands the
 contrary.
 The devil take Henry of Lancaster,
 and thee!
 is stale, and I am weary of it.
 [*Beats the KEEPER.*
 Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

How now? what means death in
 his rude assault?
 thy own hand yields thy death's in-
 strument.
 [*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*
 and fill another room in hell.
 [*He kills another, then EXTON strikes*
him down.
 I shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 ere thus my person.—Exton, thy
 better hand

77000.

† Jaunting.

Hath with the king's blood
 own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul,
 high;
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks now
 die.

Exton. As full of valour, as
 Both have I spilt; O, wou-
 good!
 For now the devil, that told me—
 Says that this deed is chro-
 This dead king to the living
 Take hence the rest, and give . .

*SCENE VI.—Windsor.—A Room in the Castle.**Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with*
Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news
 we hear
 is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
 Our town of Leicester in Gloucestershire;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear
 not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?
 North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
 happiness.
 The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
 Kent:
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discours'd in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for
 thy pains,
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
 London
 The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
 Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
 forgot;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West-
 minster,
 With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide
 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
 Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom.—
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend
 room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from
 strife;
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with ATTENDANTS bearing a
Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I pre-
 sent
 Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
 Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou
 hast wrought

TO RICHARD II.

fatal hand,
 famous land.
 With, my lord, did
 on that do poison
 wish him dead,
 murdered.
 thou for thy la-
 princely favour:
 gh the shade of

And never show thy head by
 Lords, I protest, my soul is fi
 That blood should sprinkle
 grow:
 Come, mourn with me for wh
 And put on sullen black ince
 I'll make a voyage to the Ho
 To wash this blood off from n
 March sadly after; grace
 here,
 In weeping after this untimel

* Immediately.

PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ve Archibald,
d Scot,

and bloody hour,
very,
news was told;
the very heat
did take horse,

ay
true-industrious
d from his horse,
each soil
his seat of ours;
th and welcome
dited; [news.
two-and-twenty

id Sir Walter see
isoners, Hotspur
eldest son [took
e irls of Athol,
teeth.
e spoil?
is it not?

o boast of.
ak'st me sad, and

umberland
st a son:
neur's tongue;
raightest plant;
o, and her pride:
raise of him,
e brow [prov'd,
hat it could be
y had exchang'd
where they lay,
-Plantagenet!
, and he mine.
ts —What think

the prisoners,
th surpriz'd,
I send me word,
e earl of Fife.
teaching, this is

ts;†
self, and bristle
ur dignity. [up
or him to answer

we must neglect
ur council we
rm the lords:
to us again;
be done,
red.

[Exeunt.

Another Room in

, and FALSTAFF.

of day is it, lad?
ited, with drink-
ouring thee after
nches after noon,
emand that truly
now. What the

hours.
on their feathers.

devil hast thou to do with the
unless hours were cups of
rapons, and clocks the tongu-
dials of signs of leaping-house
sun himself a fair hot wench
laffata; I see no reason, w
be so superfluous to demand
day.

Fal. Indeed, you come nea
for we, that take pursers, go
seven stars; and not by Pl
round ring knight so fair. A
sweet wag, when thou art kin
thy grace, (majesty, I shoul
thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my truth; not
serve to be prologue to an egg

P. Hen. Well, how then?

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wa
king, let not us, that are acqui
body, be called thieves of the
us be—Diana's foresters, g
shade, minions* of the moon:
we be men of good government
as the sea is, by our noble an
the moon, under whose co
steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well;
too: for the fortune of us, the
men, doth ebb and flow like
governed as the sea is, by th
prisel, now: A purse of gold
snatched on Monday night,
lutely spent on Tuesday mo
swearing—lay by;† and spe
bring in;‡ now, in as low an
the ladder: and, by and by, in
the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say's
is not my hostess of the tave
wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of H
of the castle. And is not a b
sweet robe of durance?§

Fal. How now, how now,
in thy quips, and thy quidditie
have I to do with a buff jerkin

P. Hen. Why, what a pox h
my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called
ing, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for
part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy
paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere
com would stretch; and, wh
I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, tha
apparent that thou art heir n
pry thee, sweet wag, shall t
standing in England when the
resolution thus fobbed as it i
crub of old father antic the la
when thou art king, hang a th

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By th
brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false;
thou shalt have the hanging of
so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and

* Favourites. † Stand still. ‡
§ The dress of Sheriff's

h my humour, as well as waiting in I can tell you.

For obtaining of suits?
a, for obtaining of suits: whereof an bath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, melancholy as a gib^e cat, or a lugged

Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.
a, or the drone of a Lincolnshire

What sayest thou to a hare, or the
of Moor-ditch?

u hast the most unsavoury similes;
deed, the most comparative, rascal-
et young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'y-
le me no more with vanity. I would
ou and I knew where a commodity
mes were to be bought: An old lord
ncil rated me the other day in the
at you, Sir; but I marked him not:
talked very wisely; but I regarded
nd yet he taked wisely, and in the

Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries
streets, and no man regards it.

hou hast damnable iteration;† and
able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast
harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive

Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew
nd now am I, if a man should speak
better than one of the wicked. I
ver this life, and I will give it over;
d, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll
for never a king's son in Christen-

Where shall we take a purse to-
ck?

re thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an
all me villain, and baffle§ me.

I see a good amendment of life in
praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis
a man to labour in his vocation.
ow shall we know if Gadshill hath
-|| O, if men were to be saved by
t hole in hell were hot enough for
s the most omnipotent villain, that
Stand, to a true¶ man.

Good morrow, Ned.

ood morrow, sweet Hal.—What
ur Remorse? What says Sir John
ugar? Jack, how agrees the devil
out thy soul, that thou soldest him
riday last, for a cup of Madeira,
apon's leg?

Sir John stands to his word, the
ave his bargain; for he was never
r of proverbs, he will give the devil

en art thou damned for keeping thy
he devil.

lse he had been damned for cozen-
l.

it, my lads, my lads, to-morrow
four o'clock, early at Gadshill:
ilgrims going to Canterbury with
gs, and traders riding to London
es: I have visors* for you all, you
for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-
hester; I have bespoke supper to-

ould be *lib cat*,—a Scotch term at this day
l. † Croak of a frog.
holy texts. ‡ Treat me with ignominy.
pointment. § Honeat. ** Mask.

morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as
secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff
your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tar-
ry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home,
and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my
faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor
good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not
of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for
ten shillings.*

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be
a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at
home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when
thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince
and me alone; I will lay him down such rea-
sons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of per-
suasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what
thou speakest may move, and what he hears
may be believed, that the true prince may (for
recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the
poor abuses of the time want countenance.
Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Fare-
well, All-hallown summer!† [Exit FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride
with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute,
that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bar-
dolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men
that we have already way-laid; yourself, and
I, will not be there: and when they have the
booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this
head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part from them
in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after
them, and appoint them a place of meeting,
wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then
will they adventure upon the exploit them-
selves: which they shall have no sooner achiev-
ed, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will
know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by
every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see,
I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will
change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I
have cases of buckram for the nonce,‡ to im-
mask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard
for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them
to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back;
and for the third, if he fight longer than he
sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of
this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that
this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet
at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought
with; what wards, what blows, what extremi-
ties he endured; and, in the reproof§ of this,
lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all
things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night
in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

* The value of a coin called *real* or *royal*.

† Fine weather at All-hallown-tide, (i. e. All Saints,
Nov. 1st,) is called a All-hallown summer.

‡ Occasion.

§ Confutation.

ACT PART OF KING HENRY IV.

[Exit Poins. and will a while

and will a while
 idleness :
 sun;
 contagious clouds
 in the world,
 to be himself,
 are wonder'd at,
 and ugly mists
 strangle him.
 holidays,
 as to work ;
 they wish'd-for

are accidents.
 or I throw off,
 promised,
 word I am,
 en's hopes ;
 silent ground,
 er my fault,
 attract more eyes,
 to set it off.
 e a skill ;
 thank least I will.
 [Exit.

Another Room in the

MBERLAND, WOR-
 AITER BLUNT, and

been too cold and
 ities, [temperate,
 accordingly,
 but, be sure,
 be myself,
 an my condition ;
 oil, soft as young

of respect,
 pays, but to the
 ereign liege, little

be used on it ;
 oo which our own
 [hands

nee gone, for I see

ye : O, Sir,
 and peremptory,
 et endure

ant brow. [need
 eave us ; when we
 e shall send for
 Exit WORCESTER.

[To NORTH.
 [manded,
 ighness' name de-

Holmedon took,
 such strength de-

ty : [nied
 isprision
 ot my son.

y no prisoners.
 light was done,
 and extreme toil,
 eg upon my sword
 eat, trimly dress'd,
 ischun, new reap'd,
 at harvest home ;

Disposition.
 ready account.

He was perfumed like a mill
 And 'twixt his finger and his
 A pouncet-box,* which ever
 He gave his nose, and took't
 Who, therewith angry, wh

there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still
 And, as the soldiers bore des
 He call'd them—untaught kr
 To bring a slovenly unhand
 Betwixt the wind and his nol
 With many holiday and lady
 He question'd me ; among th
 My prisoners, in your majest
 I then, all smarting, with
 To be so pester'd with a popi
 Out of my grief ; and my imp
 Answer'd neglectingly, I km
 He should, or he should not ;
 mad,

To see him shine so brisk, an
 And talk so like a waiting-g
 Of guns, and drums, and wo
 the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign
 Was parmaceti, for an inwar
 And that it was great pity, a
 That villanous saltpetre shou
 Out of the bowels of the har
 Which many a good tall f
 So cowardly ; and, but for th
 He would himself have been
 This bald unjointed chat of
 I answer'd indirectly, as I
 And, I beseech you, let not
 Come current for an accusati
 Betwixt my love and your hi
 Blunt. The circumstances
 my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then
 To such a person, and in suc
 At such a time, with all the
 May reasonably die, and ne
 To do him wrong, or any wa
 What then he said, so he un

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth
 But with proviso, and excep
 That we, at our own cha
 straight

His brother-in-law, the fooli
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfr
 The lives of those that be di
 Against the great magicia
 dower ;

Whose daughter, as we h
 Hath lately married. Shall
 Be emptied, to redeem a tra
 Shall we buy treason ? and i
 When they have lost and for
 No, on the barren mountain
 For I shall never hold that
 Whose tongue shall ask me

To ransom home revolted M
 Hot. Revolted Mortimer !
 He never did fall off, my so
 But by the chance of war ;—

Needs no more but one toi
 wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, w
 When on the gentle Severn
 In single opposition, hand t
 He did confound† the best
 In changing hardiment** wi
 er :

* A small box for snuff or other
 † Parrot. ‡ Fain.
 § Sign an indenture. ¶ Expenses

as they breath'd, and three times did
 they drink,
 content, of swift Severn's flood;
 and, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 lily among the trembling reeds,
 his crisp* head in the hollow bank,
 dead with these valiant combatants.
 I have and rotten policy
 working with such deadly wounds;
 could the noble Mortimer
 so many, and all willingly:
 him not be slander'd with revolt.
 Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
 dost belie him,
 did encounter with Glendower;
 as well have met the devil alone,
 Glendower for an enemy.
 shamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 at hear you speak of Mortimer:
 your prisoners with the speediest
 means,
 all hear in such a kind from me
 I please you.—My lord Northumber-
 land,
 is your departure with your son:—
 our prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
 that King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.
 and if the devil come and roar for
 him,
 send them:—I will after straight,
 him so; for I will ease my heart,
 it be with hazard of my head.
 What, drunk with choler? stay, and
 ease awhile;
 is your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

peak of Mortimer?
 I will speak of him; and let my soul
 cry, if I do not join with him:
 his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 I my dear blood drop by drop i'the
 I lift the down-trod Mortimer [dust,
 'the air as this unthankful king,
 grate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
 Brother, the king hath made your ne-
 phew mad. [To WORCESTER.
 Who struck this heat up, after I was
 one?
 e will, forsooth, have all my prison-
 n I urg'd the ransom once again [ers;
 ife's brother, then his cheek look'd
 pale;
 ay face he turn'd an eye of death,
 g even at the name of Mortimer.
 cannot blame him: Was he not pro-
 claim'd,
 rd that dead is, the next of blood?
 He was; I heard the proclamation:
 it was, when the unhappy king
 wrongs in us God pardon!) did set
 Irish expedition; [forth
 ence he, intercepted, did return
 pos'd, and shortly, murdered.
 and for whose death, we in the world's
 wide mouth
 maliz'd, and foully spoken of.
 but, soft, I pray you; Did king Rich-
 ard then
 my brother Edmund Mortimer
 be crown?
 He did; myself did hear it.
 I say, then I cannot blame his cousin
 king,

ried.

† Ungrateful.

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
 starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man;
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subordination,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker,* Boling-
 broke? [ken,
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spo-
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd† contempt,
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and
 To answer all the debt he owes to you, [night,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—
 Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
 Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink
 swim:
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple;—O! the blood more
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare. [stirs,
 North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
 Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy
 leap, [moon;
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
 Or dive unto the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the
 ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might
 Without corival,‡ all her dignities: [wear,
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!§
 Wor. He apprehends a world of figures||
 here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.—
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
 Hot. I cry you mercy.
 Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 That are your prisoners,—
 Hot. I'll keep them all;
 By heaven he shall not have a Scot of them:
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this hand.
 Wor. You start away,
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
 Those prisoners you shall keep.
 Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

* The dog-rose.

† Disdainful.

‡ A rival.

§ Friendship.

|| Shapes created by his imagination.

PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ought to speak
ve it him,
ion.

mnly defy.*
as Bolingbroke :
cklert Prince of

es him not,
with some mis-

pot of ale.
will talk to you,
to attend.
slung and impa-

oman's mood ; †
ut thine own ?
in whipp'd and

res, when I hear
roke.
to you call the

ustershire ;—
his uncle kept ;
st bow'd my knee
Bolingbroke,
om Ravenspurg.

ourtesy
did proffer me !
ame to age,
nd, kind cousin,—
ers !—God for-

I have done.
to't again ;

our Scottish pris-
ransom straight,
our only mean
ch,—for divers

en,—be assur'd,
my lord,—
THUMBERLAND.
is employ'd,—
creep
all belov'd,

d
the lord Scroop.

ll
t what I know
down ;
the face
ng it on.
g, it will do well.
a-foot, thou still

e but be a noble
l, and of York,—

ngly well aim'd.

home fellow,
Conjectur

War. And 'tis no little reason
To save our heads by raising
For, bear ourselves as even as
The king we always think him
And think we think ourselves
Till he hath found a time to part
And see already, how he doth
To make us strangers to his love
Hot. He does, he does; w
on him.

War. Cousin, farewell :—N
this,

Than I by letters shall direct
When time is ripe, (which will
I'll send to Glendower, and let
Where you and Douglas, and
once,

(As I will fashion it,) shall be
To bear our fortunes in our own
Which now we hold at much
North. Farewell, good brother
thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let
short,
Till fields, and blows, and gro
sport!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester.—A

Enter a CARRIER, with a Lamb

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be
day, I'll be hanged : Charles
the new chimney, and yet our
What, ostler!

Out. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pry thee Tom, beat
put a few flocks in the point;
wrung in the withers out of all

Enter another CARRIER

2 Car. Pease and beans are
as a dog, and that is the next
judes the bote. † this house is
down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never
price of oats rose; it was the

2 Car. I think, this be the
house in all London road for
like a tench.**

1 Car. Like a tench? by the
ne'er a king in Christendom
bit than I have been since the

2 Car. Why, they will allow
den, and then we leak in you
your chamber-lie breeds fious!

1 Car. What, ostler! come
hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of
razes of ginger, to be delivered
ingrass.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkie
are quite starved.—What, ost
ou thee! hast thou never an e
canst not hear! An 'twere not
as drink, to break the pate of t
villain.—Come, and be hanged
in thee!

Enter GADSHILL

Gads. Good morrow, carriers.

* A body of forces. † The constell
‡ Name of his horse. § Measure.

** Mottled like a tench.

†† A small fish called to breed for

think it be two o'clock.

Pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see in the stable.

Y, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick of that, I'faith.

Pr'ythee, lend me thine.

, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy th a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged

ah carrier, what time do you mean London?

ne enough to go to bed with a warrant thee.—Come, neighbour call up the gentlemen; they will company, for they have great

[*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

at ho! chamberlain!

[*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.* it's even as fair as—at hand, quoth rain: for thou variest no more of purses, than giving direction bousing; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

od morrow, master Gadshill. It at, that I told you yesternight: unklint in the wild of Kent, hath e hundred marks with him in gold: tell it to one of his company, last per; a kind of auditor; one that ance of charge too, God knows are up already, and call for eggs They will away presently.

ah, if they meet not with saint erks,† I'll give thee this neck.

, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep hangman; for, I know, thou wor- t Nicholas as truly as a man of ay.

at talkest thou to me of the hang- ng, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: ag, old Sir John hangs with me; nowest, he's no starveling. Tut! er Trojans that thou dreamest not ch, for sport sake, are content to asion some grace; that would, if uld be looked into, for their own make all whole. I am joined with l-rakers,§ no long-staff, sixpenny ie of these mad, mustachio purple- orms: but with nobility, and tran- rgomasters, and great oneyers;|| hold in; such as will strike sooner and speak sooner than drink, and r than pray: And yet I lie; for ntinually to their saint, the com- or, rather, not pray to her, but for they ride up and down on her, er their boots.¶

at, the commonwealth their boots? d out water in foul way?

: will, she will; justice hath li- ** We steal us in a castle, cock- ave the receipt of fern-seed, we de.

y, by my faith? I think you are en to the night, than to fern-seed, king invisible.

ve me thy hand: thou shalt have a purchase,†† as I am a true†† man. y, rather let me have it, as you are

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire* further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicinest to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true† man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt§ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors;

* from the pick-purse being always ready.

† Cant term for highwaymen.

|| Public accountants.

** Oiled, smoothed her over.

re acquire.

†† Honest.

* Square.

† Love-powder.

‡ Honest.

§ Make a youngster of me.

ST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

coming down the
exchequer.
; 'tis going to the
make us all.

shall front them in
e, and I, will walk
a your encounter,

of them?

not rob us?

Sir John Paunch?
ohn of Gaunt, your
ward, Hal.

that to the proof.

horse stands behind

est him, there thou

and stand fast.

um, if I should be

our disguises?

and close.

HENRY and POINS.

happy man be his

his business.

ALERS.

the boy shall lead

we'll walk afoot a

them; cut the vil-

on caterpillars! ba-

le us youth: down

both we and ours,

knaves; Are ye

; I would, your

ons, on! What, ye

ive: You are grand-

; 'faith.

&c. driving the TRA-

RY and POINS.

ave bound the true

l I rob the thieves,

it would be argu-

er for a month, and

ar them coming.

EVES.

, let us share, and

An the prince and

towards, there's no

more valour in that

ushing out upon them.

PRINCE and POINS

RAFF, after a blow or

away, leaving their

ease. Now merrily

and possess'd with

not meet each other;

an officer.

; Clowns. } A subject.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff's
And lards* the lean earth as I
Wer'l not for laughing, I shot
Poins. How the rogue roars!

SCENE III.—Warkworth.—
Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading

—But, for mine own part,
be well contented to be there,
love I bear your house.—He con-
—Why is he not then? In re-
he bears our house:—he show
his own barn better than he
Let me see some more. *The p*
take, is dangerous;—Why, th
dangerous to take a cold, to
but I tell you, my lord fool, c
danger, we pluck this flower,
pose you undertake, is dangerous
have named, uncertain; the tin
and your whole plot too light, fi
of so great an opposition.—Say
so? I say unto you again, y
cowardly hind, and you lie
brain is this? By the Lord, c
plot as ever was laid; our i
constant: a good plot, good
of expectation: an excellent
friends. What a frosty-spirit!
Why, my lord of York comme
the general course of the acti
I were now by this rascal, I
with his lady's fan. Is ther
my uncle, and myself? lord E
my lord of York, and Ower
there not, besides, the Doug
all their letters, to meet me in
of the next month? and are
them, set forward already?
rascal is this! an infidel! H
now, in very sincerity of fea
will be to the king, and lay
ceedings. O, I could divide
buffets, for moving such a
milk with so honourable an e
let him tell the king: We are
set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCIB

How now, Kate? I must l
these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, v
alone!

For what offence have I, this
A banish'd woman from my
Tell me, sweet lord, what is
thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and
Why dost thou bend thine ey
And start so often when thou
Why hast thou lost the fr
checks;

And given my treasures, and
To thick-ey'd musing, and c
In thy faint slumbers, I by t
And heard thee murmur tale
Speak terms of manage to thy
Cry, *Courage!*—to the field
talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of tre
(Of palisadoes, frontiers, par
Of basilisks, of cannon, culv

* Drops his fan

ransom, and of soldiers slain,
currents[†] of a heady fight.
him thee hath been so at war,
so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
of sweat have stood upon thy

in a late-disturbed stream:
face strange motions have ap-
d,
e when men restrain their breath
at sudden haste. O, what por-
are these?
business hath my lord in hand,
now it, else he loves me not.
ho! is Gilliams with the packet
?

Enter SERVANT.

my lord, an hour ago.
Butler brought these horses from
horse, my lord, he brought even
horse? a roan, a crop-car, is it

my lord.
van shall be my throne.
ack him straight: O *esperance*!†—
ad him forth into the park.

[Exit SERVANT.]

near you, my lord.
say'st, my lady?
it is it carries you away?
rse,
horse.
you mad-headed ape!
h not such a deal of spleen,
es'd with. In faith,
r business, Harry, that I will.
other Mortimer doth stir
e; and hath sent for you,
nterprize: But if you go—
afoot, I shall be weary, love.
e, come, you paraquito,|| answer
is question that I ask. [me
break thy little finger, Harry,
lt not tell me all things true.

ifier!—Love?—I love thee not,
thee, Kate: this is no world;
mammets,¶ and to tilt with lips:
ve bloody noses, and crack'd
ns,
em current too.—Gods me, my
!—
thou, Kate? what would'st thou
with me?
you not love me? do you not, in-
?
then; for, since you love me not,
e myself. Do you not love me?
if you speak in jest, or no.
wilt thou see me ride?
am o'horse-back, I will swear
ninitely. But hark you, Kate;
ve you henceforth question me
nor reason whereabout:
ust, I must; and, to conclude,
must I leave you, gentle Kate.
wise; but yet no further wise,
Percy's wife: constant you are;
man: and for secresy,
er; for I well believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hef. Not an inch farther. But hark you,
Kate?

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap.—A Room in the
Bear's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads,
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base string of humility.
Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash^{*} of draw-
ers; and can call them all by their Christian
names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
take it already upon their salvation, that,
though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the
king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no
proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,†
a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so
they call me; and when I am king of England,
I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and
when you breathe in your watering, they
cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To con-
clude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter
of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in
his own language during my life. I tell thee,
Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou
wert not with me in this action. But, sweet
Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give
thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even
now in my hand by an under-skinker;‡ one
that never spake other English in his life, than
—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are
welcome*; with this shrill addition;—*Anon, anon,
Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*,
or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till
Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in
some by-room, while I question my puny
drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar;
and do thou never leave calling—Francis,
that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon.
Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the
Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Fran-
cis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as
to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease
for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis,
darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward
with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair
of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I'll be sworn upon all the
books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

† Drops.
‡ Strengthen.
¶ Puppets.

* Three.
3 D

† A wench.

‡ Tapster.

ST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Francis?
Michaelmas next

you, stay a little,
you, Francis. For
twas a pennyworth,
ld, it had been two.
e for it a thousand
wilt, and thou shalt

No, Francis: but
Francis, on Thurs-
when thou wilt. But,

his leathern-jerkin,
agate-ring, puke-
smooth-tongue, Spa-

do you mean?
r brown bastard* is
you, Francis, your
sully: in Barbary,
uch.

is!
gue; Dost thou not

, the Drauser stands
which way to go.

NER.

ou still, and hear'st
the guests within.
Sir John, with half
oor; Shall I let them

awhile, and then
TNER.] Poins!

UINS.

and the rest of the
shall we be merry?
kets, my lad. But
atch have you made
? come, what's the

humours, that have
s, since the old days
e pupil age of this
midnight. [Re-enter
t's o'clock, Francis?

fellow should have
, and yet the son of
is—up-stairs, and
ce, the parcel of a
of Percy's mind, the
that kills me some
ots at a breakfast,
ys to his wife,—Fie
work. O my sweet
y had thou killed to-
trench, says he; and
mour after; a trifle,
Falstaff; I'll play
brawn shall play

dame Mortimer his wife. Rise
ard. Call in ribs, call in tall

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL,
PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. I
been?

Fal. A plague of all cowas
vengeance too! marry, and a
cup of sack, boy.—Ere I let
I'll sew netherstocks,* and
foot them too. A plague of all
me a cup of sack, rogue.—I
extant?

P. Hen. Didst thou never
dish of butter? pitiful hearted
ed at the sweet tale of the so
then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime
There is nothing but roguer;
villanous man: Yet a coward
cup of sack with lime in it;
ard.—Go thy ways, old Jack
wilt, if manhood, good manhood
upon the face of the earth, the
herring. There live not three
hanged in England; and old
and grows old. God help the
world, I say! I would, I w
could sing psalms or any thing
all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-w
you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do
of thy kingdom with a dagger
all thy subjects afore thee like
goose, I'll never wear hair:
You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whore
what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward
that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat pa
me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll
ere I call thee coward: but
thousand pound, I could ru
canst. You are straight eno
ders, you care not who sees
you that backing of your shi
upon such backing! give me
face me.—Give me a cup o
rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips
since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A p
ards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter
Fal. What's the matter? th
here have ta'en a thousand po

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack?

Fal. Where is it? taken fro
dred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred,

Fal. I am a rogue, if I w
sword with a dozen of them tw
I have 'scap'd by miracle.
thrust through the doublet; f
hose; my buckler cut throug
my sword hacked like a hand-
I never dealt better since I
would not do. A plague of al
them speak: if they speak t
truth, they are villains, and I
neer.

* Stockings.

a. Speak, Sir; how was it?

*We four set upon some damns,——
And bound them.*

*No, no, they were not bound.
On rogues, they were bound, every
how; or I am a Jew else, an Elzevir*

*As we were sharing, some six or
seven set upon us,——
and unbowed the rest, and then come
back.*

a. What, fought ye with them all?
b. I know not what ye call, all; but
it was not with fifty of them, I am a bunch
: if there were not two or three and
a poor old Jack, then I am no two-
faced man.

*Pray God, you have not murdered
them.*

*ay, that's past praying for: for I have
killed two of them: two, I am sure, I have
no remorse in buckram suits. I tell
thee, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my
eye home. Thou knowest my old
hobby I lay, and thus I bore my point.
Now in buckram let drive at me,——*

a. What, four? thou said'st but two,
b.

four, Hal; I told thee four.

ay, ay, he said four.

*have four come all a-front, and mainly
I hit. I made me no more ado, but
their seven points in my target, thus.*

a. Seven? why, there were but four,
b.
a buckram.

ay, four, in buckram suits.

even, by these hilts, or I am a villain

a. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall
re-anon.

but thou hear me, Hal?

a. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*be so, for it is worth the listening to,
me in buckram, that I told thee of,——*

a. So, two more already.

their points being broken,——

Down fall their hose.

*begun to give me ground: But I fol-
low close, came in foot and hand; and,
bought, seven of the eleven I paid.*

a. O monstrous! eleven buckram men
out of two!

*but, as the devil would have it, three
then knives, in Kendal green, came
ask, and let drive at me;—for it was
Hal, that thou could'st not see thy*

a. These lies are like the father that
bore; gross as a mountain, open, pal-
try. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou
sated fool; thou whorson, obscene,
allow-keech,——

*What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is
truth, the truth?*

a. Why, how could'st thou know these
Kendal green, when it was so dark
aid'st not see thy hand? come tell us
soon; What sayest thou to this?

Come, your reason, Jack, your rea-

*What, upon compulsion? No; were I
tappado, or all the racks in the world,*

*as in Westmoreland famous for making cloth,
and lump of fat.*

*I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you
a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as
plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a
reason upon compulsion, I.*

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin:
this sanguine coward, this bed presser, this
horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf skis, you
dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-
fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!
—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case,
you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to
it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in
these comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Prin. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four;
you bound them, and were masters of their
wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall
put you down.—Then did we two set on you
four: and, with a word, out-faced you from
your prime, and have it; yea, and can show it
you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you car-
ried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick
dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran
and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What
a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou
hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What
trick, what device, what starting-hole, can'st
thou now find out to hide thee from this open
and apparent shame?

*Prin. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick
hast thou now?*

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he
that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters:
Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should
I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou
knowest, I am as vallant as Hercules: but
beware instinct; the lion will not touch the
true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was
a coward on instinct. I shall think the better
of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a
valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But,
by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the
money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch
to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads,
boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good
fellowship come to you! What, shall we be
merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content,—and the argument shall
be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou
lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess
what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman
of the court at door, would speak with you:
he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him
a royal man, and send him back again to my
mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at
midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, Sirs; by'r lady, you fought
fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph;
you are lions too, you run away upon instinct,
you will not touch the true prince; no,—*Fal!*

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

quest, How came

with his dagger;
out of England,
it was done in
the like.

our noses with
ed, and then to
it, and swear it
I did that I
re, I blushed to

est a cup of sack
taken with the
st blushed ex-
sword on thy
What instinct

these meteors?
us?

portend?
purses.†
thly taken.
n, halter.

comes bare-bone.
e of bombast?
ce thou sawest

I was about thy
le's talon in the
an alderman's
hing and grief!
holder. There's
was Sir John
ust to the court
ad follow of the
s, that gave A-
made Lucifer
s true liegeman
hook,—What, a

—and his son-
orthumberland;
s, Douglas, that
indicular.
gh speed, and
fying.

sparrow.
good mettle in

art thou then, to
but, a fool, he
stant.

t. Well, he is
and a thousand
stolen away to-
ned white with
ow as cheap as

if there come a
hold, we shall
b nails, by the

ayest true; it is

and poverty.

of the four kings,
child.

Like, we shall have good trading that way.—
But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid?
thou being heir apparent, could the world
pick thee out three such enemies again, as that
fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil
Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?
doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of
thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-mor-
row, when thou comest to thy father: If thou
love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and
examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be
my state,* this dagger my sceptre, and this
cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,
thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and
thy precious rich crown, for a plufel bald
crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite
out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give
me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red,
that it may be thought I have wept; for I must
speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cam-
byses's vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.‡

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside,
nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling
tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his coun-
tenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trib-
ful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of those
harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good point-pot; peace, good
tickle-brain.‡—Harry, I do not only marvel
where thou spendest thy time, but also how
thou art accompanied: for though the cano-
mole, the more it is trodden on, the faster it
grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the
sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have
partly thy mother's word, partly my own opi-
on; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine
eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip,
that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to
me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to
me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed
sun of heaven prove a micher,‡ and eat black-
berries? a question not to be asked. Shall the
son of England prove a thief, and take parents'
a question to be asked. There is a thing, Har-
ry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is
known to many in our land by the name of
pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report,
doth defile; so doth the company thou keepst:
for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink,
but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion;
not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet
there is a virtuous man, whom I have often
noted in thy company, but I know not his
name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like
your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a car-
pulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and
a most noble carriage; and, as I think, blasphe-

* Chair of state.

† A character in a Tragedy by T. Preston, 1678.

‡ (Mis)ance.

§ Sorrowful.

¶ Name of a strong liquor.

‡ A trusty boy

Exeunt *By's lady*, inclining to threaten now I remember me, his name is if that man should be lowly given, with me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his [than the true may be known by the he stult by the tree, then, peremptorily it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: with, the rest banish. And tell me, naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been?

Doest thou speak like a king? Do I for me, and I'll play my father. spurn me? if thou dost it half so me majestically, both in word and me up by the heels for a rabbit-er a pomegranate's hare.

Well, here I am set.
all have I stand:—judge, my masters.
Now, Harry! whence come you?
noble lord, from Eastcheap.

The complaints I hear of thee are

dead, my lord, they are false:—say, ye for a young prince, I faith.

Sweetest thou, ungracious boy? never look on me. Thou art violently ray from grace: there is a devil in, in the likeness of a fat old man: sun is thy companion. Why dost thou with that trunk of humours, up-butcher of beastliness, that swollen leopards, that huge bombard of sack, all sleek-bag of guts, that roasted red ox with the pudding in his belly, and vice, that grey iniquity, that inn, that vanity in years? Wherein I, but to taste sack and drink it? eat and cleanly, but to carve a capon? whereat canning, but in craft? misty, but in villany? wherein vill in all things? wherein worthy, but?

ould, your grace would take me
Whom means your grace?

That villanous abominable mis-
youth, Falstaff, that old white-

lord, the man I know.

I know, thou dost.

I to say, I know more harm in him self, were to say more than I know. old, (the more the pity,) his white itness it. but that he is (saving your in a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. all sugar be a fault, God help the! to be old and merry be a sin, then old host that I know, is damned: if to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean be loved. No, my good lord; banish all Bardolph, banish Poins. but for Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true off, valiant Jack Falstaff, and there- valiant, being, as he is, old Jack inish not him thy Harry's company, ap Jack, and banish all the world. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.
and Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Enter BARDOLPH, running.

my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with stroud watch, is at the door.

What?

See which separates four from ten.

Black jack to bold beer.

where a large ox was roasted whole.

er than I can follow.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a saddlstick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your majesty: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter SHERIFF and CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentle-

men (marks.

Have in this robbery lost three hundred

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd

these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exeunt SHERIFF and CARRIER.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.† Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras,

and snoring like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [POINS searches.] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

• Tapestry.

† St. Paul's cathedral.

PART OF KING HENRY IV.

one half penny-
able deal of sack!
use; we'll read it
hito sleep till day.
ing; we must all
be honourable.
arge of foot; and,
march of twelve-
paid back again
ne betimes in the
w, Poins.
my lord.

[Exeunt.]

room in the Arch-
Mortimer, and
fair, the parties
prosperous hope.
nd cousin Glen-
[dower,—
plagues upon it!

cousin Hotspur:
Lancaster [with
looks pale; and,
in heaven.
ften as he hears

at my nativity,
of fiery shapes,
at my birth,
tion of the earth

ave done
mother's cut had
elf had ne'er been

ld shake when I

th was not of my

on it shook.

re all on fire, the

ook to see the hea-

ivity.

breaks forth

teeming earth

d and vex'd

ly wind

for enlargement

[down

urth, and topplest

towers. At your

[ture,

ke this distempera-

men

Give me leave

at my birth,

of fiery shapes;

ountains, and the

to the frightened fields.

extraordinary;

le do show,

non men.

deacons, and also upon
ons, &c. † Turnides

Where is he living,—clipp'd
That chides the banks of E
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or ha
And bring lum out, that is f
Can trace me in the tedious
And hold me pace in deep s

Hot. I think there is no s

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Perc

him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits fr

Hot. Why, so can I; or so

But will they come, when yo

Glend. Why, I can teach y

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach th

the devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth,

If thou have power to rais

hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have p

hence.

O, while you live, tell tru

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable

Glend. Three times hath I

made head

Against my power: thrice f

And sandy-bottom'd Severn

Bootless" home, and weathe

Hot. Home without boots,

ther too'

How 'scapes he agues, in th

Glend. Come, here's the s

vide our right,

According to our three-fold

Mort. The archdeacon ha

Into three limits, very equal

England, from Trent and Se

By south and east, is to my

All westward, Wales beyon

And all the fertile land with

To Owen Glendower:—and

The remnant northward, lyi

And our indentures tripartit

Which being sealed interchi

(A business that this night

To-morrow, cousin Percy, y

And my good lord of Worces

To meet your father, and th

As is appointed us, at Shre

My father Glendower is not

Nor shall we need his he

days:—

Within that space, [To Glend

drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and s

Glend. A shorter time sha

lords,

And in my conduct shall yo

From whom you now must

leave;

For there will be a world of

Upon the parting of your wi

Hot. Methinks, my molety

ton here,

In quantity equals not one o

See, how this river comes m

And cuts me, from the best

A huge half moon, a monst

I'll have the current in this

And here the smug and silv

In a new channel, fair and

Unsuccessful.
‡ Part.

† Three co
‡ Corner.

As with such a deep indent,
rich a bottom here.
And? it shall, it must; you see,

[me up
He bears his course, and runs
stage on the other side;
opposed continent as much,
side it takes from you.
But a little charge will trench
re,
with side win this cape of land;
its straight and even.
Is it so; a little charge will do it.
I not have it alter'd.

At you?
For you shall not.
Will say me nay?
That will I.
Not understand it then,
ish.
Speak English, lord, as well as

I'd up in the English court:
But young, I framed to the harp
ish ditty, lovely well,
tongue a helpful ornament;
Was never seen in you.
And I'm glad of it with all my

As a kitten, and cry—mew,
see same metre ballad-mongers:
For a brazen canstick† turn'd,
I grate on an axle-tree;
I set my teeth nothing on edge,
ch as mincing poetry;
I'd gait of a shuffling nag.
You shall have Trent turn'd.
At care: I'll give thrice so much
serving friend; [land
y of bargain, mark ye me,
e ninth part of a hair.
Tires drawn? shall we be gone?
noon shines fair, you may away
ht:
writer,† and, withal, [hence:
your wives of your departure
y daughter will run mad,
loteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.
ousin Percy! how you cross my
!

Not choose: sometimes he angers
e of the moldwarp|| and the ant,
r Merlin and his prophecies;
on and a finless fish,
griffin, and a moulten raven,
on, and a ramping cat,
eal of skimble-skamble stuff
om my faith. I tell you what,—
nt last night, at least nine hours,
up the several devils' names,
lackeys: I cried, humph,—and
—go to,—
im not a word. O, he's as tedious
horse, a railing wife;
smoky house:—I had rather live
nd garlic, in a windmill, far,
cates,‡ and have him talk to me,
r-house in Christendom.
ith, he is a worthy gentleman;
well read, and profited
ncealments; ** valiant as a lion,
us affable; and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wer. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be
your speed!
Here comes our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the LADIES.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers
me,—

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and
my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct* speedily
[GLENDOWER speaks to his Daughter in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry,
One no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty
Welsh [heavens,

Which thou pourest down from these swelling
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[Lady M. speaks.
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love, [tongue
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.†

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
mad. [Lady M. speaks again.

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.
Glend. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear
her sing:

By that time will our book,‡ I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,

† Candlestick.
‡ Break the matter.
** Secrets.

* Guard, escort. † A compliment to queen Elizabeth.
‡ Our paper of conditions.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

and leagues from
ere: sit, and attend.
art perfect in lying
, that I may lay my
oose.

Welsh words, and
plays.

the devil understands

humorous.

ician.

you be nothing but
together governed by
f, and bear the lady

Lady, my brach,*

have thy head brok-

man's fault.
thee'
's bed.

g by Lady M.

ave your song too.
ed sooth.

l sooth! 'Heart, you
s wife! Not you, in
as I live, and, As
As sure as day:
surety for thy oaths,
t further than Fins-

dy, as thou art.
, and leave in sooth,
r gingerbread,
unday-citizens.

to turn tailor, or be
the indentures be
ese two hours; and
[Exit.

d Mortimer; you are

re to go.

, we'll but seal, and
[then

t. [Exeunt.

Room in the Palace.

ince of WALES, and

leave; the Prince of
[hand,

nce: But be near at
ve need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

will have it so,

nce I have done,

out of my blood

and a scourge for me;

sages of life,

thou art only mark'd

l the rod of heaven,

gs. Tell me else,

nd low desires,

oorfields,

cockney

Such poor, such bare, such
attempts,*

Such barren pleasures, rude
As thou art match'd withal,
Accompany the greatness of
And hold their level with thy

P. Hen. So please your ma
could

Quit all offences with as clea
As well as, I am doubtless,
Myself of many I am charg'd
Yet such extenuation let me
As, in reproof of many tales
Which oft the ear of great
hear,—

By smiling pick-thanks† and
I may, for some things true,
Hath faulty wander'd and ir
Find pardon on my true sub

K. Hen. God pardon thee!
der, Harry,

At thy affections, which do l
Quite from the sight of all th
Thy place in council thou ha
Which by thy younger broth
And art almost an alien to th
Of all the court and princes
The hope and expectation of
Is ruin'd, and the soul of ev
Prophetically does fore-thin
Had I so lavish of my presen
So common-backney'd in the
So stale and cheap to vulgar
Opinion, that did help me to
Had still kept loyal to posse
And left me in reputeless ba
A fellow of no mark, nor lik
By being seldom seen, I coul
But, like a comet, I was wou
That men would tell their ch
Others would say,—Where
broke?

And then I stole all courtesy
And dress'd myself in such l
That I did pluck allegiance f
Loud shouts and salutations
Even in the presence of the
Thus did I keep my person f
My presence, like a robe poi
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at
Seldom, but sumptuous, shor
And won, by rareness, such
The skipping king, he amble
With shallow jesters, and ru
Soon kindled, and soon bu
state;

Mingled his royalty with ca
Had his great name profaned
And gave his countenance, ‡
To laugh at glibing boys, and
Of every beardless vain com
Grew a companion to the co
Enticoff'd§ himself to popul
That being daily swallow'd
They surfeited with honey;
To loathe the taste of swe

More than a little is by muc
So, when he had occasion to
He was but as the cuckoo in
Heard, not regarded; seen
As, sick and blunted with c
Afford no extraordinary gaz
Such as is bent on sun-like

* Unworthy undertakings. †

‡ True to him that had then pass

§ Brudiwood. ¶ Mira.

has seldom in admiring eyes :
 shows'd, and hung their eye-lids
 on,
 like, and render'd such aspect
 men use to their adversaries ; [fall.
 his presence glutt'd, gorge'd, and
 every line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 not lost thy princely privilege,
 anticipation ; not an eye
 away of thy common sight, [more ;
 which hath desir'd to see thee
 doth that I would not have it do,
 I myself with foolish tenderness,
 I shall hereafter, my three-gracious
 d, fault.

For all the world,
 t to this hour, was Richard then
 as France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
 as I was then, is Percy now.
 y sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 are worthy interest to the state,
 the shadow of succession :
 right, nor colour like to right,
 fields with harness in the realm ;
 I against the lion's armed jaws ;
 g no more is debt to years than

me,
 out lords and reverend bishops on,
 battles, and to bruising arms.
 e-dying honour hath he got
 snowed Douglas ; whose high
 eds, [arms,
 t incursions, and great name in
 a all soldiers chief majority,
 ry title capital, [Christ ?
 If the kingdoms that acknowledge
 in this Hotspur Mars is swathing

then,
 t warrior, in his enterprises
 d great Douglas : ta'en him once,
 him, and made a friend of him,
 mouth of deep defiance up,
 the peace and safety of our throne.
 say you to this ? Percy, Northum-
 erland,
 bishop's grace of York, Douglas,
 ortimer,
 t against us, and are up.
 fore do I tell these news to thee ?
 ry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 my near'st and dearest ; enemy ?
 : art like enough,—through vassal
 ar,
 nation, and the start of spleen,—
 paint me under Percy's pay,
 i heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 how much degenerate thou art.

Do not think so, you shall not find
 so ; [sway'd

forgive them, that have so much
 my's good thoughts away from me !
 see all this on Percy's head,
 as closing of some glorious day,
 : tell you, that I am your son ;
 'll wear a garment all of blood,
 my favours with a bloody mask,
 ash'd away, shall scour my shame
 dth it.

shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 same child of honour and renown,
 ut Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 honour sitting on his helm, [head
 hey were multitudes, and on my

My shame redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may save
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
 this :— [herein.
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are fall of
 speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
 speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth
 to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
 Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will
 march :

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which
 account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap.—A Room in the
 Bear's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
 since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not
 dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like
 an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like
 an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that
 suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall
 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have
 no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten
 what the inside of a church is made of, I am
 a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse : the inside of
 a church ! Company, villanous company, hath
 been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can-
 not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a
 bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as vir-
 tuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; vir-
 tuously enough : swore little ; dined, not above
 seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house,
 not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid
 money that I borrowed, three or four times ;
 lived well, and in good compass : and now I
 live out of all order, out of all compass.

* Bonds. † Part. ‡ Intelligence.
 † Feeds himself. ‡ Here comes back.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

are so fat, Sir John, that
at of all compass. . . of
pass, Sir John.

read thy face, and I am sure
at admiral,* thou bearest
coop,—but 'tis in the case of
the knight of the burning

John, my face does you

sworn; I make as good use
both of a death's head, or
never see thy face, but I
and Dives that lived in
is in his robes, burning,
any way given to virtue,
thy face, my oath should
thou art altogether even
ed, but for the light it
ter darkness. When thou
in the night to catch my
I think thou hadst been an
ball of wildfire, there's no
O, thou art a perpetual
esting bonfire-light! Thou
mad marks in links and
with thee in the night betwixt
but the sack that thou ha
have bought me lights as
arest chandler's in Europe
that salamander of yours
this two and thirty years
for it!

would my face were in your
so should I be sure to be

Hostess.

partlet the hen to have you
picked my pocket?
John! what do you think,
think I keep thieves in my
arched, I have inquired, so
man by man, boy by boy,
the tithes of a hair was
use before.

stess; Bardolph was shaved,
hair: and I'll be sworn, my
Go to, you are a woman,

pley thee: I was never called
se before.

w you well enough.
n, you do not know me, Sir
u, Sir John: you owe me
and now you pick a quarrel
I bought you a dozen of

thy dowlas: I have given
ers' wives, and they have
tu.

am a true woman, holland
ell. You owe money here
for your diet, and by drink-
lent you, four and twenty

part of it; let him pay.
he is poor; he hath no

look upon his face; What
them coin his nose, let them
ll not pay a denier. What,
younker of me? shall I not
name inn, but I shall have

to the story-book of Heynard the

my pocket picked! I have let
my grandfather's worth forty
Host. O Jesu! I have heard
him. I know not how oft, the
copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a
cup, and, if he were here, I w
like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and P
Falstaff meets the Prince
truncheon like a life.

Fal. How now, lad! is the w
faith! must we all march?

Host. Yea, two and two, N

Host. My lord, I pray you,

P. Hen. What sayest thou, H
How does thy husband? I lov
an honest man

Host. Good my lord, hear m

Fal. Prythee, let her alone

P. Hen. What sayest thou,

Fal. The other night I fell
hind the arras, and had my
this house is turned bawdy-l
pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lo
Fal. Wilt thou believe me
four bonds of forty pound a-p
ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A title, some eight

Host. So I told him, my lon
heard your grace say so: A
speaks most vilely of you, like
man as he is; and said, he w

P. Hen. What! he did not!

Host. There's neither faith,
manhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith i
stewed prune; nor no more tr
in a drawn fox; and for we
Marant may be the deputy's
to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? wh

Fal. What thing? why, a
God on.

Host. I am no thing to t
would thou shouldst know it
man's wife: and, setting thy k
thou art a knave to call me so

Fal. Setting thy womanhood
a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou

Fal. What beast? why an o

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John!

Fal. Why? she's neither f
man knows not where to have

Host. Thou art an unjust m
thou or any man knows wh
thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true,
slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lo
other day, you owed him a th

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe
pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, f
thy love is worth a million; O
love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call
said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Host. Indeed, Sir John, yo

I. Yea; if he said, my rit

* A term of contempt frequently us
† A man dressed like a woman,
dunces.

I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be my word now?

Hal. thou knowest, as thou art I dare: but, as thou art prince, I am I fear the roaring of the lion's

And why not, as the lion?

King himself is to be feared as the thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear I say, as I do, I pray God, my k!

O, if it should, how would thy guts thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no lth, truth, nor honesty, in this bos- it is filled up with guts, and mid- ge an honest woman with picking I Why, thou whoreson, impudent rascal, if there were any thing in but tavern-reckonings, memoran- dums, and one poor penny- gus-candy to make thee long wind- pocket were enriched with any other of these, I am a villain. And yet ted to it; you will not pocket up t thou not ashamed?

I thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in innocence, Adam fell; and what Jack Falstaff do, in the days of hou seest, I have more flesh than n; and therefore more frailty.— s then, you picked my pocket? It appears so by the story.

Yes, I forgive thee. Go, make ready love thy husband, look to thy ser- as thy guests: thou shalt find me any honest reason: thou seest I —Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. —Now, Hal, to the news at the robbery, lad,—How is that

O, my sweet beef, I must still be to thee:—The money is paid back

do not like that paying back, 'tis a

er. I am good friends with my father, any thing.

me the exchequer the first thing and do it with unwashed hands too, my lord.

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge

old, it had been of horse. Where one that can steal well? O for a f the age of two and twenty, or I I am heinously unprovided re thanked for these rebels, they but the virtuous; I laud them, I

Bardolph—

lord.

to bear this letter to lord John of easter, [land.—

John, this to my lord of Westmore- to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—

morrow i' the temple hall

ck i' the afternoon:

thou know thy charge; and there

ive I order for their furniture, burning; Percy stands on high; they, or we, must lower lie.

nd PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.

* Swain, puffy.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrews- bury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas * have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy!

The tongues of soothers, but a braver place In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself; Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour. No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a MESSENGER, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, [power?]

In such a justling time? Who leads his Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited, His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us.

For, as he writes, there is no quailing || now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd ¶

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gaah, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

* This expression is applied by way of prominence

to the head of the Douglas family

† Distant. ‡ Meet him face to face. § Forties

|| Languishing. ¶ Informed.

ST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

should we read
of hope;
most bound

should!
et reversion:
the hope of what

s in this.
to fly unto,
we look big
affairs.
our father had been
attempt [here,
be thought
y he is away,
ere dislike
e earl from hence;
prehension
faction,
on in our cause:
the offering side
arbitrement;
every loop, from

in upon us:
s draws a curtain,
kind of fear

ake this use;—
great opinion,
interprize, [think,
re: for men must
make a head
n, with his help,
rvy down.—
r joints are whole.
there is not such

is term of fear.

VERNON.

welcome, by my

s be worth a wel-
[strong,
d, seven thousand
with him, prince

ore?
e learn'd,—
is set forth,
pedily,
paration.
one too. Where is

the prince of Wales,
d the world aside,

arms,
hat wing the wind;
tely bath'd;†
like images;
n of May,
t andsummer;
s, wild as young

his beaver on,
gallantly arm'd,—
weather'd Mercury,
into his seat,
n from the clouds,

+ Whereas.
; Threw off.

•• Armour.

To turn and wind a fiery Peg
And witch* the world with
Hot. No more, no more; we
in March,

This praise doth nourish as
They come like sacrifices in d
And to the fire-ey'd maid of s
All hot, and bleeding, will w
The mailed Mars shall on his
Up to the ears in blood. I an
To hear this rich reprisal is as
And yet not ours:—Come,
Who is to bear me, like a thu
Against the bosom of the pris
Harry to Harry shall, hot hor
Meet, and ne'er part, till o
corse.—

O, that Glendower were com

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I r

He cannot draw his power th

Doug. That's the worst tid

of yet.

War. Ay, by my faith, the

sound.

Hot. What may the king

reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower bel

The powers of us may serve s

Come, let us make a muster s

Doomsday is near; die all, d

Doug. Talk not of dying; I

Of death, or death's hand,

year.

SCENE II.—A Public Room

Enter FALSTAFF and B

Fal. Bardolph, get thee be

fill me a bottle of sack: o

march through; we'll to S

night.

Hard. Will you give me m

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Hard. This bottle makes as

Fal. An if it do, take it fur

if it make twenty, take them

the coinage. Bid my lieuta

me at the town's end.

Hard. I will, captain: fare

Fal. If I be not ashamed

am a souced gurnet.† I b

king's press damnably. I l

exchange of a hundred an

three hundred and odd p

me none but good househo

sons: inquire me out contr

such as had been asked tw

such a commodity of warm

let hear the devil as a dram;

report of a caliver,‡ worse th

or a hurt wild duck. I pres

such toasts and butter, wit

bellies no bigger than pins'

have bought out their servio

whole charge consists of anc

lieutenants, gentlemen of com

ragged as Lazarus in the pain

the glutton's dogs licked his

as, indeed, were never soldier

unjust serving-men, younger

brothers, revolted tapsters, a

fallen; the cankers of a cal

long peace; ten times mor

• Bewitch, charm. † A fish.

old faced ancient;* and such
the rooms of them that have
services, that you would
a hundred and fifty tattered
come from swine-keeping,
and huaks. A mad fellow
way, and told me, I had un-
gibbets, and pressed the dead
bath seen such scare-crows.
through Coventry with them,
ry, and the villains march wide
as if they had gyves on;
and the most of them out of
but a shirt and a half in all my
the half-shirt is two napkins,
and thrown over the shoulders
coat without sleeves, and the
truth, stolen from my host at
or the red-nose inn-keeper of
that's all one; they'll find
a every hedge.

HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

How now, blown Jack? how now,
halt? How now, mad wug? what
in Warwickshire?—My good
Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I
honour had already been at

Sir John, 'tis more than time
you, and you too; but my powers
why: The king, I can tell you,
we must away all night.
fear me; I am as vigilant as
ream.

ink, to steal cream indeed; for
already made thee butter. But
Whose fellows are these that

halt, mine.

I never see such pitiful rascals.
good enough to toss; food for
or powder, they'll fill a pit, as
tush, man, mortal men, mortal

st, Sir John, methinks they are
and bare; too beggarly.
for their poverty,—I know not
that: and for their bareness,
ey never learned that of me.

I'll be sworn; unless you call
the ribs, bare. But, sirrah,
why is already in the field.

Is the king encamped?

Sir John; I fear, we shall stay

nd of a fray, and the beginning
ast,
ter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

—The Rebel Camp near Shrews-
bury.

2, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

ght with him to-night,
not be.

ive him then advantage.

hit.

y you so? looks he not for sup-

er.

ertain, ours is doubtful

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-
night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well respected honour bid me on,

I hold no little counsel with weak fear,

As you my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great lead-

ing,*

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-

day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth
ours.

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The Trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the
king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And
would to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deserving, and good name;

Because you are not of our quality,†

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should
stand so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty! [know

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to

The nature of your griefs,‡ and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching this duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs, and, with all

speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know,

the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to

God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery,§ and beg his peace;

† Fathers.

‡ Deventry.

* Conduct, experience.

‡ Grievances.

† Fellowship.

§ The delivery of his lands.

ST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

terms of zeal,—
 pity mov'd,
 perform'd it too.
 erons of the realm
 did lean to him,
 with cap and knee;
 villages;
 ood in lanes,
 r d him their oaths,
 ges follow'd him,
 n multitudes
 knows itself,—
 his vow
 s blood was poor,
 conspurg;
 him to reform
 ure strait decrees,
 ommonwealth:
 us to weep
 and, by this face,
 , did he win
 l angle for.
 od the heads
 he absent king
 as here,
 ne Irish war.
 hear this.

sed the king;
 us of his life;
 k d the whole state:
 or'd his kinsman

re well plac'd,
 g'd in Wales,
 forfeited;
 victories;
 ingence;
 ouncil-board.
 from the court;
 l wrong on wrong:
 is to seek out
 uthal, to pry
 and
 vance.
 answer to the king?
 r, we'll withdraw

re be impawn'd
 rn again,
 hall mine uncle
 al so farewell.
 old accept of grace
 e shall.
 do! {Exeunt.

room in the Arch-
 se.

ORK, and a GENTLE-

Michael, bear this
 lord mareschal;
 and all the rest
 if you knew
 , you would make

do.
 el, is a day,
 thousand men
 Sir, at Shrewsbury,

} Letter

As I am truly given to unders
 The king, with mighty and qui
 Merts with lord Harry:

Michael,—
 What with the sickness of No
 (Whose power was in the first
 And what with Owen Glendu
 thence,

(Wl.) with them was a rated.
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd
 I fear, the power of Percy is
 To wage an instant trial with
 Gent. Why, good my lord, y
 there's Douglas,

And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not th
 Gent. But there is Mordal

Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worces

Of gallant warriors, noble ge
 Arch. And so there is: but

drawn

The special head of all the lan
 The prince of Wales, lord Joh
 The noble Westmoreland, an
 And many more carrivale, an
 Of estimation and command b
 Gent. Doubt not, my lord, l

oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet ne
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir
 For, if lord Percy thrive not,
 Dismiss his power, he means
 For he hath heard of our conf
 And 'tis but wisdom to mak
 him;

Therefore, make haste: I mu
 To other friends; and so farev

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp

Enter KING HENRY, Prince
 JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WAL
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the s
 Above yon busky hill! the d
 At his distemperature,

P. Hen. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his
 And, by his hollow whistling
 Foretells a tempest, and a bit

K. Hen. Then with the lo
 pathize;
 For nothing can seem foul to

Trumpet.—Enter WORCESTE

How now, my lord of Worces
 That you and I should meet
 As now we meet: You have d
 And made us doff our easy r
 To crush our old limbs in ung
 This is not well, my lord, this
 What say you to't? will you
 This churlish knot of all-abho
 And move in that obedient or
 Where you would give a fair s
 And be no more an exhal'd m
 A prodigy of fear, and a port
 Of broached mischief to the u

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
 For mine own part, I could
 To entertain the lag-end of m
 With quiet hours; for, I do p

a A strength on which they reckon
 } Put off.

might the day of this conflict.
 'You have not sought for it? how
 was it then?'
 'Thus lay in his way, and he found it.
 Peace, cheer, peace.
 'Shall I your majesty, to turn your
 back on self, and all our house,
 that remember you, my lord,
 to first and dearest of your friends,
 to staff and sword, did I break
 a law—and perjured day and night
 in the way, and have your hand,
 that were in place and in account
 strong and virtuous as I.
 'Alas, my brother, and his son, [dare
 bid you home, and bravely did out-
 of the time. You swore to us,—
 to swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 did nothing purpose 'gainst the
 us; [right,
 no further than your new-dell's
 'Gent, children of Lancaster:
 given our aid. But, in short space,
 have fortune showering on your
 all;
 a flood of gentleness fall on you,—
 our help; what with the absent
 of;
 the injuries of a wretched time;
 of continuance that you had borne;
 of unsteady winds, that held the king
 his unlucky Irish wars,
 England did repute him dead,—
 this course of fair advantages,
 would to be quickly won'd
 a general way into your hand:
 to us at Doncaster;
 'And by us, you w'd us so
 gentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 parrot: did oppress our nest;
 or feeding to so great a bulk,
 our love durst not come near your
 it,
 swallowing; but with nimble wing
 shew'd, for safety sake, to fly
 right, and raise this present head:
 to stand opposed by such means
 would have for'd against yourself;
 wings, dangerous countenance,
 too of all faith and truth
 in your younger enterprise.
 These things, indeed, you have ar-
 stated,†
 at market-crosses, read in churches;
 garment of rebellion
 the colour, that may please the eye
 angelings, and poor discontents,
 a, and rub the elbow, at the sews
 my innovation:
 yet did insurrection want
 colours, to impart his cause;
 beggars, starving for a time
 havoc and confusion.
 In both our armies, there is many
 all dearly for this encounter,
 join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 of Wales doth join with all the
 III
 'Henry Percy; By my hopes,—
 at enterprise set off his head,—
 nk, a braver gentleman,
 r-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 g, or more bold, is now alive,

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a trumpet blown to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.
 K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.
 [Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.
 P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.
 K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to
 his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
 [Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.
 Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
 and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
 P. Hen. Nothing but a calamus can do thee
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and fare-
 well.
 Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
 well.
 P. Hen. Why, then, sweet God a death.
 [Exit.
 Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to
 pay him before his day. What need I be so
 forward with him that calls not on me? Well,
 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea,
 but how if honour prick me off when I come
 on; how then? Can honour set to a leg? No.
 Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
 wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery
 then? No. What is honour? A word. What
 is in that word, honour? What is that honour?
 Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He
 that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No.
 Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then?
 Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
 the living? No. Why? Detraction will not
 suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is
 a mere scutcheon,* and so ends my catechism.
 [Exit.
 SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.—Enter WOR-
 CESTER and VERNON.
 Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know,
 Sir Richard,
 The liberal kind offer of the king.
 Ver. 'Twere best he did.
 Wor. Then are we all undone.
 It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
 For treason is but trusted like the fox;

ing bird, a pea. † Exhibited in articles. * Painted heraldry in general.

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what
news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended
thus,—

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did
bear it;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly
[*on.*]

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth be-
fore the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our
heads;

And that no man might draw short breath to-
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell
me,

How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in con-
[*tempt?*]

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life

Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave you all the duties of a man; [tongue;

Trim'd up your praises with a princely

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;

Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valued with you:

And, which became him like a prince indeed,

He made a blushing cital* of himself;

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,

As if he master'd there a double spirit,

Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

There did he pause: But let me tell the

If he outlive the envy of this day, [world,—

England did never owe so sweet a hope,

So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

Upon his follies; never did I hear

Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:
But, be he as he will, yet once er
I will embrace him with a soldier's
That he shall shrink under my cou-
Arm, arm, with speed:—And, I
diers, friends,

Better consider what you have to
Than I, that have not well the gift
Can lift your blood up with persua-

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, here are letters!

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is sh-
To spend that shortness basely, w-
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an h-
An if we live, we live to tread on-
If die, brave death, when princes
Now for our conscience,—the arm
When the intent of bearing them i-

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the ki-
apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts
tale,

For I profess not talking; Only
Let each man do his best: and be
A sword, whose temper I intend t-
With the best blood that I can me-
In the adventure of this perilous d-
Now,—*Esperance!**—*Percy!*—A-
Sound all the lofty instruments of
And by that music let us all embr-
For, heaven to earth, some of us
A second time do such a courtesy
[*The Trumpets sound. They*
exunt.]

SCENE III.—Plain near Sh-

Excursions, and Parties fighting.
the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS
meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that
thus

Thou crossest me? what honour d
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is
And I do haunt thee in the battle
Because some tell me that thou a

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dea-
bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee
This sword hath ended him: so a

Unless thou yield thee as my pris-

Blunt. I was not born a yield-
Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that v-
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and E*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fo-
medon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Sc-
Doug. All's done, all's won; h-

lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

to Douglas? no, I know this thou
I well:

might be was, his name was Blunt;
'twould like the king himself.

Shall go with thy soul, whither it
go!

I little hast thou bought too dear.

Then tell me that thou wert a king;
A king hath many marching in his
train.

Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
train;

all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
at the king.

and away;
is stand full fairly for the day.

[Exit.]

Alarum.—Enter FALSTAFF.

ugh I could 'scape shot-free at Lon-
don shot here; here's no scoring,
to pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir

at,—there's honour for you: Here's
—I am as hot as molten lead, and
o: God keep lead out of me! I need
eight than mine own bowels.—I

y raggamuffins where they are pop-
p's but these of my hundred and
ve, and they are for the town's end,
ag life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend
thy sword:

down lies stark and stiff
souls of vaunting enemies,
the are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend
sword.

Alas, I pr'ythee, give me leave to
hilo.—Tyrk Gregory never did such
me, as I have done this day. I have

I have made him sure.
He is, indeed; and living to kill
I me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
not my sword; but take my pistol,

Give it me: What, is it in the case?
Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that
city.

The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.
What, isn't a time to jest and dally

[Throws it at him and cries.]
I, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
me in my way, so, if he do not, if I

, willingly, let him make a carbo-
n. I like not such grinning honour
for bath: Give me life: which if I

o; if not, honour comes unlooked
for's an end. [Exit.]

IV.—Another part of the Field.

*Excursions.—Enter the KING, Prince
Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

I pr'ythee,
draw thyself; thou bleed'st too
ch:—

of Lancaster, go you with him.
Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed

do beseech your majesty, make up,
strament do amaze your friends.
I will do so:—

Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Enter

I meet out countrymen for the prisoners.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to
your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help;

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where state's nobility has trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in westmoreland!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, come,
in Westmoreland.

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[Exit Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my guest.
K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the

point,
With luckier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an upgrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit]

Alarum.—Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hyden's
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [heads];

That wear these colours on them.—What art
That counterfeits the person of a king? [Then,

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.
Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeits;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, when'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the KING being in danger, enter
Prince HENRY.]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blount, are in my arms:

It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight; DOUGLAS slain.]
Cheerly, my lord; flow thine own grace!

Sir Nicholas Gawayne hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion [life],

And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much
injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your men.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nich-
olas Gawayne. [Exit King HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-
mouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny
my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

o. Supplication.

To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England break a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who
falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.
HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
I better brook the loss of brittle life, [youth,
Than these proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy
sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee
well, great heart!—

Ill-wear'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. [dead,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours^a hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! If thou
embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to pow-
der me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood,
'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counter-
feit? I lie, I am so counterfeit: To die, is to be
a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a
man, who hath not the life of a man. but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth,
is to be so counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of life indeed. The better part of valour
is—discretion; in the which better part, I have
saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this
gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How,
if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am
afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll
swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as

^a *Surf*, with which he covers Percy's face. *q. surf.*

well as I?
nobody can
[*Hot.*] with
along with

Re-enter

P. Hen.

hot

Thy cousin

P. John.

Did you see

P. Hen.

an

Upon the

Art thou a

That plays

We will as

Thou art as

Fal. No,

man: but I

a Jack. I

dear.] If I

so; if not,

I look to be

you.

P. Hen.

saw thee do

Fal. Did

is given to

and out of

both at an

Shrewsbury

if not, let

the sin upon

my death, I

if the man

would mak

P. John.

hot

P. Hen.

hot

Come, bring

For my part

I'll gild it

The trumpet

Come, brot

To see who

[*Enter*]

Fal. I'll

that reward

grow great,

leave such,

should do.

SCENE

The Trump

Prince H

LAND, and

SON, pris

K. Hen.

hot

Ill-spirited

Pardon, an

And would

Misuse the

Three king

A noble ear

Had been a

If, like a C

Betwixt ou

Wer. Wh

And I can

Since out to

K. Hen.

Ver

r offenders we will pause upon.—

Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.
goes the field?

Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when
he saw

fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
noble Percy slain, and all his men
the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd,
the pursuers took him. At my tent
Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
y dispose of him.

Hen. With all my heart.

Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster to
honourable bounty shall belong: [you
the Douglas, and deliver him
his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
valour, shown upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dear-
est speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate
Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards
Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.			TRAVERS and Moberland.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.	his Sons.	}	FALSTAFF, BARD
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,			POINS and PETO,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford;			SHALLOW and SIL
PRINCE HUMPHREY of GLOSTER, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster.			DAVY, Servant
EARL OF WARWICK,	of the King's Party.	}	MOULDY, SHADOW
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,			CALF, R
ROBERT, — HARCOURT,			FANG and SNARE
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.			RUMOUR.—A Pe
GENTLEMAN attending on the Chief Justice.	Enemies to the King.	}	A DANCER, Spe
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,			
BISHOP OF YORK,			LADY NORTHUMBER
LORD MOWBRAY; LORD HASTINGS,			Hostess QUICKLY
LORD BARDOLPH; Sir JOHN COLEVILLE,			
			Lords and other
			diers, Messengers
			&c.
			Sc

INDUCTION.

Warwickworth.—Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop [speaks?]

I have vent of hearing, when loud Rumour
 From the orient to the drooping west,
 Taking the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
 Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other
 Grief,

Thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 Had no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Drawn by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 Show my well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I have been before King Harry's victory;
 And so, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,

Hath beaten do
 troops,

Quenching the fire
 Even with the rel
 To speak so true
 To noise abroad,
 Under the wrath
 And that the kin
 Stoop'd his anoin
 This have I run
 towns

Between that roy
 And this worm-e
 Where Hotspur's
 Lies crafty-sick:
 And not a man of
 Than they have le
 tongues

They bring smoot
 true wro

SCENE I.—The
 Gate; En

Bard. Who ke
 Where is
 Port. What sh

— Nor

on the earl,
Bardolph doth attend him here.
The ship is walk'd forth into the
bay;
Hence, knock but at the gate,
I will answer.

• NORTHUMBERLAND.

Attend the earl.
News, lord Bardolph? every
now
either of some stratagem :
wild ; contention, like a horse
ding, madly hath broke loose,
and all before him.

earl,
His news from Shrewsbury.
an heaven will !
I as heart can wish :—
yet wounded to the death ;
one of my lord your son,
slain outright ; and both the

[John,
and of Douglas : young prince
and, and Stafford, fled the field ;
smooth's brawn, the bulk Sir
er son : O, such a day, [John,
low'd, and so fairly won,
now, to dignify the times,
stunnes !

is this deriv'd ?
didst come you from Shrewsbury ?
with one, my lord, that came
near ;
I bred, and of good name,
er'd me these news for true.
comes my servant, Travers,
sent
to listen after news.
I, I over-rode him on the way ;
I'd with no certainties,
I may retain from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

Travers, what good tidings come
I ?
Sir John Umfreville turn'd
back ; and, being better hors'd,
after him, came spurring hard,
most surpenn'd with speed,
I me to breathe his bloodied

to Chester, and of him
that news from Shrewsbury.
rebellion had bad luck,
Harry Percy's spur was cold ;
we his able horse the head,
ward, struck his armed heels
ling sides of his poor jade
head, and, starting so,
raining to devour the way,
I question.

—Again.
Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
I spur ? that rebellion

I
I'll tell you what ;—
your son have not the day,
er, for a silken point
say : never talk of it.
would the gentleman, that rode
ers,
instances of loss ?
I ?

He was some 'hilding' fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a little
leaf,

Portends the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—— [Good
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?
Mer. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd :

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus,
and thus,

[He ;
Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Doug-
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mer. Douglas is living, and your brother,
But, for my lord your son,— [yet :
North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath ?
He, that but fears the thing he would not
know, [eyes,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton ;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mer. You are too great to be by me gain-said :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye : [sin,
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Berd. I cannot think, my lord, your son is
dead.

Mer. I am sorry, I should force you to be-
lieve

That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Read'ring faint quittance,† wearied and out-
breath'd

To Harry Monmouth : whose swift wrath
beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, [up.
From whence with life he never more sprung
In few,‡ his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited‡ once, took fire and heat away

• Hilding, here, cowardly.

† An exhibition of his courage.

‡ Return of blows.

§ In few words.

¶ Exasperated.

From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself, [lead.
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their
 fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Wor-
 cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
 sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
 'Gan vail' his stomach, and did grace the
 shame

Of those that turn'd their backs : and, in his
 stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
 mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me
 sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
 joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
 grief,

Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou
 nicest crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
 quoil,†

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
 hit.

Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
 bring,

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's
 hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
 my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from
 your honour.

Mor. The Lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay. [o'er
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you
 said,—

Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
 That in the doleful of blows your son might
 drop:

You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable

Of wounds, and
 spirits
 Would lift him
 Yet did you say
 Though strongly
 The stiff-borne
 fallen,
 Or what bathed
 More than that !

Bard. We all,
 Knew that we
 That, if we
 And yet we
 Chok'd the resp
 And, since we
 Come, we will

Mor. 'Tis mo
 noble

I hear for certai
 The gentle arch
 With well-app
 Who with a do
 My lord your
 But shadows,
 For that same
 The action of t
 And they did

As men drink p
 Seem'd on our
 souls,

This word, reb
 As fish are in a
 Turns insurrec
 Suppos'd since
 He's follow'd l
 And doth enla
 Of fair king

Derives from h
 Tells them he
 Gasping for lif
 And more,† an

North. I kne
 truth,

This present g
 Go in with me
 The aptest way
 Get posts, and
 speed
 Never so few,

SCENE

Enter Sir Jo
 bearing

Fal. Sirrah,
 to my water ?

Page. He sa
 good healthy
 owed it, he m
 knew for.

Fal. Men of
 me : The brai
 clay, man, is
 tends to laugh
 vented on me :
 but the cause
 here walk bef
 overwhelmed
 prince put the
 reason than to
 judgement. T

* Forces.

† Greater.

‡ A root suppo

* Let fall. † Trifling. ‡ Cap. † Distribution.

I were in my cap, than to wait at
me never manned with an eagle.^o
I will set you neither in gold nor
vile apparel, and send you back
master, for a jewel; the juvenal,
or master, whose chin is not yet
ill sooner have a beard grow in
ry hand, than he shall get one on
nd yet he will not stick to say,
no-royal (God may finish it when
ut a hair arises yet. he may keep
en-royal, for a barber shall never
e out of it, and yet he will be
f he had writ man ever since his
bachelor. He may keep his own
is almost out of mine. I can as-
-What said master Dumbleton
in for my short chuck, and slope?
aid, Sir, you should procure him
um than Bardolph: he would
and and yours; he liked not the

m be damned like a glutton¹ may
better!—A whoreson Achitophel!
a-foresooth leave! to bear a gun-
rd, and then stand upon security!
can smooth-pates do now wear
high shoes, and bunches of keys
e; and if a man is thorought with
it taking up, then they must stand
ty. I had as lief they would put
ey mouth, as offer to stop it with
looked he should have sent me
ty yards of satin, as I am a true
he sends me security. Well, he
security, for he hath the horns of
nd the lightness of his wife shines
nd yet cannot he see, though he
lantern to light him.—Where's

e gone into Smithfield, to buy
a horse.
ght him in Paul's, and he'll buy
n Smithfield. an I could get me
he stews, I were manned, bored,

OLD CHIEF JUSTICE, and an AT-
TENDANT.

here comes the nobleman that
a prince for striking him about

close, I will not see him,
What's he that goes there?
staff, an't please your lordship.
He that was in question for the

, my lord but he hath since done
at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear,
g with some charge to the lord
master.

What, to York? Call him back

John Falstaff!
tell him, I am deaf.
must speak louder, my master is

I am sure, he is, to the hearing of
ed.—Go, pluck him by the elbow,
t with him.

John.—
! a young knave, and beg¹ is
rs? Is there not employment? Doth

we cut in an eagle. † In their debt.
an old proverb. Who goes to Westminster
t Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a
e with a whore, a knave, and a jade

not the king lack subjects? do not the realm
need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on
any side but one, it is worse shame to beg
than to be on the worst side, were it worse
than the name of rebellion can tell how to
make it.

Alon. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest
man? setting my knight-hood and my soldier-
ship aside, I had had in my throat if I had
said so.

Alon. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-
hood and your soldiership aside; and give me
leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you
say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay
aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st
any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave,
thou wert better be hanged; You hunt-coun-
ter,† hence! avaunt!

Alon. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with
you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship
good time of day. I am glad to see your lord-
ship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was
sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by
advice. Your lordship, though not clean past
your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you,
some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most
humbly beseech your lordship, to have a rever-
end care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before
your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his
majesty is returned with some discomfort from
Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You
would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is
fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray,
let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of
lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of
sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as
it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief;
from study, and perturbation of the brain: I
have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it
is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the
disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather,
an't please you, it is the disease of not listen-
ing, the malady of not marking, that I am
troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would
amend the attention of your ears; and I care
not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not
so patient: your lordship may minister the
potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of
poverty; but how I should be your patient to
follow your prescriptions, the wine may make
some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple
itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were
matters against you for your life, to come
speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned
counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did
not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you
live in great infamy.

o A catch-pole, or town-bill.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel* candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel† is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:‡ Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy§ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward|| of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?¶ and every part about you blasted with antiquity?⁂ and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you

and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [Exit CHIEF JUSTICE and ATTENDANT.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.*—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent† my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [Exit PAGE.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. ‡ [Exit.]

SCENE III.—York.—A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Morb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, [selves] How, in our means, we should advance our—To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

* A large candle for a feast. † The coin called an angel
‡ Pass current. § Readiness.
|| Forepart. ¶ Small. ⁂ Old age.

* A large wooden hammer so heavy as to require three men to wield it. † Anticipate. ‡ Profit.

tion then, lord Hastings,
bus :—
at five and twenty thousand
without Northumberland.
we may.

there's the point :
we be thought too feeble,
we should not step too far
distance by the hand :
bloody-fac'd as this,
action, and surmise
should not be admitted.
true, lord Bardolph ; for,

par's case at Shrewsbury.
y lord ; who lin'd himself

romise of supply,
with project of a power
the smallest of his thoughts :
imagination,
led his powers to death,
p'd into destruction.
our leave, it never yet did

oods, and forms of hope.
a present quality of war ;—
action, (a cause on foot,)
s in an early spring [fruit,
ing buds ; which, to prove
such warrant, as despair,
s them. When we mean to

plot, then draw the model ;
he figure of the house,
the cost of the erection .
itweighs ability,
ut draw anew the model
, at least, desist [work,
Much more, in this great
to pluck a kingdom down,
,) should we survey
n, and the model ;
re foundation ;

; know our own estate,
ork to undergo,
is opposite ; or else,
, and in figures,
men, instead of men :
es the model of a house
r to build it ; who, half

res his part created cost
the weeping clouds,
fish winter's tyranny.
t our hopes (yet likely for

n, and that we now pos-
expectation ; [seas'd
dy strong enough,
equal with the king.
se king but five and twenty

more ; nay, not so much,
lph.
s the times do brawl,
s : one power against the

leadower ; perforce, a third
to is the unfirm king
ad his coffers sound
y and emptiness.
should draw his several
gether,
is in full puissance,
xl.

Agree

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and West-
moreland :

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Mon-
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :—

A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many !^o with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou would'st have him
And being now trimm'd^t in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;

And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times ?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have
him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present,
worst.

Monb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and
set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
be gone.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London.—A Street.

Enter Hostess, Fang, and his Boy, with her ;
and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the
action ?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman ! Is it a lusty
yeoman ? will a' stand to't ?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare ?

Host. O lord, ay : good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Fal-
staff.

Host. Yes, good master Snare ; I have en-
tered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our
lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he
stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
beastly : in good faith, a' cares not what mis-
chief he doth, if his weapon be out : he will
join^t like any devil ; he will spare neither
man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither : I'll be at your
elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once ; an a' come
but within my vice !—

Exeunt.

Agree

o Multitude.
t A halberd.
t Thrust.
t Grasp.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought to his answer. A hundred mark is a long oan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been rubbed off, and rubbed off, and rubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.

Host. Wonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-douse knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle* villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed† rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Host. Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

Ch. Just. [York.—] You should have been well on your way to stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed,

to enforce a poor to come by her own *Fal.* What is thee?

Host. Marry, if thyself, and the n to me upon a par! Dolphin-chamber, coal fire, upon W when the prince I father to a singing swear to me then, to marry me, and Canst thou deny the butcher's wife gossip Quickly? of vinegar; tellir prawns; whereby whereby I told t wound? And d gone down stairs familiarity with ere long they al didst thou not k thirty shillings? oath; deny it, if

Fal. My lord, she says, up and est son is like y and, the truth is But for these fo may have redres

Ch. Just. Sir acquainted with y true cause the f brow, nor the th such more than can thrust me fr have, as it app easy-yielding s her serve your

Host. Yea, in

Ch. Just. Pr'y you owe her, as done with her; ling money, and ance.

Fal. My lord, without reply. impudent sauc court'sy, and s my lord, my hu not be your sui deliverance fr hasty employm

Ch. Just. You wrong: but an tation,† and sat

Fal. Come hi

Ch. Just. No *Gow.* The kin of Wal Arc near at hal

Fal. As I am

Host. Nay, y

Fal. As I a more words of i

Host. By thi must be fain to tapestry of my

Fal. Glasses

* Homicidal.

† Homicide.

* Party gilt.
† Su

valle,—a pretty slight drollery, or the prodigal, or the German bunter-work, is worth a thousand of agings, and these fly-bitten tapes— it be ten pound, if thou canst. were not for thy humours, there is wench in England. Go, wash thy aw^e thy action: Come, thou must humour with me; dost not know some, I know thou wast set on to

y thee, Sir John, let it be but as; i'faith I am loath to pawn my d earnest, la.

alone; I'll make other shift; you'll l.

l, you shall have it, though I pawn I hope, you'll come to supper: as all together?

I live!—Go, with her, with her; [R.] hook on, hook on.

I you have Doll Tear-sheet meet e!

ere words; let's have her.

me HOTSPA, BARDOLPH, OFFICERS, d PAGE.

I have heard better news.

's the news, my good lord?

Where lay the king last night?

Isingstoke, my lord.

e, my lord, all's well: What's the d?

Come all his forces back?

fifteen hundred foot, five hundred

e,

up to my lord of Lancaster,

thumberland, and the archbishop.

a the king back from Wales, my

You shall have letters of me pre- e, go along with me, good master

rd!

What's the matter?

r Gower, shall I entreat you with

!

ist wait upon my good lord here:

good Sir John.

Sir John, you loiter here too long,

w to take soldiers up in counties as

ron sup with me, master Gower?

What foolish master taught you

re, Sir John?

er Gower, if they become me not,

I that taught them me.—This is

eing grace, my lord; tap for tap,

air.

Now the Lord lighten thee! thou

sol. [Exeunt.]

II.—The same.—Another Street.

Prince HENRY and POINS.

rust me, I am exceeding weary.

It came to that? I had thought,

ist not have attached one of so

'ajth, it does me; though it dis-

complexion of my greatness to ac-

L. Dost it not show vilely in me,

all beer?

y, a prince should not be so loose-

s to remember so weak a compari-

elike then, my appetite was not

princely got; for, by my troth, I do now re- member the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a dis- grace is it to me, to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones! or to hear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use!—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low- countries have made a shift to eat up thy Hol- land: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,* shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world in- creases, and kindreds are mightily strength- ened.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have la- boured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It will serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to, I stand the peak of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds lawdly, that my father is so sick: and keep- ing such vile company as thou art, hath in rea- son taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what awakes your most worshipful thought, to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lowd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

POINS. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second bro- ther, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I can- not help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain hath not transformed him up.

Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous man, [To the PAGE.]

* Withdraw.

* Children wrapped up in his old shirts.

ou bashful fool, must you be blushing? where-
re blush you now? What a maidenly man at
us are you become? Is it such a matter, to
at a pottle-pot's maidenhead.

Page. He called me even now, my lord,
rough a red lattice,* and I could discern no
art of his face from the window: at last, I
oied his eyes; and, methought, he had made
vo holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and
eeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,
way!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream,
way!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she
as delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I
all him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpreta-
on.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be
ept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to
reserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged
mong you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bar-
oloph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your
race's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And
ow doth the martlemas,† your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phy-
ician: but that moves not him; though that be
ick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this went to be as familiar
with me as my dog: and he holds his place;
or, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight,—
very man must know that, as oft as he has
ccasion to name himself. Even like those
nat are kin to the king; for they never prick
neir finger, but they say, *There is some of the*
ing's blood spilt: How comes that? says he,
nat takes upon him not to conceive: the answer
as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's*
our cousin, Sir.

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they
will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son
f the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of
Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in*
revity:—he sure means brevity in breath;
hort-winded.—I commend me to thee, I com-
mend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar
with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much,
hat he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell.
Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so fare-
well.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as
much as to say, as thou usest him,)

Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;

John, with my brothers and sisters;

and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and
make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his
words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must
marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse for-
une! but I never said so.

* An ale-house window.

† Martinmas, St. Martin's day is Nov. 11.

‡ Swoln excrescence.

P. Hen. Well, I
the time; and the
clouds and mock
London?

Bard. Yes, my

P. Hen. Where
seed in the old fru

Bard. At the o
cheap.

P. Hen. What

Page. Ephesian

P. Hen. Sup at

Page. None, I
Quickly, and mis

P. Hen. What

Page. A prop
kinswoman of my

P. Hen. Even
are to the town

them, Ned, at su

Poins. I am yc
low you.

P. Hen. Sirrah
no word to your

town: There's fu

Bard. I have r

Page. And for

P. Hen. Fare
DOLPH and PAGE.

be some road.

Poins. I warra
between Saint A

P. Hen. How
himself to-night

ourselves be see

Poins. Put ont
and wait upon b

P. Hen. From
scension! it wa

to a prentice? a
be mine: for, in

weigh with the l

SCENE III.—

Enter NORTHUM
LANE

North. I pray
daught

Give even way

Put not you on

And be, like the

Lady N. I ha
more:

Do what you w

North. Alas,
pawn;

And, but my go

Lady P. O, y
these w

The time was,
When you were

When your ow

Harry,
Threw many a r

Bring up his po

Who then pers

There were two
son's.

For yours,—ma
For his,—it stu

In the grey vau

Did all the chiv

To do brave act
Wherein the no

pe, that practised not his gait:
g thick, which nature made his
coats of the vallant; [blemiſh,
I could ſpeak low, and tardily,
his own perfection to abate,
him: So that, in ſpeech, in gait,
actions of delight,
lea, humours of blood,
art and glaſs, copy and book,
I others. And him,—O wondrous

men!—him did you leave,
no, unſucceeded by you,)
the hideous god of war
ge; to abide a field,
g but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
reſiſible:—ſo you left him:
er, do his ghoul the wrong,
honour more precise and alce
than with him; let them alone;
and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong;
d Harry had but half their num-

I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,
d Moumouth's grave.
new^d your heart,
! you do draw my ſpirits from
ſeeking ancient overſights. [me,
s, and meet with danger there;
k me in another place,
more provided.
ſy to Scotland,
reſiſtles, and the armed commons,
puiſſance made a little taſte.
they get ground and vantage of
ing,
s with them, like a rib of ſteel,
enough ſtronger; but, for all our
try themſelves: So did your ſon;
ffer'd, ſo came I a widow;
all have length of life enough,
remembrance with mine eyes,
row and ſprout as high as hea-
ven to my noble huſband. [ven,
ſe, come, go in with me: 'tis with
ſlad,
ide ſwell'd up unto its height,
s ſtill-ſtand, running neither way,
I go to meet the archbiſhop,
reſand reaſons hold me back:—
s for Scotland; there am I,
I vantage crave my company.

[Exit.

—London.—A Room in the Bear's
and Tugger, in Eaſtcheap.

Enter two DRAWERS.

What the devil haſt thou brought
—Johns? thou know'ſt, Sir John
re an apple-John.
iaſs, thou ſayeſt true: The prince
ch of apple-Johns before him, and
re were five more Sir Johns. and,
his hat, ſaid, I will now take my
e ſir dry, round, old, wither'd
angered him to the heart; but he
hat.

Why then, cover, and ſet them
ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's
raſe Tear-sheet would ſain hear
. Deſpatch:—The room where

they ſupped, is the hat; they'll come in
ſtraight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and
maſter Peine anon: and they will put on two
of our jerkins, and aprons; and Sir John muſt
not know of it: Herdolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the ſeaſon, here will be old wither'd
It will be an excellent ſtraggles.

2 Draw. I'll ſee, if I can find out Sneak.

[Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Hot. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks now you
are in an excellent good temperality: your pal-
ſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would
deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as
red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drunk
too much canaries; and that's a marvellous
ſearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere
one can ſay,—What's that? How do you ſaw?

Del. Better than I was. Heia!

Hot. Why, that's well ſaid; a good heart's
worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter PALSTAFF, ſinging.

Pal. When Arthur ſet to court—Empty the
jordan—And ſee a worthy king: [Exit DRAW-
ers.] How now, miſtreſs Doll?

Hot. Sick of a cold: yea, good ſooth.

Pal. So is all her ſect; as they be once in a
cold, they are ſick.

Del. You muddy rascal, is that all the com-
fort you give me?

Pal. You make fat rascals, miſtreſs Doll.

Del. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes
make them; I make them not.

Pal. If the cook help to make the gluttony
you help to make the diſeaſes, Doll: we catch
of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my
poor virtue, grant that.

Del. Ay, marry; our chains, and our
jewels.

Pal. Your breeches, pearls, and ſouches;—for
to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you
know: To come off the breach with his pike
bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to ven-
ture upon the charged chamberſt bravely:—

Del. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang
yourſelf!

Hot. By my troth, this is the old faſhion;
you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſ-
cord: you are both, in good troth, as rheuma-
tic as two dry toaſts; you cannot one hear
with another's conſtrictions. What the good-
year's! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you:
[To DOLL.] you are the weaker veſſel, as they
ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Del. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a
huge full hogſhead? there's a whole mer-
chant's venture of Bordeaux ſtuff in him; you
have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuffed in the hold.
—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou
art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall
ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody
cares.

Re-enter DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, anciently Pistol's below, and
would ſpeak with you.

Del. Hang him, ſwaggering ſcoundrel! let him
not come hither: It is the foul mouth'd ſet rogue
in England.

† An apple that will keep two years.
s ſweet miſtreſs: a ſeal of miſtreſs or
a ſeal.

• Merry deſign. † Small piece of codman.
s Miſs Quickly's ſlander Sir John, &c. &c.
s Knight.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; here comes no swaggerers^a here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; our ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors.

was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he; *reccite those that are civil*; for, saith he, *you are an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell hereupon; for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore take heed what guests you receive: *Reccite*, says he, *no ragging companions*.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame heater,† he; you may stroke him as gently as puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol proof, Sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lacklinen mate! Away you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy dung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy little with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since then, I pray you, Sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!§

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

^a A blustering, fighting fellow.
[§] *Laces*, marks of his commission.
^j An expression of disdain.

† Gamester.

Dol. Captain! cheater, art thou captain? If captain would truncheon names upon you! You a captain, yielding a poor whore! He a captain! I upon mouldy stew! A captain! these captain as odious was an excellent ill-sorted: therefore to it.

Bard. Pray the

Fal. Hark thee

Pist. Not I: t dolph;—I could on her.

Page. Pray the

Pist. I'll see h damned lake, to bus and tortures line, say I. Do tors! Have we

Host. Good ca very late, i'faith vate your choler.

Pist. These be pack hor And hollow pam Which cannot go Compare with C And Trojan Gre with

King Cerberus; Shall we fall fou

Host. By my t bitter words.

Bard. Be got grow to a brawl

Pist. Die men pins; Have we

Host. O' my such here. What I would deny he

Pist. Then, fe polis:§

Come, give's son Si fortuna

lente Fear we broads

Give me some thou the

Come we to full nothing!

Fal. Pistol, I

Pist. Sweet k we have seen the

Dol. Thrust hi dure such a susti

Pist. Thrust hi Galloway nags?¶

Fal. Quoit!|| I shove-groat shilli

speak nothing, h

Bard. Come, g

Pist. What! sh imbrue? Then death rock

ful days!

* Traitors, rascals.

† A quotation from

‡ Blunder for Hank

§ Parody of a line I

|| Fist. ¶ Comm

†† Part of an ancie

in, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
e the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I
say!

Here's goodly stuff toward!

Give me my rapier, boy.

I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not

let you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and
So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas,
t up your naked weapons, put up your
reapons.

[*Exit PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal
Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain,

Are you not hurt i'the groin? me-
be made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Have you turned him out of doors?

Yes, Sir. The rascal's drunk: you
rt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

A rascal! to brave me!

Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas,
s, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me
face;—come on, you whoreson chops:
gue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as
as Hector of Troy, worth five of
mon, and ten times better than the
rthies. Ah, villain!

A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue
sket.

So, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou
I canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

The music is come, Sir.

et them play;—Play, Sirs.—Sit on my
oll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue
o me like quicksilver.

'faith, and thou followedst him like a

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholo-
ar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting
and foining† o' nights, and begin to
p thine old body for heaven?

ehind, Prince HENRY and POINS, dis-
guised like Drawers.

Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a
head: do not bid me remember mine

Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

A good shallow young fellow: he would
ade a good pantler, he would have
bread well.

They say, Poins has a good wit.

He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his
s thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is
e conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Why does the prince love him so then?

Because their legs are both of a bigness:

plays at quoits well; and eats conger

mel; and drinks off candles' ends for

igons; and rides the wild mare with the

ad jumps upon joint-stools; and swears

good grace; and wears his boot very

, like unto the sign of the leg; and

so bate with telling of discreet stories,

th other gambol faculties he hath, that

weak mind and an able body, for the

the prince admits him: for the prince

himself is such another; the weight of a hair
will turn the scales between their avoirdupois:

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have
his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not
his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so
many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in con-
junction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,*
his man, be not lipping to his master's old
tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most
constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a
scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtlet off? I
shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt
have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come:
it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me,
when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping,
an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress my-
self handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken
the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

[*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And
art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful conti-
nents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman,
thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw
you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace!
by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the
Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu,
are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of ma-
jesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood,
thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your
revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you
take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you,
how vilely did you speak of me even now, be-
fore this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so
she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did
when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew,
I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose,
to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think,
thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the
wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle
you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no
abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—
pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not
what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest and none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with us:—in which doing, I have done the part of careful friend, and a true subject, and thy duty is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Ned;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.
P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear and enervate cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she 'the wicked'? Is this hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or most Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, 'the wicked'?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fend hath pricked down Bardolph recoverable: and his face is Lucifer's privy-titchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel out him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe money and whether she be damned for it, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou quit for that: Marry, there is another iniquity upon thee, for suffering flesh to be ten in thy house, contrary to the law; for which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh tells against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to 'door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;

and there are twenty weak and wearied posts, come from the north: and, as I came along, met, and overtook, a dozen captains, [yerns, re-headed, sweating, knocking at the table asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.]

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

idly to profane the precious time, when tempest of commotion like the south wind with black vapour, doth begin to melt, and drop upon our bare unarmed heads: Give me my sword, and cloak;—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unknocked. [Knocking heard.] More knocking at door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, present—a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the DOOR.]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—I see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, in the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away yet, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not

ready to burst:—Well of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, &c. [Exit]

Host. Well, fare thee these twenty times, but an honest—Well, fare thee.

Bard. [Within.]

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within.] Come to my master.

Host. O run, do

SCENE I.—

Enter King Henry

K. Hen. Go, call Warwick

But, ere they come And well consider speed.—

How many thousands

Are at this hour a

Nature's soft nurse

That thou no more

And steep my sense

Why rather, sleep

Upon uneasy pillow

And hush'd with slumber;

Than in the perfume

Under the canopy

And all'd with it

O thou dull god,

In loathsome bed

couch,

A watch-case, or

Wilt thou upon thy

Seal up the ship

brains

In cradle of the morn

And in the visitation

Who take the ruff

Curling their morsels

With deaf'ning claps

That, with the hum

Canst thou, O peace

To the wet sea-bow

And, in the calm

With all appliances

Deny it to a king

down!

Uneasy lies the head

Enter Warwick

War. Many good

K. Hen. Is it good

War. Tis one of

K. Hen. Why then

my lords,

Have you read o'er

War. We have,

K. Hen. Then your

kingdom

How foul it is; w

And with what da

War. It is but a

Which to his form

With good advice,

My lord Northum

heaven! that one might read the
book of fate;

revolution of the times
fains level, and the continent
old (frances,) melt itself
! and, other times, to see
girdle of the ocean (moak,
or Neptune's hips: how chances
all the cup of alteration
liquors! O, if this were seen,
it youth,—viewing his progress
ugh.

past, what comes to ensue,—
the book, and sit him down and
rears gone. [dis.

rd, and Northumberland. great
ids,

gether, and in two years after,
t wars: It is but eight years, since
was the man nearest my soul;

mother toil'd in my affairs,
love and life under my foot;

sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
sance. But which of you was by,
Nevil, as I may remember.)

(To Warwick.
d,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
I and rated by Northumberland,—
me words, now prov'd a prophecy?

nd, then ladder, by the which
finger'd ascends my throne;—
heaven knows, I had no such

4;
unity so bow'd the state,
wantness were compell'd to kiss:—
come, thus did he follow it,
I come, that foul sin, gathering

to corruption:—so went on,
its same time's condition,
son of our amity

is a history in all men's lives,
nature of the times decess'd:
serv'd, a man may prophecy,
sim, of the main chance of things
me to life, which in their seeds,
glannings, lie intresured.

become the hatch and brood of
cessary form of this, [time;
I might create a perfect guess,
orthumberland, then false to him,
at seed, grow to a greater false-

I not find a ground to root upon,
b.

to these things then necessities?
not them like necessities.—
a word even now cries out on us;
bishop and Northumberland
and strong.

not be, my lord;
double, like the voice and echo,
of the fear'd:—Pleas'd it your

upon my life, my lord,
and you already have sent forth,
is prize in very easily.

as the more, I have receiv'd
ance, that Glendower is dead.
hath been this fortnight ill;
season'd hours, perforce, must
kneess. [add

will take your counsel:
me inward wars once out of hand,
sar lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's
House in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOW-
BY, SHADOW, WART, FIDDLE, MULL-GALL,
and SCREWINS, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, Sir, give me your hand, Sir: an
early stirrer, by the road.* And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your brother-
law? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black cross, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By you and my, Sir, I dare say, my
cousin William is become a good scholar: he
is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inn of court
shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where
I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing;
and I would have done any thing, indeed, and
roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Hare
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squire:

Cotswold men,—you had not four such swinge
bucklers† in all the inn of court again: and
I may say to you, we knew where the bean
robast were; and had the best of them all a
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mow
bray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate,
when he was a crack,‡ not thus high: and the
very same day did I fight with one Sampson
Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O
he mad days that I have spent! and to see
how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very
sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain
to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bul-
locks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double on
your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good
bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—
John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted
much money on his head. Dead!—he would
have clapped i' the clout at twelve score‡ and
carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen and
fourteen and a half, that it would have done a
man's heart good to see.—How a score of
swes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good
swes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARBOLIN, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's
men, as I think.

Barb. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I
basecock you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir; a poor co-

* Cry.

† Bats or staton.

‡ Ladys of stamess.

§ Hie.

|| Hit the white mark at twelve score yards.

§ H

re of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure in me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to me: my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant soldier.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir; I knew him a good backward man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, Sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! that is good; yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir: I have heard the word. Please, call you it? By this good day, I know the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—thereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my truth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I thank you.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, were you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so: Yea, marry, Sir:—Ralph Mouldy: let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a goodly fellow: young, strong, and of good ends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, and I could have let me alone: my old dame I be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to be pricked than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside;

Know you where you are?—let me see;—

Fal. Ay marry, he's like to be a colt.

Shal. Where's Shallow?

Shal. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, what shadow?

Shal. My mother.

Fal. Thy mother.

thy father's shadow.

is the shadow of thy

deed; but not much

Shal. Do you like it?

Fal. Shadow will

him;—for we have

fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wurt.

Fal. Where's he?

Wurt. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wurt?

Wurt. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a

Shal. Shall I prick

Fal. It were sufficient

built upon his bones

stands upon pins:

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!

can do it: I cannot

Feeble!

Fee. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade

Fee. A woman's

Shal. Shall I prick

Fal. You may: a

tailor, he would have

make as many holes

thou hast done in

Fee. I will do no

have no more.

Fal. Well said,

said, courageous!

liant as the wrathful

mous mouse.—Prick

master Shallow;

Fee. I would, V

Fal. I would, thou

thou might'st me

go. I cannot put

that is the leader

that suffice, most

Fee. It shall suffice

Fal. I am bound

Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull.

Fal. Yea, marry.

Bull. Here, Sir.

Fal. 'Fore God

prick me Bull-cal

Bull. O lord! g

Fal. What, dost

pricked?

Bull. O lord, Si

Fal. What disease

Bull. A whores

which I caught

affairs, upon his c

Fal. Come, thou

gown; we will have

take such order, thou

thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is a

number; you must

and so, I pray you

Fal. Come, I will

cannot tarry dinner

good truth, master

Shal. O, Sir Jo

the windmill in St. George's

of that, good master Shallow,

as a merry night. And is
alive?

master Shallow.

could away with me.

ver: she would always say,
ie master Shallow.

ass, I could anger her to the
then a bona-roba. Doth she
l?

master Shallow.

must be old; she cannot
d; certain, she's old; and
t-work by old Night-work,
Clement's-inn.

-five year ago.

in Silence, that thou hadst
a knight and I have seen!—
d I well?

heard the chimes at midnight,

have, that we have, that we
: John, we have; our watch-
eys!—Come, let's to dinner;
ner:—O, the days that we
e, come.

AFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.
er corporate Bardolph, stand
re is four Harry ten shillings
for you. In very truth, Sir,
anged, Sir, as go: and yet,
; Sir, I do not care; but, ram
unwilling, and, for mine
lesire to stay with my friends;
t care, for mine own part, so

land aside.

I master corporal captain, for
ce, stand my friend: she has
thing about her, when I am
old, and cannot help herself:
ty, Sir.

land aside.

h I care not;—a man can die
we God a death;—I'll ne'er
l:—an't be my destiny, so;
o man's too good to serve his
go which way it will, be that
quit for the next.

l; thou'rt a good fellow.

bear no base mind.

ALSTAFF, and Justices.

which men shall I have?

which you please.

ord with you:—I have three
ldy and Bull-calf.

ll.

r John, which four will you

ose for me.

on,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Fee-

d Bull-calf:—For you, Moul-
still; you are past service:—
rt, Bull-calf,—grow till you
ill none of you.

, Sir John, do not yourself
our likeliest men, and I would
with the best.

ell me, master Shallow, how
? Care I for the limb, the
re, bulk, and big assemblance
as the spirit, master Shallow.

—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged ap-
pearance it is: he shall charge you, and dis-
charge you, with the motion of a pewterer's
hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that
gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this
same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—give me this
man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the
foeman* may with as great aim level at the
edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how
swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor,
run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare
me the great ones.—Put me a caliver† into
Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;‡ thus, thus,
thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—
very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding
good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old,
chapped, bald shot.¶—Well said, i'faith Wart;
thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for
thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth
not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,
(when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then Sir
Dagonet in Arthur's show,§) there was a little
quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his
piece thus: and 'a would about, and about,
and come you in, and come you in: *rah,*
tah, tah, would 'a say; *boumer,* would 'a say;
and away again would 'a go, and again would
'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master
Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I
will not use many words with you:—Fare you
well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a
dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph give the sol-
diers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and pros-
per your affairs, and send us peace! As you
return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance
be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to
the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare
you well. [Exit SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On,
Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exit BAR-
DOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch
off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice
Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men
are to this vice of lying! This same starved
justice hath done nothing but prate to me of
the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath
done about Turnbull-street;¶ and every third
word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the
Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Cle-
ment's-inn, like a man made after supper of a
cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was,
for all the world, like a forked radish, with
a head fantastically carved upon it with a
knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions
to any thick sight were invisible: he was the
very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a mon-
key, and the whores called him—mandrake:
he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion;
and sung those tunes to the over-scutched
huswives that he heard the carmen whistle,
and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-
nights.** And now is this Vice's dagger† be-
come a squire; and talks as familiarly of John
of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to
him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once

* Enemy.

† Gun.

‡ March.

§ Shooter.

|| An exhibition of archery.

¶ In Clerkenwell.

** Titles of little poems.

†† A wooden dagger like that used by the modern Har-
lequin.

e Tilt-yard; and then he burst* his head,
 rowding among the marshal's men. I saw
 nd told John of Gaunt, he beat his own
 :† for you might have truss'd him, and
 s apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a
 e haut-boy was a mansion for him, a
 t; and now has he land and beeves.
 ; I will be acquainted with him, if I re-
 : and it shall go hard, but I will make him
 ilosopher's two stones to me: If the young
 be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason,
 ie law of nature, but I may snap at him.
 time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

ce the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY,
 HASTINGS, and others.

rch. What is this forest call'd?

ast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please
 your grace.

rch. Here stand, my lords; and send dis-
 coverers forth,

now the numbers of our enemies.

ast. We have sent forth already.

rch. 'Tis well done.

riends, and brethren in these great affairs,
 ist acquaint you that I have receiv'd
 r-dated letters from Northumberland;
 ir cold intent, tenor, and substance thus:—
 e doth he wish his person, with such powers
 night hold sortance; with his quality,
 which he could not levy; whereupon
 is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 icotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
 t your attempts may overlive the hazard,
 . fearful meeting of their opposite.

ourb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
 touch ground,
 . dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a MESSENGER.

ast. Now, what news?

ess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 oodly form comes on the enemy:
 l, by the ground they hide, I judge their
 number

n, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

ourb. The just proportion that we gave them
 out.

us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

rch. What well-appointed leader fronts
 us here?

ourb. I think, it is my lord of Westmore-
 land.

West. Health and fair greeting from our ge-
 neral,

prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

rch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in
 at doth concern your coming? [peace;

West. Then, my lord,

o your grace do I in chief address
 substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 ie like itself, in base and abject routs,
 on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
 l countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
 y, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
 is true, native, and most proper shape,
 i, reverend father, and these noble lords,
 I not been here, to dress the ugly form
 ase and bloody insurrection [bishop,—
 h your fair honours. You, lord arch-

Broke.

be suitable.

† Gaunt is thin, slender.

‡ Completely accounted.

Whose see is by a cle
 Whose beard the sil
 touch'd;

Whose learning and

Whose white investm

The dove and very bl

Wherefore do you so

Out of the speech of

grace,

Into the harsh and b

Turning your books

blood,

Your pens to lances;

To a loud trumpet, a

Arch. Wherefore d

stands.

Briefly to this end:—

And, with our surfei

Have brought oursel

And we must bleed

Our late king, Rich

But, my most noble

I take not on me her

Nor do I, as an ene

Troop in the throngs

But, rather, show a

To diet rank minds,

And purge the obs

Our very veins of li

I have in equal bala

What wrongs our a

we suffer,

And find our griefs'

We see which way t

And are enforc'd fr

By the rough torren

And have the summ

When time shall se

Which, long ere thi

And might by no s

When we are wron

We are denied acce

Even by those mer

wrong.

The dangers of the

(Whose memory is

With yet-appearing

Of every minute's i

Have put us in the

Not to break peace

But to establish he

Concurring both in

West. When eve

nied?

Wherein have you l

What peer hath bee

That you should se

Of forg'd rebellion

And consecrate cor

Arch. My broth

wealth,

To brother born an

I make my quarrel

West. There is n

Or, if there were, i

Mowb. Why not

That feel the bruise

And suffer the conc

To lay a heavy and

Upon our honours?

West. O my goo

Construe the times

And you shall say

And not the king,

Yet, for your part,

ing, or in the present time,
ave an inch of any ground
: Were you not restor'd
Norfolk's signiories,
it-well-remember'd father's?
ing, in honour, had my father

riv'd, and breath'd in me?
r'd him, as the state stood

e, compell'd to banish him:
arry Bolingbroke, and he,—
id both roused in their seats,
users daring of the spur,
s^e in charge, their beaverst

[steel,
parkling through sights† of
pet blowing them together;
there was nothing could

breast of Bolingbroke,
lid throw his warder‡ down,
upon the staff he threw:
n himself; and all their lives,
it, and by dint of sword,
ried under Bolingbroke,
k, lord Mowbray, now you
what:

rd was reputed then
st valiant gentleman;
whom fortune would then
d?

had been victor there,
e it out of Coventry:
, in a general voice,
him; and all their prayers,

ford, whom they doted on,
rac'd indeed, more than the

gression from my purpose.—
our princely general,
fs; to tell you from his grace,
you audience: and wherein
it your demands are just,
em; every thing set off,
ch as think you enemies.
hath forc'd us to compel this
om policy, not love. [offer;
, you overween,|| to take it

rom mercy, not from fear:
ken,¶ our army lies;
r, all too confident
e to a thought of fear.
: full of names than yours,
fect in the use of arms,
strong, our cause the best;
s, our hearts should be as

our offer is compell'd.
y my will, we shall admit no
gues but the shame of your

les no handling.
e prince John a full com-
ue of his father, [mission,
lutely to determine
is we shall stand upon?
intended** in the general's

ke so slight a question.

† Helmets.
‡ Truncheon.
¶ Sight.
|| Wender.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule;*

For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;
We come within our awful bankst again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so
frame!

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit Wmr.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom,
tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make
our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon, [tains.
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice,† and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:

That were our royal faith‡ martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That, even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king
is weary

(Of dainty and such picking|| grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by
death,

Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables¶ clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss

To new remembrance: For full well he knows.
He cannot so precisely weed this land,

As his misdoubts present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.

So that this land, like an offensive wife,

That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;

As he is striking, holds his infant up,

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm

That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods

(On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement:

So that his power, like a fangless lion,

May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;— [shal,

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord mar-

If we do now make our atonement well,

(Our peace will, like a broken limb united,

Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth
your lordship,

* Inventory. † Proper limits of reverence.
‡ Trivial. § The faith due to a king
|| Holding, insignificant. ¶ Book for memorandums.

meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others; from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishop;—
and so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Our exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,*
Beating a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Could he abuse the countenance of the king,
Lack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
A shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings:† (O, who shall believe,
That you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,†
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Rouse us, and crush us, to this monstrous
form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
To stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortune
To the last man. *[tunes]*

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
Much too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them
directly,

How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them
well:

And swear here by
My father's purpose
And some about him
Wrested his meaning
My lord, these gowns
dress'd;

Upon my soul, the
Discharge your po-
ties,

As we will ours:
Let's drink together
That all their eyes
Of our restored lo-

Arch. I take you
dresses.

P. John. I give you
word:

And thereupon I
Hast. Go, captain,
over to the

This news of peace
I know, it will win
captain.

Arch. To you, I
land.

West. I pledge
knew when

I have bestow'd,
You would drink
Shall show itself:

Arch. I do not care
West. I am glad

Health to my lord,
Mowb. You will

season;
For I am, on the

Arch. Against
merry;

But heaviness for
West. Therefore

den sorrow
Serves to say thou

to-morrow
Arch. Believe me

Mowb. So much
be true.

P. John. The
Hark, he

Mowb. This has
Arch. A peace is

For then both parties
And neither party

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army

And, good my lord,
trainst

March by us; that
We should have

Arch. Go, good
And, ere they be

P. John. I trust
night together

Re-enter

Now, cousin, what
West. The least

to stand,
Will not go off us:

P. John. They

* Clad in armour.
† Raised in arms.

† Labours of thought.
‡ Succession.

• Approve

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Lord, our army is dispers'd already:
 In steers^a unyok'd, they take their
 spears
 north, south; or, like a school truck
 [place.
 toward his home, and sporting-
 ed tidings, my lord Hastings; for
 which
 thee, traitor, of high treason:—
 lord archbishop,—and you, lord
 whew,
 reason I attach you both.
 this proceeding just and honour-
 is?

your assembly so?
 I you thus break your faith?
 pawns'd these some:
 grievances of these same grievances,
 as did complain; which, by mine
 own,
 with a most Christian care,
 rebels,—look to taste the due
 illness, and such acts as yours.
 why did you these arms commence,
 right here, and foolishly sent hence:
 drama, pursue the scatter'd stray,
 not we, have safely fought to-day,
 these traitors to the block of death,
 so bed, and yielder up of breath.
 [Exeunt.

III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.

's your name, Sir? of what condi-
 ; and of what place, I pray?
 a knight, Sir; and my name is—
 he dale.

then, Coleville is your name; a
 our degree; and your place, the
 is shall still be your name; a trait-
 ree; and the dungeon your place,
 as enough; so shall you still be
 he dale.

not you Sir John Falstaff?
 and a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am.
 Sir? or shall I sweat for you? If
 they are drops of thy lovers, and
 e thy death: therefore rouse up
 nbling, and do observance to my

h, you are Sir John Falstaff; and,
 hi, yield me.

a whole school of tongues in this
 ; and not a tongue of them all
 ther word but my name. An I
 silly of any indifferency, I were
 not active fellow in Europe: My
 umb, my womb undoes me.—Here
 neral.

*JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORE-
 LAND, and others.*

he heat is past, follow no further

owers, good cousin Westmore-
 — [Exit WEST.

Where have you been all this

king is ended, then you come:
 ricks of yours will, on my life,
 ther break some gallowa' back.
 d be sorry, my lord, but it should
 ever knew yet, but rebuke and

mislike.

† Foolishly

check was the reward of valour. Do you think
 me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I,
 in my poor and old motion, the expedition of
 thought? I have speeded hither with the very
 extreme inch of possibility; I have founded
 nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-
 tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immac-
 ulate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the
 dale, a most furious knight, and valiant man-
 ny: But what of that? he saw me, and yield-
 ed; that I may justly say with the back-sword
 fellow of Rome,—"I came, saw, and over-
 came."

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than
 your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield
 him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked
 with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the
 Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad also,
 with mine own picture on the top of it, Cole-
 ville kissing my foot: To the which course if I
 be enforced, if you do not all show like gift
 twopenness to me; and I, in the clear sky of
 fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon
 doth the windows of the element, which show
 like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of
 the noble: Therefore let me have right, and
 let desert meet.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord,
 that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
 That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
 You should have won them dearer than you
 have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves:
 but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself
 away; and I thank thee for that.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
 To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him
 sure. [Exeunt some with COLEVILLE.

And now despatch we toward the court, my
 lords,

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
 Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort

him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave
 to go through Gloucestershire: and when you
 come to court, stand my good lord,† pray, in
 your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my
 condition,†

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit P. John.]
 Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere
 better than your drunkenness.—Good faith, this
 same young sober-blooded boy doth not love
 me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but
 that's so marvel, he drinks no wine. There's
 never any of these demure boys come to any
 proof: for this drink doth so over-cool their
 blood, and making many fish-meals, that they

o'grow.

† Stand very good French.

; in my present temper.

into a kind of male green-sickness; and when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which none of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack had a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; it warms me there all the foolish, and dull, and cloudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,* full of nimble, merry, and delectable shapes; which delivered over to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the mouth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and untitled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It brighteneth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and pulled up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for it sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, being manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand laws, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Now now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, toquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.† Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

to this debate that bleedeth at our doors, we will our youth lead on to higher fields, and draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd,§ our power collected, our substitutes in absence well invested, and every thing lies level to our wish: only, we want a little personal strength; and pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty

all soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, here is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

Inventive.

† Brings it into action.

An allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax.

Ready, prepared.

K. Hen. Is not he

rence with

P. Humph. No, a

sence here.

Cla. What would

K. Hen. Nothing

of Clarence

How chance, thou brother?

He loves thee, an

Thou hast a better

Than all thy brothe

And noble offices t

Of mediation, after

Between his grea

Therefore, omit him

Nor lose the good

By seeming cold, o

For he is gracious,

He hath a tear for

Open us day for m

Yet notwithstanding

As humorous as

As flaws congealed

His temper, there

Chide him for fault

When you perceive

But, being moody,

Till that his passio

Confound themse

this, Thou

And thou shalt pr

A hoop of gold, to

That the united ve

Mingled with ven

(As, force perfore

Shall never leak,

As aconitum,† or

Cla. I shall ob

love.

K. Hen. Why a

him, Tho

Cla. He is not

London.

K. Hen. And

thou tell

Cla. With Poi

followers

K. Hen. Most

weeds;

And he, the nobl

Is overspread wit

Stretches itself be

The blood weep:

shape,

In forms imagina

And rotten times

When I am sleep

For when his hea

When rage and h

When means an

gether,

O, with what wi

Towards fronting

War. My grac

him quite

The prince but st

Like a strange t

language

'Tis needful, that

Be look'd upon,

tain'd,

Your highness ki

But to be known

terms,

* Has an attention

† Wolf's bane, a p

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of
Turning past evils to advantages. [others;

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth
leave her comb. [land?
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmore-

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new
happiness -

Added to that that I am to deliver! [hand:
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and
all,

Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.*

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a sum-
mer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARQUART.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your ma-
jesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they
As those that I am come to tell you of!

The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Har-
dolph,

With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest let-
ters?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the
That have abundance, and enjoy it not. [rich,
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is gid-
dy:—

O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know,
these fits
are with his highness very ordinary. [well.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,† that should confine
it in, [out.

So thin, that life looks through, and will break

P. Humph. The people fear me;‡ for they do
observe

Unfather'd heirs,§ and loathly birds of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the
year||

Had found some months asleep, and leap'd
them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be-
tween;*

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd
and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
covers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his
end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear
me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[They convey the King into an inner part of
the room, and place him on a Bed.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes
much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and
none abroad!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hear-
ing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet
prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along
with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by
the king. [Exeunt all but P. HENRY.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keeps the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it
now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin's
bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of
breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my
father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigoll|| hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and
blood,

* The detail contained in Prince John's letter.

† Worked the wall

§ Monsters.

‡ Make me afraid.

|| As if the year.

* An historical fact, on Oct. 12, 1411.

† Melancholy, soothing.

§ Cap.

|| Circle.

‡ Gates.

|| Circle.

2 1

ves itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.

ch heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength

one giant arm, it shall not force
l, real honour from me: This from thee
I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

. Hen. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

a. Doth the king call?

ar. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

a. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

undertook to sit and watch by you.

. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

s not here.

ar. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

ar. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

so hasty, that he doth suppose sleep my death?

l him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [Exit WARWICK.

part of his conjoins with my disease, helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

r quickly nature falls into revolt,

in gold becomes her object!

this the foolish over-careful fathers

e broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

r bones with industry;

this they have engrossed and pil'd up canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

this they have been thoughtful to invest

r sons with arts, and martial exercises:

n, like the bee, tolling* from every flower virtuous sweets;

thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

bring it to the hive; and, like the bees, murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste d his engrossments† to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

r, where is he that will not stay so long his friend sickness hath determin'd‡ me?

ar. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

hing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

tyranny, which never quass'd but blood, old, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—

urt the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exit CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never t again.

K. Hen. Thy wish thought:

I stay too long by t

Dost thou so hunger

That thou wilt nee honours

Before thy hour be

Thou seek'st the gre thee.

Stay but a little; se

Is held from falling

That it will quickly

Thou hast stol'n t

hours,

Were thine without

Thou hast seal'd up

Thy life did manife

And thou wilt have

Thou hid'st a thous

Which thou hast w

To stab at half an l

What! canst thou

Then get thee gone

And bid the merry

That thou art crow

Let all the tears thi

Be drops of balm,

Only compound m

Give that, which

worms;

Pluck down my of

For now a time is

Harry the fifth is c

Down, royal state

hence!

And to the Englist

From every region

Now, neighbour c

Have you a ruffi

dance,

Revel the night; r

The oldest sins the

Be happy, he will

England shall dou

England shall give

For the fifth Harry

The muzzle of rest

Shall flesh his toot

O my poor kingdo

When that my ca

riots,

What wilt thou do

O, thou wilt be a v

Peopled with wolv

P. Hen. O, pari

my tears,

The moist impedin

I had forestall'd th

Ere you with grief

The course of it so

And He that wear

Long guard it you

Than as your hono

Let me no more fre

(Which my most

spirit

Teacheth,) this pro

Heaven witness wi

And found no coi

majesty,

How cold it struck

O, let me in my pr

And never live to s

change that I have purposed!
Look on you, thinking you dead,
almost, my liege, to think you
re,

on the crown as having sense,
upbraided it: The cure on thee de-
on the body of my father; [pending,
has, best of gold, art worst of gold;
fine in curat,* is more precious,
life in medicine potable:† [newn'd,
most fine, most honour'd, most re-
y bearer up. Thus, my most royal

to, I put it on my head;
it,—as with an enemy,
fore my face murder'd my father,—
l of a true inheritor.

I infect my blood with joy,
y thoughts to any strain of pride;
I or vain spirit of mine
be least affection of a welcome,
sinnest to the might of it,
r ever keep it from my head!
me as the poorest vassal is,
with awe and terror kneel to it!
O my son!

t it in thy mind, to take it hence,
might'st win the more thy father's
e,

r wisely in excuse of it.
e, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
I think, the very latest counsel
shall breathe. Heaven knows, my

h, paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
rown; and I myself know well,
lesome it sat upon my head:

shall descend with better quiet,
ion, better confirmation;
soil; of the achievement goes
to the earth. It seem'd in me,
honour snatch'd with boisterous
many living, to upbraid [hand;
it by their assistances;

y grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
supposed peace: all these bold
re,

with peril I have answered:
reign hath been but as a scene
t argument; and now my death
is made:‡ for what in me was pur-
as'd,§

there in a more fairer sort;
garland wear'st successively.
h thou stand'st more sure than I
ld do, [green;

not firm enough, since griefs are
y friends, which thou must make
r friends, [out;

their stings and teeth newly ta'en
fell working I was first advanc'd,
hose power I well might lodge a
a displac'd, which to avoid, [fear
off; and had a purpose now

t many to the Holy Land;
and lying still, might make them
ik

to my state. Therefore, my Harry,
curse, to busy giddy minds
ign quarrels; that action, hence
me out,

the memory of the former days.
d I, but my lungs are wasted so,

† To be taken.
‡ Frights. § State of things.
e, in Shakespeare, frequently means stolen

That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,
Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to
my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and
peace, son John; [flows

But health, alas, with youthful wings is
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy
sight,

My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my
life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire.—A Hall in SHALLOW'S
House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and
PAGE.

Shal. By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not
away to night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert
William.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not
be excused; excuses shall not be admitted;
there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not
be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy;
let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid
him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be
excused.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus:—those precepts*
cannot be served; and, again, Sir,—Shall we
sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for Wil-
liam cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.—Here is now the smith's
note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,† and paid:—Sir John,
you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket
must needs be had.—And, Sir, do you mean to
stop any of William's wages, about the sack
he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons,
Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint
of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kick-
shaw, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,
Sir?

* Warrants.

† Accounted up.

Shal. You Davy. I will use him well; A
 and the other is better than a penny in
 the. Use the men well, Davy; for they are
 not such as you and will buckle.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten,
 for they have marvellous foul men.

Shal. Well concerted. Davy. About thy
 matter, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance
 William Visor of Wincot against Clement
 Face of the mill.

Shal. There are many complaints. Davy.
 First that Visor; that Visor is an arrant
 knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a
 knave, Sir; but yet, God forbid, Sir, but a
 knave should have some countenance at his
 lord's request. An honest man, Sir, is able
 to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I
 have served your worship truly, Sir, this eight
 years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quar-
 rel bear out a knave against an honest man, I
 have but a very little credit with your worship.

Davy. A knave is mine honest friend, Sir; there-
 fore, I beseech your worship, let him be coun-
 tenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong.
 Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are
 you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—
 Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bardolph. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind
 master Bardolph;—and welcome, my tall fel-
 low. [To the PAGE.] Come, Sir John.

[Exit SHALLOW.]

Shal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shal-
 low. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit
 BARDOLPH and PAGE.] If I were sawed into
 planks, I should make four dozen of such
 railed hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It
 is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable co-
 nsequence of his men's spirits and his: They, by
 serving him, do bear themselves like foolish
 asses; he, by conversing with them, is turn-
 ed into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits
 so married in conjunction with the partici-
 pation of society, that they flock together in
 flocks, like so many wild-geese. If I had a
 word to master Shallow, I would humour his
 humour, with the imputation of being near their
 master: if to his men, I would curry with mas-
 ter Shallow, that no man could better com-
 mend his servants. It is certain, that either
 the bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught,
 when men take diseases, one of another: there-
 fore, let men take heed of their company. I
 will devise matter enough out of this Shallow,
 to keep prince Harry in continual laughter,
 wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four
 fashions, or two actions,) and he shall laugh
 out *interluniums*. O, it is much, that a lie,
 with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow,
 will do with a fellow that never had the ache
 in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh,
 his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!
 Shal. I come, master Shallow; I come, mas-
 ter Shallow.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

SCENE II.—Westminster.—A Room in the
 Palace.
 Enter WARWICK, and the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE.
 War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither
 away?
 Ch. Just. How doth the king?

A serious face. [Full of wrinkles.]

War. Exceedingly
 ended.

Ch. Just. I hope,

War. He's walk'd

And, to our purpose

Ch. Just. I would

with him:

The service that I

Hath left me open

War. Indeed, I

you not.

Ch. Just. I know

myself,

To welcome the cor

Which cannot look

Than I have drawn

Enter Prince JOHN

RENCE, WEST

War. Here come

Harry:

O, that the living

Of him, the worst

How many noblest

That must strike

Ch. Just. Alas!

P. John. Good m

P. Humph. Cla.

P. John. We me

to speak.

War. We do rem

Is all too heavy to

P. John. Well, I

made us h

Ch. Just. Peace

vier!

P. Humph. O, g

a friend, it

And I dare swear,

Of seeming sorrow

P. John. Though

grace to m

You stand in cold

I am the sorrier;

Cla. Well, you

Falstaff fa

Which swims again

Ch. Just. Sweet

honour,

Led by the impari

And never shall ye

A ragged and fore

If truth and upright

I'll to the king my

And tell him who

War. Here come

Enter

Ch. Just. Good

your majes

King. This new

Sits not so easy on

Brothers, you mix

This is the English

Not Amurath an A

But Harry Harry:

For, to speak truth

Sorrow so royally

That I will deeply

And wear it in my

But entertain no

Than a joint burde

For me, by heaven

I'll be your father

Let me but bear yo

* Emperor of the T

succeeded him, had all

but Harry's dead; and so will I:
Ives, that shall convert these tears,
into hours of happiness.

We hope no other from your ma-

ry. All look strangely on me:—and
must; [To the Cu. Justice.

think, assur'd I love you not.

I am assur'd, if I be measur'd
thy,

I hath no just cause to hate me.

A prince of my great hopes forget
guilties you laid upon me? [son
rubbish, and roughly send to pri-
son heir of England! Was this easy?
wesh'd in Lothe, and forgotten?
I then did use the person of your
or;

If his power lay than in me:
administration of his law,
a busy for the commonwealth,
as pleased to forget my place,
and power of law and justice,
[the king whom I presented,
me in my very seat of judgement:
an offender to your father,
say to my authority,
omit you. If the deed were ill,
noted, wearing now the garland,
a set your decrees at naught;
on justice from your awful bench;
rules of law, and blunt the sword
the peace and safety of your per-

o spurs at your most royal image,
our workings in a second body.†
ar royal thoughts, make the case
latter, and propose a son: [yours;
va dignity so much profan'd,
it dreadful laws so loosely slight-
self as by a son disdained; [ed,
agrees me taking your part,
power, soft silencing your son:
ld consideration, sentence me;
are a king, speak in your state,‡
done, that misbecame my place,
e my liege's sovereignty.
are right, justice, and you weigh
well;

I'll bear the balance and the sword:
in your honours may increase,
ve to see a son of mine
and obey you, as I did.

o to speak my father's words;—
that have a man so bold,
justice on my proper son:
happy, having such a son,
threw up his greatness as
of justice.—You did commit me:

do commit into your hand [bear;
ed sword that you have us'd to
membrance,—That you use the

bold, just, and impartial spirit,
I done 'gainst me. There is my
I;

as a father to my youth: [ear;
I'll counsel as you do prompt mine
and humble my intents
practis'd, wise directions.—

all, believe me, I beseech you;—
gone wild into his grave,

misinterpret your acts executed by a repre-
d character and office.

For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to run out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As thing acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost
hand.— [To the Lord Cu. Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,†
As I have remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to
say,—

Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Glastonbury.—The Garden of
SHALLOW'S house.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BAR-
DOLPH, the PAGE, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard:
where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's
pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of car-
raways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—
and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—
Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he
is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have
drunk too much sack at supper:—a good
varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come,
cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine,
Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; [Seating Bardolph
and the PAGE at another table.] I'll be with you
anon:—most sweet Sir, sit.—Master Page,
good master Page, sit: profane! What you
want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you
must bear; The heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;‡
[Singing.

For women are shrives, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when hearts are all,
And welcome merry above-all.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

† Gravely. ‡ Humorous.
‡ Jesters, much good may it do you.
§ As all women are.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had
 en a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and
 ice, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats* for
 you. [*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you
 right. [*To BARD.*—A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the lamen' mine;* [*Singing.*
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry,—now comes in
 the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master
 Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou
 antest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew
 my heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief:
 [*To the PAGE.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—
 'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the
 valeroes; about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-
 ether. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick
 by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not
 out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack no-
 thing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's
 at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
 [*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. *Do me right,* [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:§
Samingo.¶

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can
 lo somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's
 one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

Fal. How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man
 to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of
 the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but Goodman
 Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a
 man of this world.

* Apples commonly called russetines.

† Sweetheart.

‡ Gay fellows.

§ He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of
 his mistress, was dubbed a knight for the evening.

¶ It should be Domingo; it is part of a song in one of
 Nashe's plays.

Pist. A soutra f
 base!

I speak of Africa

Fal. O base A
 news?

Let king Cophet

Sil. And Robin

Pist. Shall dur
 And shall good

Then, Pistol, lay

Shal. Honest
 breeding

Pist. Why the

Shal. Give me

come with news

is but two way

conceal them. I

some authority.

Pist. Under w
 or die.

Shal. Under k

Pist. Harry th

Shal. Harry th

Pist. A soutra

Sir John, thy ter

Harry the fifth's

When Pistol lie

The bragging Sy

Fal. What! is

Pist. As nail

are just

Fal. Away, I

Master Robert

thou wilt in the

double-charge th

Bard. O joyf

knighthood for

Pist. What?

Fal. Carry m

Shallow, my lor

I am fortune's

we'll ride all

Away, Bardolp

tol, utter more

something, to

master Snallow

sick for me. L

the laws of Eng

Happy are they

and woe to my

Pist. Let vul

also!

Where is the lif

Why, here it is;

SCENE

Enter BEADLES,
and

Host. No, th
 might die, that
 thou hast draw

I Beud. The

over to me; and

enough, I war

man or two late

Dol. Nut-hoc

on; I'll tell th

visaged rascal;

miscarry, thou

thy mother, tho

Host. O the I

* A torn

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

447

this a bloody day to somebody.
he fruit of her womb miscarry!
lo, you shall have a dozen of
; you have but eleven now.
you both go with me; for the
at you and Pistol beat among

see what, thou thin man in a
have you as soundly swung
-bottle rogue!† you filthy fan-
ner! if you be not swung,
-kirtles.†

come, you she knight-errant,

right should thus overcome
sufferance comes ease.

u rogue, come; bring me to a

se, you starved blood-hound.

death! goodman bones!

my, thou!

thin thing; come, you rascal!
rell. [Exeunt.

Public Place near Westminster
Abbey.

rooms, strewing Rushes.

rushes, more rushes.

rumpets have sounded twice.

be two o'clock ere they come

on: Despatch, despatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.

SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH,
and the PAGE.

by me, master Robert Shal-
the king do you grace: I will
'a comes by; and do but mark
hat he will give me.

thy lungs, good knight.

, Pistol; stand behind me.—

ne to have made new liveries,

towed the thousand pound I

[To SHALLOW.] But 'tis no

show doth better: this doth

id to see him.

y earnestness of affection.

.

on.

doth, it doth.

, to ride day and night; and

not to remember, not to have

ne

certain.

nd stained with travel, and

sire to see him: thinking of

ing all affairs else in oblivion;

othing else to be done, but to

idem, for absque hoc nihil est:‡

art.

deed.

it, I will inflame thy noble

ge. [liver,

len of thy noble thoughts,

, and contagious prison;

al and dirty hand:—

e from ebon den with fell

make,

stol speaks nought but truth.

er her.

thin, and the Trumpets sound.

counterfeit pregnancy.

re a blue livery. ‡ Short cloaks.

all in every part.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-
clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF Jus-
TICE among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal
Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most
royal imp* of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that
vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you
what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my
heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy
prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence,† and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth

gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world per-
ceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will,—according to your strength, and
qualities, [lord,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Exeunt KING, and his Train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand
pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech
you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow.

Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in

private to him: look you, he must seem thus to

the world. Fear not your advancement; I will

be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you

give me your doublet, and stuff me out with

straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me

have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this

that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in,

Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.

Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I

shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE,

Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the

Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you

Take them away.

[soon.

* Child, offspring.

† Henceforward.

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? (Exeunt.)

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my
speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my
court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your
pardon. If you look for a good speech now,
you undo me: for what I have to say, is of
mine own making; and what, indeed, I should
say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.
But to the purpose, and so to the vesture.—Be
it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was
lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to

gentleness;
agree with
even before
One will
not too well
another will
in it, and it
of France's
staff shall
killed with
died a man
tongue is
bid you go
you;—but,

• Next of
for the King
of England, &c

KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BY THE FIFTH.

LOSTER, } Brothers to the King.
EDFORD, }
KETER, Uncle to the King.
ORK, Cousin to the King.
SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and
BIRWICK.
P OF CANTERBURY.
ELY.
BRIDGE, } Conspirators against
OF, } the King.
GREY, }
ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN,
MORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King
Henry's Army.
RT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the same.
DOLPH, PISTOL, formerly Servants
Falstaff, now Soldiers in the same.
nt to them.—A HERALD.—CHORUS.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON
The CONSTABLE of France.
RAMBURES, and GRANDFREE, French Lords.
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR. MONTJOY, a French
Herald.
AMBASSADORS to the King of England.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Ka-
tharine.
QUICKLY, Pistol's Wife, a Hostess.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English
Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in
England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter CHORUS.

use of fire, that would ascend
st heaven of invention!
for a stage, princes to act,
chs to behold the swelling scene!
d the warlike Harry, like himself,
port of Mars; and, at his heels,
like hounds, should famine, sword,
fire, [all,
employment. But pardon, gentles
aised spirit, that hath dar'd,
worthy scaffold, to bring forth
object: Can this cockpit hold
elds of France? or may we cram
wooden O,* the very casques,†
right the air at Agincourt?
since a crooked figure may
tile place, a million;
ciphers to this great accompt,
aginary forces; work:
ithin the girdle of these walls
nfin'd two mighty monarchies,
upreared and abutting fronts
s, narrow ocean parts asunder.
r imperfections with your thoughts;
and parts divide one man,
maginary puissance: [them
n we talk of horses, that you see
ir proud hoo's i'the receiving earth:
r thoughts that now must deck our
gs,
ere and there; jumping o'er times;
accomplishment of many years
r glass; For the which supply,
horus to this history; [pray,
gue-like, your humble patience
ar, kindly to judge, our play.

on to the circular form of the theatre.
‡ Powers of fancy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London.—An Antichamber in the
King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and*
Bishop of ELY.

Can. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is
urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o'the last king's
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.*

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it
now?

Can. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's
honour,

Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent saint souls, past corporal toll,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside, [bill.
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the
Ely. This would drink deep.

Can. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Can. The king is full of grace, and fair re-
gard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Can. The courses of his youth promis'd it
not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

* Debate.

But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a pre-
late:

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his
study:

List* his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:†
Which is a wonder, how his grace should
glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companies† unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle;

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crecive§ in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my
lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have
done,)

The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of
France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that brake
this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that in-
stant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear
it. [Exeunt.]

*SCENE II.—The same.—A Room of State in
the same.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EX-
TER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Can-
terbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be
resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and
Bishop of ELY.*

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your
sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,* whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart.
That what you speak is in your conscience
As pure as sin with baptism. [wash'd]

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—
and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to
France, [mond,—]

But this, which they produce from Phara-
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze.*

* Listen to.
† Companions.

† Theory.
‡ Increasing.

* Spurious.

† Explain.

alm of France, and Pharamond
of this law and female bar.
n authors faithfully affirm,
d Salique lies in Germany,
: floods of Sala and of Elbe:
les the great, having subdued the
ons,
hind and settled certain French;
g in disdain the German women,
shonest manners of their life,
there this law,—to wit, no female
heritrix in Salique land;
ue, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
y in Germany call'd—Meisen.
well appear, the Salique law
ised for the realm of France:
French possess the Salique land
undred one and twenty years
ction of king Pharamond,
'd the founder of this law;
ithin the year of our redemption
d twenty-six; and Charles the great
e Saxons, and did seat the French
river Sala, in the year
ed five. Besides, their writers say,
, which deposed Childerick,
general, being descended [thair,
, which was the daughter to Clo-
and title to the crown of France.
t also,—that usurp'd the crown
the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
e line and stock of Charles the
at,—
title with some show of truth,
pure truth, it was corrupt and
ght,)
umself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Charlemain, who was the son
ie emperor, and Lewis the son
the great. Also king Lewis the
th,
le heir to the usurper Capet,
eep quiet in his conscience,
e crown of France, till satisfied
een Isabel, his grandmother,
of the lady Ermengare, [Lorain:
o Charles the foresaid duke of
h marriage, the line of Charles the
ted to the crown of France. [great
lear as is the summer's sun,
's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
his satisfaction, all appear
ight and title of the female:
ings of France unto this day;
ey would hold up this Salique law,
highness claiming from the female;
choose to hide them in a net,
' to imbaret their crooked titles
m you and your progenitors.
May I, with right and conscience,
ke this claim?
e sin upon my head, dread so-
eign!
ook of Numbers is it writ,—
on dies, let the inheritance
to the daughter. Gracious lord,
our own; unwind your bloody flag;
unto your mighty ancestors:
ad lord, to your great grandsire's
ib, [spirit,
n you claim; invoke his warlike
great uncle's, Edward the black
nce;
French ground play'd a tragedy,

Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.*
O noble English that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their thrones;
The blood and courage, that renown'd them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, [liege
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth
Do all expect that you should rease yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause,
and means, and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cent. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege, [right:
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win you
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cent. They of those marches,† gracious so-
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend [vereign,
Our inland from the pelfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snat-
chers only,
But fear the main intendment‡ of the Scot
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide unto a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neigh-
bourhood.

Cent. She hath been then more fear'd‡ than
harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to
France, [kings;
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and
true,—
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:

* Make showy or specious.

is title.

† Lay open.

* At the battle of Crecy.

† The borders of England and Scotland.

‡ General disposition.

{ Frightened.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the wrennet ^{nest} ^{nest}
Comes sneaking, and so seeks her privacy

Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To speak and have more than she can eat.

Hen. It follows then, the cat must stay at
Yet that is but a cur'd necessity; [*home* :
Since we have looks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high, and low, and

lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cont. True therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience, for so work the honey bees ;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor : [*home*

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing swains building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone — I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariety ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ;

As many several ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my
liege.

Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.* The King ascends his
Throne.

Now are we well resolv'd : and,—by God's
help ;

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample camp, [¶] [¶] [¶]
O'er France, and all her almost kingly duke—
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless
mouth,

Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

• Homage. † Agreeing. ‡ Different degrees.
§ Chosen. || Executioners. ¶ Devotion.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we have,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Ans. May it please your majesty, to give us
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plain,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind. [*ans.*

Ans. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the
third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our time
Says,—that you encroach too much of your
youth ; [*France.*

And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in
That can be with a nimble galliard's wren ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there :
He therefore sends you, master for your spirit,
This tax of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin
speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Ans. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so
pleasant with us ; [*Ans.*

His present, and your pains, we thank you
When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls.

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces ; And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give counsel
To barbarous licence ; As 'tis ever custom,
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days ;

But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his
soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful van-
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down ;

And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn.

• An ancient dance.

† A place in the tennis-court into which the ball is
sometimes struck.

‡ A term at tennis.

§ The throne. || Withdrawing from the court.

his lies all within the will of God,
 even I do appeal; And in whose name,
 on the Dauphin, I am coming on,
 see me as I may, and to put forth
 my hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 If you hence in peace; and tell the Dan-
 net will sever but of shallow wit, [phon,
 thousands weep, more than did laugh
 at it—

try them with safe conduct.—Pare you
 well. [Exit AMBASSADOR.

1. This was a merry message.

Alas. We hope to make the sender blush
 at it. [Descends from his Throne.

Alas, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 may give furtherance to our expedition:
 to have now so thought in us but France;
 to see to God, that run before our business
 there, let our proportions for these wars
 be collected; and all things thought upon,
 I say, with reasonable swiftness, add
 feathers to our wings, for, God before,
 I will this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Alas, let every man now task his thought,
 his fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exit.

ACT II

Enter CHORUS.

1. Now all the youth of England are on
 fire,

illuminate the wardrobe lies;
 drive the armourers, and honour's thought
 is solely in the breast of every man:
 and the pasture now, to buy the horse;
 bring the mirror of all Christian kings,
 winged heels, as English Mercenaries.

Now sits Expectation in the air;
 strikes a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 throws imperial, crowns, and coronets,
 to Harry, and his followers.

'Tis such, advis'd by good intelligence
 is most dreadful preparation,
 is their fear; and with pale policy
 he diverts the English purposes.

Alas!—model to thy inward greatness,
 little body with a mighty heart,—

might'st thou do, that honour would thee
 call thy children kind and natural! [do,
 to thy fault! France hath in thee found
 a hollow bosom, which he's fill'd [out
 with crooked crowns: and three corrupted

men,— [good,
 Richard earl of Cambridge; and the se-
 cond Scroop of Marston; and the third,

Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
 for the gift of France, (O guilt, indeed!)

'twould conspiracy with fearful France;
 by their hands this grace of kings must
 and treason hold their promises, [die,
 to take ship for France, and in Southamp-

ton.
 By your patience on; and well digest
 time of distance, while we force a play.

Time is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 they are set from London; and the scene
 is transported, gentles, to Southampton:

in the playhouse now, there must you
 sit:

thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 to you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 I not offend one stomach with our play.

a. The king of France.

† Golden money

But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—The same.—Southampton.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you
 friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little;
 but when time shall serve, there shall be
 smiles,—but that shall be as it may. I dare
 not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine
 iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It
 will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as
 another man's sword will: and there's the hu-
 mour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you
 friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers
 to France, let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may,
 that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live
 any longer, I will do as I may: that is my
 rest,* that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is mar-
 ried to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did
 you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they
 may. men may sleep, and they may have their
 throats about them at that time; and, some say,
 knives have edges. It must be as it may:
 though patience be a tired mare, yet she will
 plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I
 cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his
 wife—good corporal, be patient here.—How
 now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base like, call'st thou me—host?
 Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
 Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we
 cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
 gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick
 of their needles, but it will be thought we keep
 a bawdy-house straight. [Nym draws his
 sword.] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not
 drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's
 —now shall we have wilful adultery and mar-
 der committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—
 good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-
 eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour
 of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
 soles. [Shouting his sword.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
 The solus in thy most marvellous face;
 The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
 And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
 perdy, i

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
 I do retort the solus in thy bowels:
 For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
 And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason;† you cannot con-
 jure me. I have a humour to knock you in-
 differently well: If you grow foul with me,
 Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I
 may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I

* What I am resolved on.

† For draw!

‡ Clown.

§ Name of a demon.

, than if we heard that Eng-

a Whitsun merris-dance :
e, she is so idly king'd,
statistically borne
shallow, humorous youth,
her not.

Prince Dauphin !
mistaken in this king :
we the late ambassadors,—
state he heard their embassy,
ed with noble counsellors,
(suspicion,* and, withal,
instant resolution,—
d, his vanities fore-spent;
side of the Roman Brutus,
in with a coat of folly ;
with ordure hide those roots
king, and be most delicate.
I not so, my lord high con-

think it so, it is no matter :
be, 'tis best to weigh
mighty than he seems,
s of defence are ill'd ;
t and niggardly protection,
; spoil his coat, with scanting

ik we king Harry strong ;
ik, you strongly arm to meet

m hath been flesh'd upon us ;
st of that bloody strain,†
in our familiar paths :
such memorable shame,
the fatally was struck,
was captiv'd, by the hand
me, Edward black prince of

mountain sire,—on mountain
; own'd with the golden sun,—
seed, and smil'd to see him
of nature, and deface
at by God and by French

s been made. This is a stem
s stock ; and let us fear
tiness and fate of him.

er a MESSENGER.

adors from Henry King of
ance to your majesty.
ll give them present audience.
bring them.

most Miss. and certain Lords.
see is hotly follow'd, friends.
ed, and stop pursuit : for cow-

air mouths, when what they
threaten,
them. Good my sovereign,
flish short ; and let them know
rchy you are the head :
ge, is not so vile a sin
mg.

oe, with EXETER and Train.

me our brother England ?
m ; and thus he greets your
the name of God Almighty,
yourself, and lay apart

stems. † Wasted, exhausted.
‡ Lineage.

The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs ; namely the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. What you may
know,

'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,

[Gives a paper.

In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree :
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exc. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it,
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming ;
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove ;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws. and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my
message ;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further :

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Des. For the Dauphin, [land ?

I stand here for him ; What to him from Eng-
Exc. Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard,
contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : and, if your father's high-
ness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wombby vaultages of France
Shall chide* your trespass, and return your
In second accent of his ordnance. [mock

Des. Say, if my father render fair reply,

It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exc. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now ; now he weighs
time, [read

Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full.

* Harrowed, etc.

Exc. Despatch us with all speed, lest that
our king
come here himself to question our delay;
for he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd,
with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
to answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,

in motion of no less celerity [seen
than that of thought. Suppose, that you have
the well-appointed king at Hampton pier
embark his royalty; and his brave fleet [ning.
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
play with your fancies; and in them behold,
upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
to sounds confus'd: behold the threaten sails,
borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
you stand upon the rivage,* and behold
a city on the inconstant billows dancing;
for so appears this fleet majestical, [low!
holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, fol-
low, trapple your minds to sternage† of this navy;
and leave your England, as dead midnight,
still,

warded with grandsires, babies, and old wo-
men, either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puis-
sance:

or who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
with one appearing hair, that will not follow
these cull'd and choise-drawn cavaliers to
France?

For, work, work, your thoughts, and therein see
a siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
with fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Oppose, the ambassador from the French
comes back;

tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Catharine his daughter; and with her, to
dowry,

some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
He offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
with linstock‡ now the devilish cannon
touches,

[*Alarm; and Chambers§ go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
and eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—The same.—Before Harfleur.

Alarms. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BED-
FORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling
Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
For close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
as modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:

* Bank or shore.

† Sterns of the ships.

‡ The staff which holds the match used in firing cannon.

§ Small pieces of ordnance.

Then lend the eye
Let it pry through
Like the brass can
As fearfully, as d
O'erhang and jut
Swill'd with the v
Now set the tee
wide;
Hold hard the bre
To his full height
glish,
Whose blood is fe
Fathers, that, lik
Have, in these
fought,
And sheath'd the
ment,§
Dishonour not yo
That those, whon
get you!
Be copy now to n
And teach them |
yeomen,
Whose limbs wei
The mettle of yo
That you are w
doubt ne
For there is none
That hath not no
I see you stand l
Straining upon t
Follow your spir
Cry—God for F
George!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Forces pass over;
Pi

Bard. On, on,
the breach!

Nym. 'Pray th
are too hot; and,
a case of lives:
that is the very p

Pist. The plai
mours d

Knocks go and c
And s

In blo
Doth win i

Boy. 'Would I
don! I would giv
and safety.

Pist. And I:
It wishe

My purp
But

Boy. As duly,
sing on bough.

Ei

Flu. Got's bloc
rascals! will you

Pist. Be merc
mould!¶

Abate thy rage, i
Abate thy rage, §

Good lawcock,
sweet ch

* A mole to withst

† Worn, wasted.

‡ Matter, subject.

of honour!—your honour

1, Pistol, and Bardolph,
y Fluellen.

As I am, I have observed
am boy to them all three:
though they would serve
a to me; for, indeed, three
amount to a man. For
its-livered, and red-faced;
of, 'a faces it out, but fights
he hath a killing tongue,
by the means whereof 'a
carries whole weapons. For
rd, that men of few words
and therefore he scorns to
t 'a should be thought a
w bad words are matched
leads; for 'a never broke
t his own; and that was
he was drunk. They will
call it,—purchase. Bar-
re; bore it twelve leagues,
halfpence. Nym, and Bar-
rothers in flogging; and in
re-shovel: I knew, by that
men would carry coals.
so as familiar with men's
res or their handkerchiefs:
against my manhood, if I
other's pocket, to put into
pocketing up of wrongs. I
d seek some better service:
against my weak stomach,
cast it up. [Exit Boy.

28, GOWER following.

Fluellen, you must come pre-
the duke of Gloster would

It tell you the duke, it is
to the mines: For, look
of according to the disci-
the concavities of it is not
you, th' adversary (you
duke, look you,) is diggt
under the countermine:
, 'a will plow up all, if
directions.

f Gloster, to whom the or-
iven, is altogether directed
a very valiant gentleman,

Macmorris, is it not?

e.
is an ass, as in the 'orld:
th in his peard: he has no
the true disciplines of the
he Roman disciplines, than

and JAMV, at a distance.

es; and the Scots captain,
him.

ay is a marvellous valorous
ertain; and of great expe-
dge, in the ancient wars,
knowledge of his direc-
he will maintain his argu-
military man in the 'orld,
f the pristine wars of the

day, captain Fluellen.

your worship, good captain

affronts. ; Dignat. ; How.

Gow. How, now, captain Macmorris? have
you quit the mines? have the plowmen given
o'er?

Mac. By Christ la, tish ill done: the work
ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat.
By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul,
the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would
have blowed up the town, so Christ save me,
la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done;
by my hand, tish ill done!

Fla. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now,
will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputa-
tions with you, as partly touching or concern-
ing the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars,
in the way of argument, look you, and friendly
communication, partly, to satisfy my opinion,
and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of
my mind, as touching the direction of the mili-
tary discipline, that is the point.

Jamv. It shall be very good, good faith, good
captains both: and I shall quit you with good
love, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save
me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the
warm, and the king, and the dukes; it is no
time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and
the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we
talk, and, by Christ, do nothing; 'tis shame
for us all. so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand
still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is
throats to be cut, and works to be done; and
there ish nothing done, so Christ sa' me, la.

Jamv. By the mass, ere these eyes of mine
tak themselves to slumber, will do good ser-
vice, or will ligge i' the ground for it, ay, or go
to death, and will pay it as valorously as I
may, that shall I surely do, that is the bress and
the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some
question 'twix you tway.

Fla. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,
under your correction, there is not many of
your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation?
ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and
a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of
my nation?

Fla. Look you, if you take the matter other-
wise than is meant, captain Macmorris, perad-
venture, I shall think you do not use me with
that affability as in discretion you ought to use
me, look you; being as good a man as yourself,
both in the disciplines of wars, and in the de-
rivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as
myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your
head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
other.

Jamv. And that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Fla. Captain Macmorris, when there is more
better opportunity to be required, look you, I
will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disci-
plines of war; and there is an end. [Re-enter.

SCENE III.—The same.—Before the Gates of
Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls;
the English Forces below. Enter King Henry
and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of
the town?

This is the latest parley we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

o English, answer.

(1)

like to men proud of destruction,
us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me
begin the battery once again, [best,]
ll not leave the half-achieved Harfleur.
in her ashes she lie buried.
gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of
heart,—

liberty of bloody hand, shall range [grass
h conscience wide as hell; mowing like
r fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering
infants.

at is it then to me, if impious war,—
ay'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
with his smurch'd^o complexion, all fell
nk'd to waste and desolation? [seats
it is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
our pure maidens fall into the hand
not and forcing violation?

at rein can hold licentious wickedness,
en down the hill he holds his fierce career?
may as bootless; spend our vain command
n the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
end precepts to the Leviathan [fleur,
some ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-

o pity of your town, and of your people,
iles yet my soldiers are in my command;
iles yet the cool and temperate wind of
grace

rblows the filthy and contagious clouds
leadly murder, spoil, and villany.
ot, why, in a moment, look to see

blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
ile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daugh-
r fathers taken by the silver beards, [ters;
l their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls;

r naked infants spitted upon pikes;
iles the mad mothers with their howls
confus'd

break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

at say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

or. Our expectation hath this day an
end:

Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
urns us—that his powers are not yet ready
raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread
king,

yield our town, and lives, to thy soft
mercy:

er our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
we no longer are defensible.

Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle
Exeter,

you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
l fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
winter coming on, and sickness growing
on our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.

night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
morrow for the march are we address'd.

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.

ENE IV.—Roën.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu
les bien le language.

Alice. Un peu madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigneuz; il faut que
prenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la
n, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Index. † Cræli. ‡ Without success. § Prepared.

Kath. De hand.

Alice. Les doigts
doigts; mais je me
pense, qu'ils sont app
gres.

Kath. La main, e
gres. Je pense, q
J'ay gagné deux moi
ment appelez vous l

Alice. Les ongles

Kath. De nails.
parle bien: de hand

Alice. C'est bien
Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy

Alice. De arm, n

Kath. Et le coude

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow.
de tous les mots, q
present.

Alice. Il est trop
pense.

Kath. Excusez
hand, de finger, de

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. O Seigneur
elbow. Comment

Alice. De neck,

Kath. De neck:

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin.
de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sa
vous prononcez les
tj's d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doi
grace de Dieu; et e

Alice. N'avez v
vous ny enseignée?

Kath. Non, je re
De hand de finger,

Alice. De nails,

Kath. De nails,

Alice. Sans cost

Kath. Ainsi dis j
sin: Comment appe

Alice. De foot, n

Kath. De foot, e
ces sont mots de

grosse, et impudiq
d'honneur d'user:

ces mots devant les
tout le monde. Il

neant-moins. Je rec
ensemble: De ham

arm, de elbow, de n

Alice. Excellent,

Kath. C'est assez
dianer.

SCENE V.—The s

Enter the French K
BOURBON, the Com

Fr. King. Tis ce

river Some.

Com. And if he be

Let us not live in F
And give our viney

Dau. O Dieu r

us,—

The emptying of ou
Our scions, put in v

Spirit up so sudden
And overlook their

but bastard Normans, Nor-
wiche!
if they march along
but I will sell my dukedom,
and a dirty farm
in the isle of Albion.
Mistress! where have they this

is foggy, raw, and dull?
scarcely, the sun looks pale,
with frowns! Can sudden

re-join'd jade, their barley
blood to such valiant heat?
dark blood, spirited with wine,
for honour of our land,
like roping leeches [people
thatch, whilst a mere frosty
plant youth in our rich fields;
ill them, in their native lords.
and honour,
look at us; and plainly say,
I out; and they will give
a lust of English youth,
once with bastard warriors.
us—to the English dancing-

at high, and swift courtesies;
is only in our heels,
most lofty runaways.
there is Montjoy, the herald?
hence;
England with our sharp doli-

with spirit of honour edg'd,
your swords, hie to the field:
t, high constable of France;
sire, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Bar, and Burgundy;
Rambures, Vandemont,
Lys, Roussi, and Faucon-

meignault, and Charoleis;
t princes, barons, lords, and

ants, now quit you of great
ed, that sweeps through our
sited in the blood of Har-

as doth the melted snow
whose low vassal seat
it and void his rheum upon:
—you have power enough,—
chariot, into Rouen
over.

ies the great.
embers are so few,
and famish'd in their march;
you shall see our army,
it into the sink of fear,
ent, offer us his ransom.
efore, lord constable, haste
y:

England, that we send
him ransom he will give.—
you shall stay with us in

to beseech your majesty.
tient, for you shall remain

constable, and princes all;
us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.]

† Over-strained.
‡ Pendants, small flags.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.
Enter GOWKE and FLEWELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fleweller? come you
from the bridge?

Fle. I assure you, there is very excellent
service committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Fle. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous
as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and
honour with my soul, and my heart, and my
duty, and my life, and my livings, and my ut-
termost powers: he is not, (God be praised,
and blessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps
the bridge most valiantly, with excellent dis-
cipline. There is an ensign there at the bridge,
—I think, in my very conscience, he is as va-
liant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no
estimation in the world: but I did see him do
gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Fle. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Fle. Do you not know him? Here comes the
man.

Pist. Captain, I thus beseech to do me fa-
vour:

The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Fle. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, true and sound of
heart,
Of bexom valour,* both,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Fle. By your patience, ancient Pistol. For-
tune is painted blind, with a mantle before
her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind:
And she is painted also with a wheel; to sig-
nify to you, which is the moral of it, that she
is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and
mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed
upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls,
and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a
most excellent description of fortune: fortune,
look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and flows
on him;

For he hath stol'n a pie,† and hang'd must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let men go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the crown of death,
For pie of little price.

[voice;
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak captain, for his life, and I will thee re-
quite.

Fle. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Fle. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to
rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother,
I would desire the duke to use his good plea-
sure, and put him to execution; for discipline
ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and fight for thy
friendship!

† Valour under good command.
‡ A field of linen which partially covered the face.
§ A small box in which were kept the accustomed ve-
lours.
|| An allusion to the custom in Spain and Italy of sprin-
gling painted signs.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit seal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cut-irsc.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's ty: But it is very well; what he has spoke to e, that is well, I warrant you, when time is rve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that w and then goes to the wars, to grace him- lf, at his return into London, under the form a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in eat commanders' names: and they will learn u by rote, where services were done;—at ch and such a sounce,* at such a breach, at ch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy od on; and this they con perfectly in the ase of war, which they trick up with new- ned oaths: And what a beard of the gene- l's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do ong foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, wonderful to be thought on! but you must arn to know such slanders of the age, or else u may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do rceive, he is not the man that he would adly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a le in his coat, I will tell him my mind. *Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; d I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pleas your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou m the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke Exeter has very gallantly maintained the idge: the French is gone off, look you; and ere is gallant and most prave passages: arry, th'athversary was have possession of e pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and e duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I n tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been ry great, very reasonable great: marry, for / part, I think the duke hath lost never a n, but one that is like to be executed for bbing a church, one Bardolph, if your ma- ty know the man: his face is all bubukles, d whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders cut off:—and we give express charge, that our marches through the country, there be thing compelled from the villages, nothing ten but paid for; none of the French up- aided, or abused in disdainful language; r when lenity and cruelty play for a king- m, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.†

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to rry of England, Though we seemed dead,

* An Intrenchment hastily thrown up.

† I. e. By his herald's coat.

we did but sleep; dier, than rashness. rebuked him at Hen not good to bruise ripe:—now we spe voice is imperial: folly, see his weakr ance. Bid him, the som; which must pr borne, the subjects we have digested; swer, his pettiness losses, his exchequ sion of our blood, too faint a number own person kneeli and worthless satis fiance: and tell hi betrayed his follow is pronounced. So so much my office.

K. Hen. What i quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou d thee back, And tell thy king; But could be willi Without impeachn (Though 'tis no wi Unto an enemy of My people are wit My numbers lesse Almost no better t Who when they herald,

I thought, upon o Did march three me, God,

That I do brag th Hath blown that Go, therefore, tell My ransom, is th My army, but a w Yet, God before,† Though France neighbour

Stand in our wa Go, bid thy maste If we may pass, v We will your te blood

Discolour: and se The sum of all ou We would not se Nor, as we are, v So tell your mast

Mont. I shall highness.

Glo. I hope, t now.

K. Hen. We ar in theirs. March to the br Beyond the river And on to-morro

SCENE VII.—1

Enter the CONSTA BURES, the Duk others.

Con. Tut! I t world.—'Would,

* In our turn.

† Then used for G

excellent armour; but let me.

the best horse of Europe.

Or be morning?

Orleans, and my lord high of horse and armour,—

well provided of both, as world.

Is night is this!——I will be with any that treads but

'a ha!' He bounds from the rails were hairs; * *le cheval*

; *qui a les narines de feu!* n, I soar, I am a hawk: he

orth sings when he touches of his hoof is more musical

times.

colour of the nutmeg.

heat of the ginger. It is a

is pure air and fire; and

earth and water never ap- in patient stillness, while

m: he is, indeed, a horse; you may call—beasts.

lord, it is a most absolute

ince of palfreys; his neigh of a monarch, and his coun- mage.

usin.

in hath no wit, that cannot, the lark to the lodging of

rved praise on my palfrey: sent as the sea; turn the

tongues, and my horse is all: 'tis a subject for a

on, and for a sovereign's; and for the world (fami-

known,) to lay apart their, and wonder at him. I

in his praise, and began sure,—

l a sonnet begin so to one's

hey imitate that which I urser; for my horse is my

as bears well.

high is the prescript praise good and particular mis-

ie other day, methought, dly shook your back.

did yours.

ot bridled.

belike, she was old and e like a Kernet of Ireland,

ff, and in your strait tros-

good judgement in horse-

by me then: they that ride arily, fall into foul bogs;

y horse to my mistress.

I have my mistress a jade.

, constable, my mistress

ke as true a boast as that, y mistress.

retourné à son propre romis- ée au boubier: thou makest

t use my horse for my mis- proverb, so little kin to the

nding of tennis balls, which were

† Trowers.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Den. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Den. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Den. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Den. 'Tis midnight I'll go arm myself. [Exit

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.*

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

* An equivocal in terms in falconry: he means, his valour is hid from every body but his lackey, and when it appears it will fall off.

Ar. What a wretched and peevish* fellow
his king of England, to mope with his sat-
ined followers so far out of his knowledge!
Jon. If the English had any apprehension,
y would run away.

Ar. That they lack; for if their heads had
intellectual armour, they could never wear
h heavy head-pieces.

Sam. That island of England breeds very
iant creatures; their mastiffs are of un-
chable courage.

Ar. Foolish curs! that run winking into the
uth of a Russian bear, and have their heads
shed like rotten apples: You may as well
,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his
akfast on the lip of a lion.

Jon. Just, just; and the men do sympathize
h the mastiffs, in robustious and rough com-
on, leaving their wits with their wives:
I then give them great meals of beef, and
s, and steel, they will eat like wolves, and
it like devils.

Ar. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out
beef.

Jon. Then we shall find to-morrow—they
re only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.
w is it time to arm: Come, shall we about

Ar. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,
—by ten,

we shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
when creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Is the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb
of night,

The hum of either army stilly† sounds,
at the fix'd sentinels almost receive
the secret whispers of each other's watch:
The answers fire; and through their paly flames
each battle sees the other's unnumber'd face:
The red threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs

forcing the night's dull ear; and from the
the armourers, accomplishing the knights,
with busy hammers closing rivets up,
we dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
and the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
the confident and over-lusty‡ French
the low-rated English play at dice;
and chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-
lish sacrifices, by their watchful fires

patiently, and inly ruminate
the morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
resting lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
resenteth them unto the gazing moon [coats,
many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will be-
the royal captain of this ruin'd band, [hold
alking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent,

let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
he bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
and calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-
trymen.

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lish sacrifices, by their watchful fires

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resenteth them unto the gazing moon [coats,
many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will be-
the royal captain of this ruin'd band, [hold
alking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent,

let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
he bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
and calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-
trymen.

the poor condemned Eng-
lish sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Upon his royal face
How dread an army
Nor doth he deduce
Unto the weary arm
But freshly looks, and
With cheerful semblance
That every wretch,
Beholding him, plucks
A largess universal
His liberal eye doth
Thawing cold fear.
Behold, as may you
A little touch of Henry
And so our scene is set
Where, (O for pity
With four or five more
Right ill dispos'd,
The name of Agincourt
Minding* true thin-
be.

SCENE I.—The

Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. Gloster
great danger
The greater thereof
Good morrow, be
mighty!

There is some soul
Would men observe
For our bad neighbour
Which is both healer
Besides, they are
And preachers to
That we should do
Thus may we gather
And make a more

Exit

Good morrow, old
A good soft pillow
Were better than

Erp. Not so, my
better,

Since I may say—

K. Hen. 'Tis good
sent pain

Upon example; and
And, when the mind
The organs, though
Break up their dr
With casted slough
Lend me thy cloak
both,

Commend me to them
Do my good-morrow
Desire them all to

Glo. We shall,

[*Exit*]

Erp. Shall I attend

K. Hen. No, my
Go with my brother
I and my bosom friend
And then I would

Erp. The Lord
Harry!

K. Hen. God-a-
rest cheer!

Exit

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend

Pist. Discuss with me
Or art thou base,

* Calling to remem-
† Slough is the skin,
‡ Lightness, nimble

Foolish. † Gently, lowly.
Discoloured by the gleam of the fires.
Over-saucy.

gentleman of a company.
in the puissant pike?

1: What are you?
gentleman as the emperor.
I are a better than the king,
a hawcock, and a heart of
up^o of fame; [gold,
I list most valiant: [strings
shoe, and from my heart-
ally. What's thy name?

1: *Ray.*
Cornish name: art thou of
ow?
I a Welshman.
an Englishman.

1: I knock his look about his
day. [pate,
you wear your dagger in
I, lest he knock that about

1: friend?
kinsman too.
- then thou!
you: God be with you!
1: Pistol called. [Exit.
well with your fierceness.

1: and Gower, severely.
action!
me of Chesham Christ, speak
greatest admiration in the
men the true and ancient
us of the wars is not kept:
he pains but to examine the
so Great, you shall find, I
here is no fiddle taddle, or
'ompey's camp; I warrant
the ceremonies of the wars,
and the forms of it, and the
the modesty of it, to be

enemy is loud; you heard
- is an ass and a fool, and a
- it meet, think you, that we
- on, be an ass, and a fool,
comb; in your own com-
k lower.
and peasech you, that you
not GOWER and FLEELLEN.
- it appear a little out of
[men.
- and valour is this Welsh-

COURT, and WILLIAMS.
John Bates, is not that the
ask youder?
he: but we have no great
approach of day.
under the beginning of the
re shall never see the end
ere?
- captain serve you?
ir Thomas Erpingham.
d commander, and a most
pray you, what thinks he of
men wrecked upon a sand,
hed off the next tide.
not told his thought to the

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king
is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him,
as it doth to me, the element shows to him, as
it doth to me, all his senses have but human
conditions.* his ceremonies laid by, in his
nakedness he appears but a man, and though his
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet,
when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;
therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we
do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same re-
lish as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should
possess him with any appearance of fear, lest
he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage
he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,
he could wish himself in the Thames up to the
neck, and so I would he were, and I by him,
at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
science of the king, I think, he would not wish
himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so
should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many
poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill,
to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak
this, to fool other men's minds: Methinks, I
could not die any where so contented, as in the
king's company; his cause being just, and his
quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek af-
ter; for we know enough, if we knew we are
the king's subjects, if his cause be wrong, our
obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out
of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king
himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when
all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped
off in a battle, shall join together at the latter
day, and cry all—We died at such a place;
some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon;
some, upon their wives left poor behind them;
some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon
their children rawly left. I am afraid there
are few die well, that die in battle; for how
can they charitably dispose of any thing, when
blood is their argument? Now, if these men
do not die well, it will be a black matter for
the king that led them to it; whom to disobey,
were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father
sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry
upon the sea, the imputation of his wicked-
ness, by your rule, should be imposed upon
his father that sent him: or if a servant, under
his master's command, transporting a sum of
money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many
irreconciled iniquities, you may call the busi-
ness of the master the author of the servant's
damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not
bound to answer the particular endings of his
soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master
of his servant; for they purpose not their death,
when they purpose their services. Besides,
there is no king, be his cause never so spotless,
if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try
it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, per-
adventure, have on them the guilt of premed-
itated and contrived murder; some, of beguil-
ing virgins with the broken seals of perjury;
some, making the wars their bulwark, that
have before gored the gentle bosom of peace

* Agree.

* Qualities.

† The last day, the day of judgement.
‡ Suddenly.

th pillage and robbery. Now, if these men
ve defeated the law, and outrun native pun-
ment,* though they can outstrip men, they
ve no wings to fly from God: war is his
ngence; so that here men are punished, for
fore-breach of the king's laws, in now the
ng's quarrel: where they feared the death,
ey have borne life away; and where they
ould be safe, they perish: Then if they die
rovided, no more is the king guilty of their
unnation, than he was before guilty of those
ipeties for the which they are now visited.
very subject's duty is the king's; but every
bject's soul is his own. Therefore should
ery soldier in the wars do as every sick man
his bed, wash every mote out of his con-
ience; and dying so, death is to him advan-
ge; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost,
herein such preparation was gained: and,
him that escapes, it were not sin to think,
at making God so free an offer, he let him-
live that day to see his greatness, and to
ach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies
, the ill is upon his own head, the king is
t to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for
e; and yet I determine to fight lustily for
m.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he
ould not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheer-
lly: but, when our throats are cut, he may
ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust
is word after.

Will. 'Mash, you'll pay[†] him then! That's
perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor
nd private displeasure can do against a mon-
ch! you may as well go about to turn the
in to ice, with fanning in his face with a pea-
ck's feather. You'll never trust his word
ter! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too
und;‡ I should be angry with you, if the
me were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you
ve.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I
ill wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou
arest acknowledge it, I will make it my
uarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of
ine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if
rer thou come to me and say, after to-morrow,
his is my glove, by this hand, I will take thee
box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will chal-
nge it.

Will. Thou dardest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take
ee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be
iends; we have French quarrels enough, if
ou could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty
rench crowns to one, they will beat us; for
ey bear them on their shoulders: But it is

no English treason
and, to-morrow, th
clipper.

Upon the king! let
Our debts, our can
and

Our sins, lay on th
O hard condition!
Subjected to the br
Whose sense no m
wringing!

What infinite heart
That private men e
And what have kin
Save ceremony, say

And what art thou
What kind of god
Of mortal griefs, th
What are thy rents

O ceremony, show
What is the soul of
Art thou aught el
Creating awe and

Wherein thou art l
Than they in feari
What drink'st the
But poison'd flatte

And bid thy ceren
Think'st thou, the
With titles blown
Will it give place

Canst thou, when
gar's knee
Command the her
That play'st so sul

I am a king, that
'Tis not the balm,
The sword, the mi
The enter-tissued

The farced[†] title r
The throne he sits
That beats upon t

No, not all these,
Not all these, laid
Can sleep so soun
Who, with a body

Gets him to rest
bread;
Never sees horrid

But, like a lackey
Sweats in the eye
Sleeps in Elysium
Doth rise, and he

And follows so th
With profitable la
And, but for cere
Winding up days

sleep,
Had the fore-hanc
The slave, a mem
Enjoys it; but in
What watch the

peace,
Whose hours the
Ent

Erp. My lord, y
absence,
Seek through you
K. Hen. Good

Collect them all to
I'll be before thee

* *I. e.* Punishment in their native country.

[†] To pay here signifies to bring to account, to punish.

‡ Too rough.

* "What is the rea-
don."

[†] Farced is stuffed.
a king's name is hanc

My lord. [Exit.
 Attles! steel my soldiers'
 [now
 h fear; take from them
 5, if the opposed numbers
 n them!—Not to-day, O

ot upon the fault
 mpassing the crown?
 interred new;
 v'd more contrite tears,
 orced drops of blood.
 ave in yearly pay,
 r wither'd hands hold up
 ardon blood; and I have
 [priests
 re the sad and solemn
 s soul. More will I do:
 do, is nothing worth;
 ce comes after all,

GLOSTER.

r Gloster's voice?—Ay;
 will go with thee:—
 and all things stay for
 [Exeunt.

The French Camp.

LEANS, RAMBURES, and
 hers.

gild our armour; up, my
 val:—My horse! rület!

ix et le terre—
 r et le feu—
 Orleans.—

CONSTABLE.

ble!
 ir steeds for present ser-
 and make incision in their

may spin in English eyes,
 th superfluous courage:

you have them weep our
 ?
 ehould their natural tears?

MESSENGER.

are embattled, you French
 gallant princes! straight

por and starved band,
 hall suck away their souls,
 e shales and husks of men.
 ough for all our hands;
 in all their sickly veins,
 urtle-ax a stain,
 ints shall to-day draw out,
 of sport: let us but blow

our will o'erturn them.
 all exceptions, lords,
 s lackeys, and our pea-
 action, swarm [sants,—
 f battle,—were enough

exclamation.
 ish them.

To purge this field of such a hilding* foe;
 Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonuance,† and the note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and
 yield.

Enter GRANDPRL.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
 France?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains‡ poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
 host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor
 jades [hips;
 Lob down their beads, dropping the hides and
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead
 eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal§ bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
 less;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
 Con. They have said their prayers, and they
 stay for death.
 Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and
 fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?
 Con. I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD,
 EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
 battle,

West. Of fighting men they have full three-
 score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all
 are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful
 odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
 If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
 My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Ex-
 eter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good
 luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-
 day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
 [Exit SALISBURY.

* Mean, despicable.

† The name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet.

‡ Colours.

§ Ring.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

but one ten thousand of those men in England,
that do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cou-
sin, if we are mark'd to die, we are enough [sin:
to do our country loss; and if to live,
the fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
by Jove, I am not covetous for gold: [more.
I care not, who doth feed upon my cost;
I yearn^e me not, if men my garments wear;
such outward things dwell not in my desires:
but, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive. [land:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honour, [me,

as one man more, methinks, would share from
me, for the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more: [host,

rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
country, that he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
may he depart; his passport shall be made,
and crowns for convoy put into his purse:
he would not die in that man's company,

that fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
he that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,

shall stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
and rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
shall yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
and say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:

then will he strip his sleeve, and show his
scars,

and say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
but he'll remember, with advantages,
what feats he did that day: Then shall our
names,

familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

his story shall the good man teach his son;
and Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
from this day to the ending of the world,
but we in it shall be remembered:

A few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
for he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
this day shall gentle his condition:†
and gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not
here; [speaks,

and hold their manhoods cheap, while any
but this day shall fight with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
speed:

The French are bravely† in their battles set,
and will with all expedience‡ charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds
be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is back-
ward now!

Grieves.
[*E. c.* This day shall advance him to the rank of a gen-
eral.

Expedition.

Remind.
[*E. c.* In brazen plate
We are soldiers but
Golden show, upon

As, if God please
then
Will soon be levied
bour;
Come thou no more
They shall have no
joints:
Which if they have
Shall yield them lit

Mark then a bound
That, being dead,
Break out into a se
Killing in relapse
Let me speak prou
We are but warrior
Our gayness, and o
With rainy marchin
There's not a piece
(Good argument, I
And time hath wor
But, by the mass, c
And my poor soldie
They'll be in freshe
The gay new coat
heads,
And turn them out
(As, if God please
then
Will soon be levied
bour;
Come thou no more
They shall have no
joints:
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The gay new coat
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And turn them out
(As, if God please
then
Will soon be levied
bour;
Come thou no more
They shall have no
joints:
Which if they have
Shall yield them lit

K. Hen. Thou dost
England, at

West. God's will,
I alone,

Without more help,†

K. Hen. Why, not
thousand men

Which likes me better
You know your plan

Tucket.—

Mont. Once, more
king Harry.

If for thy ransom thou
Before thy most ass

For, certainly, thou
Thou needs must have

mercy,
The Constable desire

Thy followers of rejoyce
May make a peace

From off these fields
poor bodies

Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who ha

Mont. The Constable
K. Hen. I pray thee

back;
Bid them achieve a

Good God! why should
he thus?

The man that once
While the beast li

ing him.
A many of our bodi

Find native graves
Shall witness live in

And those that le
France,

Dying like men, the
hills,

They shall be fam'd
greet them

And draw their hon
Leaving their earth

The smell whereof
France.

Mark then a bound
That, being dead,

Break out into a se
Killing in relapse

Let me speak prou
We are but warrior

Our gayness, and o
With rainy marchin

There's not a piece
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And turn them out
(As, if God please

then
Will soon be levied

bour;
Come thou no more

They shall have no
joints:

Which if they have
Shall yield them lit

Remind.
† *E. c.* In brazen plate

‡ We are soldiers but
Golden show, upon

king Harry. And so fare thee
I hear herald any more. [Exit.
, thou'lt once more come again
on.

the Duke of YORK.

I, most humbly on my knee I
be vaward.* [beg
it, brave York.—Now, sol-
arch away;—
least, God, dispose the day!
[Exit.

V.—The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter FRENCH SOLDIER,
WYLL, and BOY.

WYLL. *Et, que vous'etes le gentilhomme*
call you me?—Constree me,
Jehan? What is thy name?

BOY. *mon Dieu!*
our Dew should be a gentle-
[mark;—
ords, O signieur Dew, and
, thou diest on point of fox,†
our, thou do give to me
on.

WYLL. *mes misericorde! eyes pitié de*
If not serve, I will have forty
thy rim; out at thy throat,
son blood.
impossible d'eschapper la force

BOY. *et luxurieuse mountain goat,*
et
donnez moy!
hon me so? is that a ton of
—
; Ask me this slave in French,
WYLL.
; *Comment estes vous appelé?*
leur le Fer.
his name is—master Fer.
Fer! I'll fer him, and fir†
him:—discuss the same in
WYLL.
know the French for fer, and

a prepare, for I will cut his
fit-il, monsieur?
entendez de vous dire que vous
; car de soldat icy est disposé tout
vaper vostre gorge.
aper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
e me crowns, brave crowns;
it thou be by this my sword.
e vous supplie pour l'amour de
ouer! Je suis gentilhomme de
urdez ma vie, et je vous donneray
his words?
re you to save his life: he is a
good house; and, for his ran-
e you two hundred crowns.

ed fir a sword, so called from a famous
name of Fer.

† Lascivious.
† Chaotic.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son serment, de*
perdre aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour
les cœurs que vous l'avez prout, il est content de
vous donner la liberté, le franchement.

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille*
remercimens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis
tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le
plus brave, vaillant, et tres distingué seigneur
d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thou-
sand thanks: and he esteems himself happy
that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he
thinks) the most brave, valorous, and three-
worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some more
show.—

Follow me, our. [Exit Pistol.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit FRENCH SOLDIER.
I did never know so full a voice issue from an
empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The
empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bar-
dolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour
than this roaring devil in the old play, that every
one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;
and they are both hanged; and so would this
be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.
I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage
of our camp: the French might have a good
prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none
to guard it, but boys. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field of
Battle.

Alarum. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
CONSTABLE, RAMBOUR, and others.

Con. O diable?
Ori. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est
perdu!
Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—O wretched for-
tune!—
Do not run away. [A short Alarum.
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable* shame!—let's stab our-
selves. [for?
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice
Ori. Is this the king we sent to for his ran-
som?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing
but shame!

Let us die instant. Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,†
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend
us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Ori. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throats,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the
throng;

Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.
[Exit.

* Lasting † I. e. Who has no more gentility.

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud.—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught^a me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have

stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*

But, hark! what new alarm is this same?—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd

men:—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered, in the world: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my finger is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. Is it not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in right wits and his good judgements, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald. Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down. Or void the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skirr^a away as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;

And not a man of them, that we shall take. Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French. my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald? know'st thou not, [*some*] That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes (woe the while!) Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

;) and their wounded steeds
in gore, and, with wild
[ters,
ed heels at their dead mas-
e. O, give us leave, great

safety, and dispose,
es.

ee truly, herald,
day be ours, or no; ,
your horsemen peer,
s field.

yours.
d be God, and not our
or it!—

call'd, that stands hard by?
it—Agincourt.

ll we this—the field of Agin-

of Crispin Crispianus.
lfather of famous memory,
jesty, and your great-uncle
prince of Wales, as I have
icles, fought a most prave
ce.
d, Fluellen.

sty says very true: If your
bered of it, the Welshman
a garden where leeks did
s in their Monmouth caps;
ty knows, to this hour is an
of the service; and, I do be-
takes no scorn to wear the
vy's day.

it for a memorable honour:
ou know, good countryman.
er in Wye cannot wash your
ood out of your pody, I can
press it and preserve it, as
his grace, and his majesty

, good my countryman.

I am your majesty's coun-
who know it; I will confess
I need not to be ashamed of
ed be God, so long as your
st man.

ep me so!—Our heralds go

ce of the numbers dead
—Call yonder fellow hither.

LLIAMS. [Exeunt MONTJOY
thers.

u must come to the king.

why wear'st thou that glove

e your majesty, 'tis the gage
d fight withal, if he be alive.
glishman?

se your majesty, a rascal,
th me last night: who, if 'a
e to challenge this glove, I
him a box o'the ear: or, if
in his cap, (which he swore,
r, be would wear, if alive,)
soundly.

hink you, captain Fluellen?
keep his oath?

even* and a villain else, an't
ty, in my conscience.

be, his enemy is a gentleman
e from the answer of his de-

be as goot a gentleman as
cifer and Belzebub himself,

it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep
his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see
you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain,
and a Jack-sance,* as ever his plack shoe trod
upon Got's ground and his earth, in my con-
science, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when
thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good
knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this fa-
vour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When
Alençon and myself were down together, I
plucked this glove from his helm: if any man
challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and
an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any
such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours,
as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects:
I would fain see the man, that has but two
legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this
glove, that is all; but I would fain see it
once; an please Got of his grace, that I might
see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring
him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my bro-
ther Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: [vour,
The glove, which I have given him for a fa-
May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin War-
wick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between
them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Before King HENRY's Pavi- lion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I
peseech you now, come apace to the king:
there is more goot toward you, peradventure,
than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a
glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the
universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will
give treason his payment into plows, I warrant
you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Fln. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Fln. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Fln. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Fln. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty gave me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fln. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech, you take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fln. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there's twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Fln. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, therefore should you be so pashtful? your shoes are not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English HERALD.

K. Hen. Now, herald—dead number—

Her. Here is the French.

K. Hen. What taken, we

Exc. Charles du king;

John duke of Bor Of other lords,

'squires, Full fifteen hundred

K. Hen. This sand Fre

That in the field And nobles bear

One hundred two Of knights, esq

Eight thousand which,

Five hundred So that, in these

There are but six The rest are—pr

'squires, And gentlemen

The name of thos Charles De-la-br

Jaques of Chatil The master of th

Great-master of chard D

John Duke of A The brother to th

And Edward du Grandpré, and B

Beaumont, and tale,

Here was a roya Where is the nu

[H Edward the duk

Sir Richard Ketl None else of nan

But five and twer And not to us, bi

Ascribe we all.— But in plain sho

Was ever known On one part and

For it is only thi *Exc.* 'Tis wond

K. Hen. Come village:

And be it death To boast of this,

Which is his only *Fln.* Is it not la

to tell how many *K. Hen.* Yes, c

That God fought *Fln.* Yes, my

goot. *K. Hen.* Do we

Let there be sung The dead with ch

We'll then to Cal Where ne'er from

men.

E

Chor. Vouchsaf the story,

That I may promp I humbly pray the

Of time, of numbe Which cannot in

ed. Now we bear the king
grant him there; there seen,
upon your winged thoughts,
Behold, the English beach
d with men, with wives, and

and claps out-voice the deep
sea,

ighty whiffler^a 'fore the king,
his way: so let him land;
see him set on to London.

ath thought, that even now
e him upon Blackheath:

eds desire him, to have borne
set, and his bended sword,
ugh the city: he forbids it,
a vainness and self-glorious
ry, signal, and ostent, [pride;
all, to God.† But now behold,
forge and workinghouse of

th pour out her citizens!
all his brethren, in best sort,—
tors of the antique Rome,
uns swarming at their heels,—
ch their conquering Cæsar in:
at by loving likelihood,§
neral of our gracious empress
me, he may,) from Ireland

on broached¶ on his sword,
d the peaceful city quit,
? much more, and much more

[him;
arry. Now in London place
ntation of the French
of England's stay at home:
oming in behalf of France,
etween them;) and omit
es, whatever chanc'd,
k-return again to France;
bring him; and myself have

remembering you—tis past.
idgment; and your eyes ad-

ight, straight back again to
[Exit.

France.—An English Court of
Guard.

LUELLEN and GOWER.

at's right; but why wear you
? Saint Davy's day is past.
occasions and causes why and
things: I will tell you, as my
Gower; The rascally, scald,
y, praggling knave, Pistol,—
yourself, and all the 'orld,
petter than a fellow, look you
rits,—he is come to me, and
and salt yesterday, look you,
t my leek: it was in a place
not breed no contentions with
I be so pold as to wear it in
e him once again, and then I
ittle piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

ere he comes, swelling like a
atter for his swellings, nor his

walks first in processions.
to be borne.

the honours of conquest from himself

§ Similitude.

x in the reign of Elizabeth.

ed

turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol—
you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got bless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Paris's fatal web?^a

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fla. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy
knave, at my desires, and my requests, and
my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; be-
cause, look you, you do not love it, nor your
affections, and your appetites, and your diges-
tions, does not agree with it, I would desire
you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his
goats.

Fla. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.]
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Fla. You say very true, scald knave, when
Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the
mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there
is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You
called me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I
will make you to-day a squire of low degree.
I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek,
you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aston-
ished† him.

Fla. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—

Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green
wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Fla. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and
out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly re-
venge; I eat, and eke I swear—

Fla. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some
more sauce to your leek? there is not enough
leak to swear by.

Pist. Quit thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Fla. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is
goot for your proken coxcomb. When you
take occasions to see leaks hereafter, I pray
you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Fla. Ay, leaks is goot:—Hold you, there is
a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Fla. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take
it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Fla. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you
in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and
buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi'
you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,
—begun upon an honorable respect, and
worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased
valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds
any of your words? I have seen you gleeking†
and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice.
You thought, because he could not speak
English in the native garb, he could not there-
fore handle an English cudgel: you find it
otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh cor-
rection teach you a good English condition.‡
Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife§ with
me now?

^a "Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death?"

† Stunned.

‡ Temper.

§ Scoffing, sneering.

¶ For hit.

cows have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital*
 of malady of France;
 and there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
 honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
 and something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
 o England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
 and patches will I get unto these scars,
 and swear, I got them in the Gallia wars.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Troyes in Champagne.—An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Into our brother France,—and to our sister,
 health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes

to our most fair and princely cousin Katharine (as a branch and member of this royalty, by whom this great assembly is contriv'd,) we do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—

and, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

lost worthy brother England; fairly met:—
 so are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, as we are now glad to behold your eyes;

your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them against the French, that met them in their the fatal balls of murdering basilisks: [bent, the venom of such looks, we fairly hope, have lost their quality; and that this day shall change all griets, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, great kings of France and England! That I have laboured

with all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours to bring your most imperial majesties

into this bart and royal interview, your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd, that, face to face, and royal eye to eye,

you have congregated; let it not disgrace me, if I demand, before this royal view,

what rub, or what impediment, there is, why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, should not, in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been

chas'd; And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility. Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,—Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas The darnel hemlock, and rank fumitory,

Both root upon; while that the coulter, rusts,

That should derach The even mead, the The freckled cowali Wanting the scyth Conceives by idlen But hateful docks Losing both beauty And as our viney hedges,

Defective in their Even so our houses Have lost, or do n The sciences that

But grow, like sa That nothing do b To swearing, and

And every thing t Which to reduce i You are assembled

That I may know Should not expel And bless us with

K. Hen. If, dul the peace Whose want gives

Which you have ci With full accord Whose tenors and

You have, ensche **Bur.** The king which, as

There is no answe **K. Hen.** Well t Which you before

Fr. King. I hav O'er-glanc'd the a To appoint some

To sit with us on To re-survey then Pass our accept,

K. Hen. Brothe ter,—

And brother Clare Warwick—and king:

And take with yo Augment, or alter Shall see advanta

Any thing in, or And we'll consigt Go with the princ

Q. Isa. Our gra them; Haply, a woman's

When articles, to **K. Hen.** Yet les with us;

She is our capital Within the fore-r

Q. Isa. She hat [Exeunt

K. Hen. Fair K Will you vouchsa Such as will ente

And plead his lov **Kath.** Your maj not speak your F

K. Hen. O fair me soundly with glad to hear you

English tongue. **Kath.** Pardon me like etc.

* Hospital.

† Barrier.

‡ Plough-hare.

* To derach
† Extravagant.

a. As angel is like you, Kate; and you
is angel.

Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à lui

Dis, croquant, (sang/entre/genre) what

a. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
blush to affirm it.

O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
se des tromperies.

b. What says she, fair one? that the
tongues are full of deceit?

Dis, dat de langues of de man is be
guin. d. de prison.

c. The princess is the better English-
woman. Kate, my writing is fit for thy
reading. I am glad, then, thou canst speak

English, for if thou couldst, thou
shalt see such a plain king, that thou

shalt think, I had sold my farm to buy my
love; no way to mine it in love,

say to say I love you: then, if you
rather than to say—Do you in faith?

at my suit. Give me your answer;
be and so clap hands and a bargain.

—*My lady?*

My sweet honour, me understand

d. Harry, if you would put me to ver-
dict for your sake, Kate, why you

it for the one, I have neither words
like; and for the other, I have no

in measure,* yet a reasonable man-
ner. If I could win a lady at leap-
frog, vaulting into my saddle with my

to my back, under the correction of
be it spoken, I should quickly leap
it. Or, if I might buffet for my love,

my horse for her favours, I could lay
brusher, and sit like a jack-an-apes,

but, before God, I cannot look green-
gasp out my eloquence, nor I have
the in protestation, only downright

him I never use till urged, nor never
raving. If thou canst love a fellow
man, Kate, whose face is not worth
slag, that never looks in his glass for

anything he sees there, let thine eye be
it. I speak to thee plain soldier. If
thou love me for this, take me. If not, to

be—that I shall die, is true; but—
by the Lord, so, yet I love thee too.

So thou livest, dear Kate, take a fol-
low and uncoined constancy: for he
that do thee right, because he hath
gift to woo in other places: for those

if infinite tongue, that can rhyme them-
the ladies' favours,—they do always
themselves out again. What! a speaker

gentler, a rhyme is but a ballad. A
will fall: a straight back will stoop,
beard will turn white; a curled pate

e-bald, a fair face will wither; a full
wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate,
is and moon; or, rather, the sun, and

new, for it shines bright, and never
but keeps his course truly. If thou
art such a one, take me. And take

a soldier; take a soldier, take a king:
of myself thou then to my love? speak,
and fairly, I pray thee.

Is it possible that I should love de
France?

dis. † I. e. Like a young lover, extremely

man, resembling a plain piece of metal which

excited any impression. ‡ Full stop.

dis. † I. e. Though my love has no power to offend you.

K. Hen. No, it is not possible, you should
love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving
me, you should love the friend of France: for
I love France so well, that I will not part with
a village of it; I will have it all mine: and,
Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours,
then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell yet is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate! I will tell thee in French,
which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue
like a new-married wife about her husband's
neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay le*
promesse de France, et quand une chose est
promesse de moi, (let me see, what thou? Saint
Denise be my speed!)—dow centre est France,
et avec cotes mine. It is as easy for me, Kate,
to conquer the kingdom, as to speak as much
more French: I shall never move thee, in
French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Dis/entre/homme, le Français*
vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglais l'anglais
parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, 'tis not, Kate: but thy
speaking of my tongue, and I think, most truly
shew, must needs be granted as he speaks of
me. But, Kate, dost thou understand that
much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell,
Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou
lovest me, and at night when you come into
your closet, you'll question this gentleman
about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to hear,
dispraise those parts in me, that you love with
your heart: but, good Kate, mark me mani-
fully; the rather, gentle princess, because I
love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine,
Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells
me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling,
and thou must therefore needs prove a good
soldier-brooder: Shall not thou and I, be-
tween Saint Dennis and Saint George, com-
pound a boy, half French, half English, that
shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk
by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou,
my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hardwar to know, but now
to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you
will endeavour for your French part of such a
boy; and, for my English moiety, take the
word of a king and a bachelor. How answer
you, in this tale Katharine de maids, man love
share of divine dower?

Kath. Your majesty's grace, French enough
to deserve de most sage d'homme dat is in
France.

K. Hen. Now, so upon my false French!
By mine honour, in true English, I love thee,
Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou
lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me
that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and
untempering effect of my wine.* Now be-
shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking
of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I
created with a stubborn outside, with an ap-
pet of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies,
I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the older
I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort
is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can
do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me,
if thou hast me, at the worst; and then shall
wear me, if thou wear me, better and better;
And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine,
will you have me? Put off your wisdom

* I. e. Though my love has no power to offend you.

shes, avouch the thoughts of your heart
h the looks of an empress; take me by the
d, and say—Harry of England, I am thine:
ch word thou shalt no sooner bless mine
withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England
hine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and
nry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I
ak it before his face, if he be not fellow
h the best king, thou shalt find the best king
good fellows. Come, your answer in bro-
music; for thy voice is music, and thy
glish broken: therefore, queen of all, Ka-
rine, break thy mind to me in broken Eng-
Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon

Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate;
all please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand,
I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon sieigneur, laissez, laissez:
foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre
deur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne
iteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres
sant seigneur.*

Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre
rés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume
France.*

Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says

lice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les
es of France,—I cannot tell what is, *laisser*,
English.

Hen. To kiss.

lice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in
ace to kiss before they are married, would
say?

lice. *Ouy, rrayment.*

Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to
t kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be
ined within the weak list^a of a country's
ion: we are the makers of manners, Kate;
the liberty that follows our places, stops
mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours,
upholding the nice fashion of your country,
nying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and
ling. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft
our lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in
gar touch of them, than in the tongues of
French council; and they should sooner
uade Harry of England, than a general
ion of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*r the FRENCH KING and QUEEN, BURGUN-
, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WEST-
IRELAND, and other French and English
rds.*

r. God save your majesty! my royal cou-
teach you our princess English?

Hen. I would have her learn, my fair
in, how perfectly I love her; and that is
English.

r. Is she not apt?

Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my
ition[†] is not smooth: so that, having nei-
the voice nor the heart of flattery about
I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in
that he will appear in his true likeness.

r. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I
er you for that. If you would conjure in
ou must make a circle: if conjure up love
r in his true likeness, he must appear

naked, and blind: C
being a maid yet r
crimson of modesty, M
of a naked blind boy
It were, my lord, a h
to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they d
is blind, and enforces

Bur. They are ther
they see not what the

K. Hen. Then, go
cousin to consent to

Bur. I will wink o
if you will teach her
maids, well summere
flies at Bartholomew
have their eyes; an
handling, which best
ing on.

K. Hen. This mor
and a hot summer; a
your cousin, in the la
blind too.

Bur. As love is, m

K. Hen. It is so: a
thank love for my b
many a fair French
maid that stands in

Fr. King. Yes, m
spectively, the citie
they are all girdled
war hath never enter

K. Hen. Shall Kat

Fr. King. So pleas

K. Hen. I am con
you talk of, may wai
stood in the way of n
way to my will.

Fr. King. We hav
reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, m

West. The king ha
His daughter, first;
According to their fi

Exc. Only, he hath
Where your majesty
of France, having a
matter of grant, shal
this form, and with t
*Notre tres cher filz h
retier de France; an
rissimus filius noster
haves Francia.*

Fr. King. Nor thi
denied,

But your request sha

K. Hen. I pray yo
alliance,

Let that one article r
And, thereupon, give

Fr. King. Take he
blood raise t

Issue to me: that the
Of France and Eng
look pale

With envy of each ot
May cease their hate
Piant neighbourhood
In their sweet bosoms
His bleeding sword
France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welc
witness all,
That here I kiss her

Is. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Shine your hearts in one, your realms in
one!

Man and wife, being two, are one in love,
Where'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
Never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
ish troubles oft the bed of blessed mar-
riage,

ist in between the paction of these king-
doms,

ake divorce of their incorporate league;
English may as French, French English-
men,

ive each other!—God speak this Amen!
R. Amen!

Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on
which day,

ord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—

shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous

be!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending* author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their
glory. [liv'd

Small time, but in that small, most greatly
This star of England: fortune made his sword;

By which the world's best garden† he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England did this king suc-
ceed;

Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his Eng-
land bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for
their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[*Exit.*

* *I. e.* Unequal to the weight of the subject. † France.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>KING HENRY THE SIXTH. DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector. DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France. THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King. HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester; and afterwards Cardinal. JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York. EARL OF WARWICK.—EARL OF SALISBURY.—EARL OF SUFFOLK. LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury. JOHN TALBOT, his Son. EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March. MORTIMER'S KEEPER, and a Lawyer. SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.—SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.—SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE. MAYOR OF LONDON. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.</p>	<p>VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction. BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction. CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France. REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples. DUKE OF BURGUNDY.—DUKE OF ALENÇON. GOVERNOR OF PARIS.—BASTARD OF ORLEANS. MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS, and his Son. GENERAL OF THE FRENCH FORCES IN BORDAUX. A FRENCH SERGEANT.—A PORTER. AN OLD SHEPHERD, Father to Joan la Pucelle. MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry. COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE. JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called, Joan of Arc. Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French. SCENE; partly in England, and partly in France.</p>
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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of King HENRY the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,*
 yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

That have consented unto Henry's death!

Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his
 Virtue he had, deserving to command: [time.
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his
 beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,

* Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be acted

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their
 faces. [speech

What should I say? his deeds exceed all
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we
 not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What? shall we curse the planets of mishap

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses* have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King's
 kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement day

So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous

* There was a notion long prevalent, that life might be taken away by metrical charms.

where is it? Had not
ray'd,
not so soon decay'd:
an effeminate prince,
boy, you may over-awe.
e'er we like, thou art

and the prince, and realm,
holdeth thee in awe,
ligious churchmen, may.
gion, for thou lov'st the

[go'st,
t the year to church thou
against thy foes.

hese jars, and rest your
ce!

eralds, wait on us:—

offer up our arms;
now that Henry's dead.—
retched years, [suck;
s' moist eyes babes shall
urish* of salt tears,
left to wail the dead.—
host I invoke;
eep it from civil broils!
planets in the heavens!
ar thy soul will make,
r bright—

MESSENGER.

o lords, health to you all!
you out of France,
and discomfiture:
s, Rheims, Orleans,
iers, are all quite lost.
thou, man, before dead
?

oss of those great towns
his lead, and rise from

is Rouen yielded up?
d to life again,
use him once more yield

ey lost? what treachery

; but want of men and

is is muttered,—
in several factions;
ould be despatch'd and

your generals.
ing wars, with little cost;
ift but wanteth wings;
without expense at all,
s peace may be obtain'd.
ish nobility!

r honours, new-begot:
r-de-luces in your arms;
e half is cut away.
s wanting to this funeral,
call forth hert flowing

cern; regent I am of

at, I'll fight for France.—
raceful wailing robes!
e French, instead of eyes,
ssive miseries.†

or MESSENGER.

these letters, full of bad

spelt.

ch have had only a short inter-

France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in

Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exc. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to
him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats:

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my ste-
wardness!

An army have I master'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your
laments, [hears,—

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's
I must inform you of a dismal fight,

Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't
so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop;
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of
hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke,
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-man is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hunger-
ford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall
pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of
ours.—

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is be-
sieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Erc. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, [sworn;
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Brd. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

Erc. To Eltham will I, where the young
king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best advise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to
attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[Exit. Scene closes.

SCENE II.—France.—Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON,
REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale
ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat
bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tyed to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we
idly here?

Falbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush
on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[Exeunt.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and
others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have
I?

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er
have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, lil
Do rush upon us a

Alen. Froissard,
cords,

England all Oliver
During the time E

More truly now m
For none but Sam

It sendeth forth to
Lean raw-bon'd r

They had such co
Char. Let's lea

hair-brain
And hunger will

Of old I know the
The walls they'll

siege.
Reig. I think, b

vice,
Their arms are set

Else ne'er could t
By my consent, w

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the

Bast. Where's
news for

Char. Bastard;
to us.

Bast. Methinks
cheerly ap

Hath the late ove
Be not dismay'd,

A holy maid hith
Which, by a visio

Ordained is to rai
And drive the F

France.
The spirit of deep

Exceeding the n
What's past, an

descry.
Speak, shall I cal

For they are certa
Char. Go, call

first, to t
Reignier, stand t

Question her prou
By this means sh

hath.

Enter LA PUCEL

Reig. Fair ma
wond'rou

Puc. Reignier,
guile me!

Where is the Dau
I know thee well,

Be not amaz'd, th
In private will I t

Stand back, you
while.

Reig. She take
dash.

Puc. Dauphin,
daughter,

My wit untrain'd
Heaven, and our l

To shine on my co

* *I. e.* The prey for
† A gimmal is a plac
moves within another;
gine.

‡ This was not in the
Countenance.

l on my tender lambs,
ching heat display'd my

ted to appear to me;
ll of majesty,
my base vocation,
ry from calamity:
'd, and assur'd success:
she reveal'd herself;
is black and swart before,
ys which she infus'd on me,
less'd with, which you see.
tion thou canst possible,
unpremeditated:
combat, if thou dar'st,
I that I exceed my sex.
Thou shalt be fortunate,
for thy warlike mate.
astonish'd me with thy high

of thy valour make,—
ou shalt buckle with me;
labest, thy words are true;
see all confidence.
r'd: here is my keen-edg'd

ur-de-luces on each side;
sine, in Saint Katharine's
d,
I from I chose forth.
e o'God's name, I fear no

I live, I'll near fly from a
[They fight.]
thy hands; thou art an

he sword of Deborah.
ther helps me, else I were

helps thee, 'tis thou that
me:
with thy desire;
thou hast at once subdu'd.
if thy name be so,
, and not sovereign, be;
uphin sueth to thee thus.
yield to any rites of love,
sacred from above:
d all thy foes from hence,
pon a recompense.
look gracious on thy pros-

methinks, is very long in
he shrives this woman to
; so long protract his speech.
disturb him, since he keeps

can more than we poor men
[tongues.]
shrewd tempters with their
here are you? what devise

Orleans or no?
say, distrustful recreants!
asp; I will be your guard.
says, I'll confirm; we'll

I to be the English scourge.
s assuredly I'll raise:
n's summer,† balcyon days,
d into these wars.
e in the water,

of it.
her misfortune

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine, [thou.
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,‡ were like
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the
siege.

Ricg. Woman, do what thou canst to save
our honour;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come let's away
about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—London.—Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of Gloster, with
his Serving-men, in full coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this
day; Since Henry's death, I fear, there is
conveyance.‡—Where be these wardens, that
they wait not here? Open the gates; Gloster
it is that calls. [Serving-men knock.]

1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks
so imperiously?

1 Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may
not be let in.

1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector,
villains?

1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him!
so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will'd you? or whose will stands
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up! the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

SERVANTS rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to
the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what
traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I
hear? [Enter.]

Open the gates; here's Gloster that would
Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke:
I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him
'fore me!

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could
brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord pro-
tector; [quickly.]

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of
Serving-men in tawny Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what
means this?

‡ Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in
Acts xxi. 9. † Their. ‡ Break open.

Glo. Piel'd priest,* dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,†
d not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
ou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
ou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
canvast thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge
a foot;

is he Damascus, be thou curs'd Cain,
slay thy brother Abel if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
back:

y scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to
thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my
face?—

aw, men, for all this privileged place;
we-coats to tawny-coats.†† Priest, beware
your beard;

[*GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.*
mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:

ider my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
spite of pope or dignities of church,

ere by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the
pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,§ I cry—a rope! a
rope!— [stay!—

ow beat them hence. Why do you let them
see I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's

array.—
ol, tawny coats!—out, scarlet!|| hypocrite!

ere a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter
the MAYOR of London, and Officers.

May. Pie, lords! that you, being supreme
magistrates,

us contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of
my wrongs: [king,

ere's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor
ath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
ne that still motions war, and never peace,

'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
hat seeks to overthrow religion,

ecause he is protector of the realm;
nd would have armour here out of the Tower,

o crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. [Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumult-
tuous strife,

ut to make open proclamation:—
ome, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms
this day, against God's peace and the king's,

we charge and command you, in his highness
name, to repair to your several dwelling-places;

and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword,
weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of
death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law
but we shall meet, and break our minds at
large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost,
be sure:

hy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for
away:—
This cardinal is now
Glo. Mayor, fare
thou may'st
Win. Abominable
For I intend to have
May. See the cons
depart.—
Good God! that not
I myself fight not of
SCENE IV.—F

Enter, on the Walls,

M. Gun. Sirrah,
is being'd
And how the Engli
Sen. Father, I k
them,
Howe'er, unfortun
M. Gun. But no
rul'd by m
Chief master-gunne
Something I must
The prince's espial
How the English,
trench'd,
Wont, through a s
In yonder tower, t
And thence discove
They may vex us,
To intercept this
A piece of ordnanc
And fully even the
If I could see them.
For I can stay no l
If thou spy'st any,
And thou shalt find

Sen. Father, I
care;
I'll never trouble y
Enter, in an upper
Lords SALISBURY
GLANSDALE, Sir
others.

Sal. Talbot, my l
How wert thou hat
Or by what means
Discourse, I pr'yth
Tal. The duke of
Called—the brave!
For him I was exel
But with a baser m
Once, in contempt,
Which I, disdaining
Rather than I wou
In fine, redeem'd I
But, O! the treach
Whom with my bar
If I now had him b
Sal. Yet tell'st th
ertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs,
lions taunt
In open market-pla
To be a public spec
Here, said they, is
The scare-crow tha
Then broke I from
And with my nails
ground,

* Alluding to his shaven crown. † Traitor. ‡ &c. &c.
A drumpet. || An allusion to the Bishop's habit.

* That is, for peace-off
† Pride.

‡ &c. &c.
§ So stripped of honour

lers of my shame.
ce made others fly;
ear for fear of sudden
em'd me not secure;
name 'mongst them was
I could rend bars of steel,
posts of adamant:
f chosen shot I had,
e every minute-while;
out of my bed,
shoot me to the heart.
ear what torments you

g'd sufficiently.
e in Orleans: [one,
grate, I can count every
men how they fortify;
sight will much delight
[dale,
e, and Sir William Glans-
press opinions,
to make our battery next.
the north gate; for there

e, at the bulwark of the
ee, this city must be fam-
shes enfeebled.
own. SALISBURY and Sir
GRAVE fall.

mercy on us, wretched
ve mercy on me, woeful
e is this, that suddenly
us?—
least, if thou canst speak;
ror of all martial men?
d thy cheek's side struck

cursed fatal hand,
this woeful tragedy!
salisbury o'ercame;
st train'd to the wars;
id sound, or drum struck
[field.—
er leave striking in the
sbury? though thy speech

o look to heaven for grace:
e vieweth all the world.—
cious to none alive,
mercy at thy hands!—
, I will help to bury it,—
e hast thou any life?
nay, look up to him.
spirit with this comfort;
whiles—

hand, and smiles on me;
When I am dead and gone,
me on the French.—

; and Nero-like,
holding the towns burn:
nce be only in my name.
rd; afterwards an Alarm.
What tumult's in the hea-

alarm, and the noise?

MESSANGER.

ay lord, the French have
ad: [join'd,—
h one Joan la Pucelle
new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY groans.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth
groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,* dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastardly
Frenchmen dare.

[Exit, bearing out the Bodies.

SCENE V.—The same—Before one of the Gates.

Alarm. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
DAUPHIN, and driveth him in: then enter
JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before
her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and
my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with
thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,† thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou
serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must dis-
grace thee; [They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to pre-
vail? [age,

My breast I'll burst with straining of my cour-
And from my shoulders crack my arms asun-
der,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers, as she
lists: [stench,
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English
dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short Alarm.

Hark, countrymen? either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft subdued slaves.

[Alarm. Another Skirmish.

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

* A dirty wench.

† The superstition of those times taught, that he who
could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

he shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Excunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,

how shall I honour thee for this success?
thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
that one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
recover'd is the town of Orleans:

more blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
and feast and banquet in the open streets,
to celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

when they shall hear how we have play'd the

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

for which, I will divide my crown with her:
and all the priests and friars in my realm
shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

statelier pyramids to her I'll rear,
than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,
her ashes, in an urn more precious
than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
transported shall be at high festivals
before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
but Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
after this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Excunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter to the Gates, a French SERGEANT, and two SENTINELS.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
bear to the walls, by some apparent sign,
let us have knowledge at the court of guard.*

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit SERGEANT.*] Thus are poor servitors
when others sleep upon their quiet beds,
constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—

thy whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Flanders, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
this happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
having all day carous'd and banquetted:
embrace we then this opportunity;
'tis fitting best to quittance their deceit,
contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,

* The same as guard-room.

Despairing of his aid
To join with witch
Bur. Traitors be
But what's that P
pure?

Tal. A maid, the

Bed. A maid! as

Bur. Pray God,
long;

If underneath the
She carry armour,

Tal. Well, let
with spirit

God is our fortress
Let us resolve to s

Bed. Ascend, b
thee.

Tal. Not all toge
That we do make

That, if it chance
The other yet may

Bed. Agreed; I'

Bur. And I to th

Tal. And here
his grave.

Now, Salisbury! f
Of English Henry
How much in duty

[*The English as
George! a Tall*]

Sent. [*Within.*]
make assa

*The French leap o
Enter, several a*

REIGNIER, half r

Alen. How now
ready* so?

Bast. Unready?
well.

Reig. 'Twas time
our beds,

Hearing alarums a
Alen. Of all ex

Ne'er heard I of a
More venturous, or

Bast. I think, th

Reig. Is not of he
him.

Alen. Here come
he sped.

Enter CHARL

Bast. Tut! holy
guard.

Char. Is this th
dame?

Didst thou at first,
Make us partakers

That now our loss n
Puc. Wherefore

his friend?

At all times will yo
Sleeping, or waking

Or will you blame a
Improvident soldier

good,

This sudden mischic
Char. Duke of Al

fault;

That, being captain
Did look no better t

Alen. Had all yo

As that whereof I ha

en thus shamefully surpriz'd.
was secure.

was mine, my lord.
or myself, most part of all this

arter, and mine own precinct,
in passing to and fro,
of the sentinels:
which way, should they first
in?

n, my lords, no further of the
[place
way; 'tis sure, they found some
arded, where the breach was

rests no other shift but this,—
oldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
platforms* to endamage them.

an English SOLDIER, crying, a
albot! They fly, leaving their
l.

o bold to take what they have

ot serves me for a sword;
en me with many spoils,
weapon but his name. [Exit.

-Orleans.—Within the Town.

r, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a
PTAIN, and others.

begins to break, and night is

antle over-veil'd the earth.
eat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.
th the body of old Salisbury;
ce it in the market-place,
re of this cursed town.—

d my vow unto his soul;
of blood was drawn from him,
east five Frenchmen died to-
fter ages may behold [night.
en'd in revenge of him,
efest temple I'll erect

his corpse shall be interr'd:
, that every one may read,
d the sack of Orleans;
manner of his mournful death,
or he had been to France.

our bloody massacre,
not with the Dauphin's grace;
ampion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
alse confederates.

ight, lord Talbot, when the
gan,
idden from their drowsy beds,
gst the troops of armed men,
alls for refuge in the field.

as far as I could well discern,
dusky vapours of the night,
d the Dauphin, and his trull;
n they both came swiftly run-
loving turtle-doves, [uing,
ive asunder day or night.

s are set in order here,
m with all the power we have.

er a MESSENGER.

il, my lords! which of this
train

ike Talbot, for his acts
uded through the realm of

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak
with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Au-
With modesty admiring thy renown, [vergne,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouch-
safe

To visit her poor castle where she lies;*
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bar. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world
of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no reme-
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. [dy,
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.]—You per-
ceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Auvergne.—Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and her PORTER.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in
charge; [to me.

And, when you have done so, bring the keys
Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
I shall as famous be by this exploit, [right,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine
ears,

To give their censur† of these rare reports.

Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
My message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this
the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their
I see, report is fabulous and false: [babes?

I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled‡ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you:

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

* I e. Where she dwells.

† For opinion.

‡ Wrinkled.

Re-enter PORTER, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
al. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
For that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
In my gallery thy picture hangs:
Now the substance shall endure the like;
I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Ravaged our country, slain our citizens,
I sent our sons and husbands captivate.

al. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch! thy mirth
shall turn to moan.

al. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,*
I think that you have aught but Talbot's sha-
dow to practise your severity. [dow,

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

al. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

al. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
What you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
If you, madam, were the whole frame here,
The roof of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce;†

How will he be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

al. That will I show you presently.

*Sounds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of
Ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter Sol-
diers.*

Now say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
He razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
Indeed, thou art no less than fame hath bruited;‡
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor miscon-
ceive the mind of Talbot, as you did mistake [struck]
the outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you
have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me
honoured

to feast so great a warrior in my house.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London.—The Temple Garden.

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VER-
NON, and another LAWYER.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means
this silence?

There is no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the temple hall we were too
The garden here is more convenient. [loud;

* Foolish

† For a purpose—
read loudly

Plan. Then say at
truth;

Or, else, was wrong

Suff. Faith, I have
And never yet could
And, therefore, fra-

Som. Judge you,
between us

War. Between the
higher pitch

Between two dogs
Between two blades

temper,

Between two horns
Between two girls

eye,

I have, perhaps, so

But in these nice sh-

Good faith, I am no

Plan. Tut, tut, I
ance:

The truth appears:

That any purblind

Som. And on my

So clear, so shining

That it will glimmer

Plan. Since you s-

to speak,

In dumb significant

Let him, that is a t-

And stands upon ti-

If he suppose that

From off this brier

Som. Let him thi-

terer,

But dare maintain

Pluck a red rose fr-

War. I love no

Of base insinuating

I pluck this white

Suff. I pluck thi-

merset;

And say withal, I

Ver. Stay, lords,

no more,

Till you conclude—

The fewest roses as

Shall yield the other

Som. Good maste-

If I have fewest, I

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the

case,

I pluck this pale, a

Giving my verdict

Som. Prick not;

off;

Lest, bleeding, you

And fall on my side

Ver. If I, my lord

Opinion shall be su-

And keep me on the

Som. Well, well,

Law. Unless my s-

The argument you l-

In sign whereof, I

Plan. Now, Som-

ment?

Som. Here, in my

Shall die your white

Plan. Meantime, y-

our roses;

* I.e. Regulate his m-
† Tute and deceits: a
‡ Justly proposed

ok with fear, as witnessing
side.

Plantagenet,
but anger,—that thy cheeks
same, to counterfeit our roses;
que will not confess thy error.
thy rose a canker, Somerset?
thy rose a thorn, Planta-

rp and piercing, to maintain
[hood.
suming canker eats his false-
'll find friends to wear my
roses,
ain what I have said is true,
ntagenet dare not be seen.
y this maiden blossom in my

thy fashion, pceevish boy.
thy scorns this way, Planta-

Poole, I will; and scorn both
thee.

ny part thereof into thy throa.
away, good William De-la-

[him.
yeoman, by conversing with
y God's will, thou wrong'st
merset;

was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
third Edward king of Eng-

yeomen* from so deep a root?
s him on the place's privilege,†
his craven heart, say thus.

that made me, I'll maintain
ds

ground in Christendom:
ather, Richard, earl of Cam-

cuted in our late king's days?
son, stand'st not thou attainted,
exempt† from ancient gentry?
lives guilty in thy blood;
e restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
er was attached, not attainted;
lie for treason, but no traitor;
ove on better men than Somer-

time once ripen'd to my will.
er's Poole, and you yourself,
my book of memory,
for this apprehension: ||
; and say you are well warn'd.
ou shalt find us ready for thee

by these colours, for thy foes;
riends, in spite of thee, shall

by my soul, this pale and angry

of my blood-drinking hate,
and my faction, wear;
with me to the grave,
be height of my degree.
ward, and be chok'd with thy
on!

l, until I meet thee next. [Exit.
with thee, Poole.—Farewell,
ous Richard. [Exit.

am brav'd, and must perforce
it!
plot, that they object against
cuse,

o have no right to arms.
ing a religious house, was a sanctuary.
Confederate. "Opinion.

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and G'oster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy.—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the
white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to
you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the
same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a Chair by two
Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying
age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of
death,*

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:†
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning
grief;

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the
ground:— [numb,

Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is
Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satis-
fied.—

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)†
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been ob-
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance: [scur'd.
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire‡ of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
hence;

I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now
is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he
come?

* The heralds that, fore running death, proclaim'd his up-
† And.

‡ He who terminates or concludes misery.

Plan. Ay, noble nuncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despis'd* Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his
neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
(*O*), tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's
great stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.†

This day, in argument upon a case, [*me:*

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause

My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that im-
prison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause
that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

(Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

During whose reign, the Percies of the north,

Finding his usurpation most unjust,

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,

Was—for that (young king Richard thus re-
mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)

I was the next by birth and parentage;

For by my mother I derived am

From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son

To king Edward the third, whereas he,

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,

Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark; as, in this haughty; great attempt,

They laboured to plant the rightful heir,

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,

Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd

From famous Edmund Langley, duke of
York,—

Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,

Again, in pity of my hard distress,

Levied an army; weening; to redeem,

And have install'd me in the diadem:

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers.

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the
last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue
have;

And that my fainting words do warrant death:

Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
me:

But yet, methinks
W'as nothing less

Mor. With silent

Strung-fixed is the

And, like a mourn

But now thy uncl

As princes do t

cloy'd

With long contin

Plan. O, uncl

young ye

Might but redeem

Mor. Thou do

slaught'n

Which giveth man

Mourn not, excep

Only, give order

And so farewell;

And prosperous

Plan. And pear

In prison hast th

And like a hermi

Well, I will lock

And what I do in

Keepers, convey

Will see his buri

[*Exeunt Ke*

Here dies the du

Chok'd with am

And, for those w

Which Somerset

I doubt not, but

And therefore he

Either to be rest

Or make my ill

SCENE I.—The

Flourish. Enter

TER, WARWIC

the Bishop of

TAGENET, and

up a Bill;†

tears it.

Win. Com'st

lines,

With written pai

Humphrey of Gl

Or aught intend'

Do it without in

As I with sudden

Purpose to answ

Glo. Presumpt

mands

(Or thou should'

Think not, altho

The manner of t

That therefore I

Verbatim to rehe

No, prelate; suc

ness,

Thy lewd, pestife

As very infants

Thou art a most

Froward by natu

Lascivious, want

A man of thy pro

And for thy trea

In that thou laid'

As well at Lond

Beside, I fear m

* Lately-despised
† High

† Uneasiness, discontent.
‡ Thinking.

* Lucky, prosper
‡ I.e.

reign, is not quite exempt
 of thy swelling heart.
 To defy thee.—Lords, vouch-
 what I shall reply. [safe
 ambitious, or perverse,
 , How am I so poor?
 seek not to advance
 t keep my wonted calling :
 Who preferreth peace
 xcept I be provok'd?
 it is not that offends ;
 hath incens'd the duke :
 e should sway but he ;
 ould be about the king ;
 s thund' in his breast,
 r these accusations forth.
 I am as good——

grandfather!—
 Sir; For what are you, I
 n another's throne? [pray,
 protector, saucy priest?
 not a prelate of the church?
 outlaw in a castle keeps,
 onage his theft.
 Gloster!

erent
 ial function, not thy life.
 shall remedy.
 r then.
 were your duty to forbear.
 bishop be not overborne.
 y lord should be religious,
 e that belongs to such.
 his lordship should be hum-
 te so to plead. [bler;
 his holy state is touch'd so
 r unhallow'd, what of that?
 tector to the king?
 et, I see, must hold his

rk, sirrah, when you should ;
 ct enter talk with lords?
 t fling at Winchester.

[Aside.
 of Gloster, and of Win-

en of our English weal ;
 prayers might prevail,
 in love and amity.
 s it to our crown,
 e peers as ye, should jar!
 y tender years can tell, ,
 viperous worm,
 els of the commonwealth.—
 own with the tawny coats!

I dare warrant,
 ice of the bishop's men.
 ise again; Stones! Stones!
 R of London, attended.

lords,—and virtuous Hen-
 don, pity us! [ry,—
 duke of Gloster's men,
 rry any weapon,
 ckets full of pebble-stones;
 selves in contrary parts,
 e another's pate, [out:
 heir giddy brains knock'd
 roke down in every street,
 ompell'd to shut our shops.

the Retainers of GLOSTER
 ER, with bloody pates.

rge you, on allegiance to

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the
 peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be [teeth.
 Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
 And set this unaccustom'd* fight aside. [broil,

1 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a
 man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
 Inferior to none, but his majesty:
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an iakhorn mate,†
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

2 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
 soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield Win-
 chester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
 stoop;

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, [duke
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Pie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
 you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—The bishop hath a kindly
 gird.‡

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
 What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to
 thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow
 heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
 This token serveth for a flag of truce,
 Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!
 [Aside.

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
 How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

* Unseemly, indecent.

† This was a term of reproach toward men of learning.

‡ Feels an emotion of kind remorse.

Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS, MAYOR, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

high in the right of Richard Plantagenet, we do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,

if your grace mark every circumstance, you have great reason to do Richard right: specially, for those occasions

Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is, that Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood; shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that it all the whole inheritance I give, [alone,

that doth belong unto the house of York, from whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience, and humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;

and, in requerdon* of that duty done, girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

see, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

and rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!

and as my duty springs so perish they that grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [Aside.

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty, to cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:

the presence of a king engenders love amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;

but it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;

or friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in it seeing what is likely to ensue: [France,

is late dissention, grown betwixt the peers, burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

and will at last break out into a flame:

the fester'd members rot but by degrees,

all bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,

and will this base and envious discord breed.

and now I fear that fatal prophecy,

which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

that Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;

and Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

his days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—France.—Before Roüen.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and SOLDIERS dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,

* Recompense.

Through which our Take heed, be we words;

Talk like the vulgar That come to gather

If we have entrance And that we find th

I'll by a sign give n That Charles the

them.

I Sold. Our sack the city,

And we be lords an Therefore we'll kne

Guard. [Within.]

Puc. Peisants, po Poor market-folks

corn.

Guard. Enter, g rung.

Puc. Now, Roüen to the grou

[I

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD

Char. Saint Denis gem!

And once again we

Bast. Here enter tisans;*

Now she is there, t

Where is the best a

Alen. By thrustin tower;

Which, once discern ing is,—

No way to that,t

Enter LA PUCELLE out a'

Puc. Behold, th torch,

That joineth Roüen But burning fatal t

Bast. See, noble friend,

The burning torch i

Char. Now shine A prophet to the fa

Alen. Defer no tir ends;

Enter, and cry—Th

And then do execu

Alarums. Enter TALBOT

Tal. France, the with thy tet

If Talbot but surviv

Pucelle, that witch.

Hath wrought this

That hardly we esci

Alarum: Excursion

BEDFORD, brought

TALBOT, BURGUNDY

Then, enter on

CHARLES, BASTARD

Puc. Good morrow

for bread?

I think, the duke of

* Confeder

† I. e. No way equal to

in at such a rate:
; Do you like the taste?
fend, and shameless cour-

shoke thee with thine own,
e the harvest of that corn.
may starve, perhaps, be-

is, but deeds, revenge this

ou do, good grey-beard?

ce,
ath within a chair?

France, and bag of all de-

ry lustful paramours!

tunt his valiant age,

rdice a man half dead?

out with you again,

rish with this shame.

hot, Sir?—Yet, Pucelle,

ice;

nder, rain will follow.—

d the rest, consult together.

ament! who shall be the

forth, and meet us in the

lordship takes us then for

n be ours, or no.

that railing Hecate,

con, and the rest;

s, come and fight it out?

ng!—base muleteers of

ys do they keep the walls,

p arms like gentlemen.

vay: let's get us from the

goodness, by his looks.—

lord! we came, Sir, but

ELLE, &c. from the Walls.

ll we be too, ere it be long,

Talbot's greatest fame!—

honour of thy house,

olic wrongs, sustain'd in

vn again, or die:

English Henry lives,

re was conqueror;

te-betrayed town

's heart was buried;

get the town, or die.

e equal partners with thy

, regard this dying prince,

Bedford:—Come, my lord,

in some better place,

and for crazy age.

do not so dishonour me:

e the walls of Roüen,

of your weal, or woe.

Bedford, let us now per-

one from hence; for once

on, in his litter, sick,

nd vanquished his foes:

revive the soldiers' hearts,

nd them as myself.

pirit in a dying breast!—

ceavens keep old Bedford

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and *Forces*,
leaving BEDFORD, and others.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE,
and a CAPTAIN.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in
such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by
flight;

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Tal-
bot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow
thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the Town, La
PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and *Ex-*
eunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven
please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarm: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bar. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is

Pucelle now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and

Charles his gleeks?

What, all a-mort?† Roüen hangs her head

for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order† in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bar. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Bur-

gundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But see his exequies‡ fulfill'd in Roüen;

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court:

But kings and mightiest potentates must die;

For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.—The Plains near the*

City.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, La

PUCELLE, and *Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,

Nor grieve that Roüen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,

If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

† Scoff.

‡ Make some necessary dispositions.

† Quite dispirited.

‡ Funeral rites.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
No sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the
world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan
devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
She will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do
that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Or should that nation boast it so with us,
That be extirp'd* from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd† from
France.

And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work.

I bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*]

Mark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

English March. Enter, and pass over at a
distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

Here goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

French March. Enter the duke of BURGUNDY
and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and
his;

Fortune, in favour, make him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bar. Who craves a parley with the Bur-
gundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman.

Bar. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am
marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with
thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France!

Say, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bar. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile
France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

Behold the mother on her lowly babe,

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

Behold, see, the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

Turn thy edged sword another way; [help!]

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that

Drop a drop of blood, drawn from thy country's
bosom,

Could grieve thee more than streams of foreign

Turn thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bar. Either she hath bewitch'd me with
her words,

Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims
on thee,

Doubting thy birth
Who join'st thou with
That will not trust
When Talbot hath
And fashion'd thee
Who then, but Engli
And thou be thrust
Call we to mind,—
proof;—

Was not the duke of
And was he not in
But, when they hear
They set him free, v
In spite of Burgund
See then! thou fight'
And join'st with th
men,

Come, come, return
Charles, and the re
arms.

Bar. I am vanquis
of hers

Have batter'd me li
And made me almo
Forgive me, country
And, lords, accept
My forces and my
So, farewell, Talbo

Puc. Done like a
again!

Char. Welcome, I
makes us f

Bast. And doth
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle ha
in this,

And doth deserve a

Char. Now let us
powers;

And seek how we

SCENE IV.—Paris

Enter King HENRY
VERNON, BASSET,
some of his Officers

Tal. My gracious
peers,—

Hearing of your ar

I have a while give

To do my duty to n

In sign whereof, th

To your obedience

Twelve cities, and

Beside five hundred

Lets fall his sword

And, with submissi

Ascribes the glory

First to my God, at

K. Hen. Is this t

ter,

That hath so long b

Glo. Yes, if it ple

K. Hen. Welcom

rious lord!

When I was young

I do remember how

A stouter champion

Long since we were

Your faithful servit

Yet never have you

(Or been requerdon'

Because till now w

* Rooted out.

† Expelled.

* Elevated. † Confidant.

and up; and, for these good de-

te you earl of Shrewsbury;
coronation take your place.

King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
Nobles.

Sir, to you, that were so hot at
these colours, that I wear [sea,
my noble lord of York,—
maintain the former words thou
st?

Sir; as well as you dare patronage
marking of your saucy tongue
toward the duke of Somerset.

thy lord I honour as he is.
what is he? as good a man as

ye; not so: in witness, take ye

[Strikes him.
n, thou know'st, the law of arms
ch,

draws a sword, 'tis present death;
blow should broach thy dearest
his majesty, and crave [blood.
berty to 'venge this wrong;
halt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
miscreant, I'll be there as soon as

meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

—The same.—A Room of State.

HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,
SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WAR-
BOT, the GOVERNOR of Paris, and

bishop, set the crown upon his

save king Henry, of that name the

overnor of Paris, take your oath,—

[GOVERNOR kneels.
st no other king but him:

friends, but such as are his friends;
or foes, but such as shall pretend
actices against his state:

do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Gov. and his Train.

ter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

gracious sovereign, as I rode from
your coronation, [Calais,

deliver'd to my hands,
grace from the duke of Burgundy.

e to the duke of Burgundy, and
[next,

the knight, when I did meet thee
arter from thy craven'st leg,

[Plucking it off.

re done) because unworthily
stalled in that high degree.—

princely Henry, and the rest:
at the battle of Patay,

all I was six thousand strong,
French were almost ten to one,—

et, or that a stroke was given,
sty squire, did run away;

sult we lost twelve hundred men;
divers gentlemen beside,

surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
great lords, if I have done amiss;

that such cowards ought to wear
nt of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my
lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty* courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.†

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou bear'st
thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath
chang'd his style?

[Viewing the superscription.

No more but, plain and bluntly,—To the king?
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here?—I have, upon especial cause,—

[Reads.

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction, [France.
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths, [guile?

There should be found such false dissembling
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy

revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your

foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth

contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he

writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall

talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? are not you content?
Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am

prevented,‡ [ploy'd.
I should have begg'd I might have been em-

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight: [son;

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his trea-
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sove-
reign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble
prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour
him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them
leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim.

* High.

† Design.

‡ I. e. In greatest extremities.

§ Anticipated.

† Mean, dastardly

I wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

cr. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

as. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

It let me know, and then I'll answer you.

as. Crossing the sea from England into France,

A fellow here, with envious carping tongue, braided me about the rose I wear;

Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves

represent my master's blushing cheeks,

And stubbornly he did repugn* the truth,

And put a certain question in the law,

And betwixt the duke of York and him;

And other vile and ignominious terms:

Confutation of which rude reproach,

I in defence of my lord's worthiness,

Have the benefit of law of arms.

cr. And that is my petition, noble lord:

Though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, a gloss upon his bold intent, [ceit,

I know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Denouncing—that the paleness of this flower

betray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

as. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

For so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations shall arise!—

And cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Set yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

as. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

And betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

cr. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

as. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Ho. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

I perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Such sumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

That this immodest clamorous outrage

Trouble and disturb the king and us?

I you, my lords,—methinks, you do not

Bear with their perverse objections; [well,

Which less, to take occasion from their mouths

Raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

And I will persuade you take a better course.

as. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords; be friends.

. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants: [favour,

And for this causeforth, I charge you, as you love our

State to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

I you, my lords,—remember where we are;

France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

They perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

And will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Ho. What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified,

* Resist.

† Betrayed,

That, for a toy, a trifle,
King Henry's peers,
Destroy'd themselves
France?

O, think upon the cost
My tender years: and
That for a trifle, that
Let me be umpire in
I see no reason, if I

That any one should
I more incline to so
Both are my kinsmen
As well they may
Because, forsooth, that
But your discretion
Than I am able to
And therefore, as we
So let us still continue
Cousin of York, we
To be our regent in
And good my lord
Your troops of horse
foot;—

And, like true subjects
Go cheerfully together
Your angry choler
Ourself, my lord pray
After some respite,
From thence to England
To be presented, by
With Charles, Ale
rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt*
WIN.

War. My lord of
king

Prettily, methought
York. And so he

In that he wears the
War. Tush! that

him not;

I dare presume, swear
York. And, if I

rest;

Other affairs must needs

[*Exeunt* YORK

Exc. Well didst thou
thy voice:

For, had the passion

I fear we should have

More rancorous spirit

Than yet can be imagined

But howsoever, no sign

This jarring discord

This should ring of

This factious bandying

But that it doth press

'Tis much,* when

hands;

But more, when

There comes the ruin

SCENE II.—FRANCE

Enter TALBOT

Tal. Go to the gate
peter,

Summon their generals

Trumpet sounds a Parley
the GENERAL of the

English John Talbot,

Servant in arms to Henry

And thus he would,—

* To arms

† Fidelity.

call my sovereign yours,
age as obedient subjects,
w me and my bloody power:
upon this proffer'd peace,
ry of my three attendants,
artering steel, and climbing

at, even with the earth
ately and air-braving towers,
e offer of their love.
ous and fearful owl of death,
or, and their bloody scourge!
r tyranny approacheth.

not enter, but by death:
e are well fortified,
gh to issue out and fight:
Dauphin, well appointed,
mares of war to tangle thee:
thee there are squadrous

the liberty of flight;
t thou turn thee for redress,
out thee with apparent spoil,
tion meets thee in the face.
rench have ta'en the sacra-
gerous artillery [ment,

n soul but English Talbot.
tand'st, a breathing valiant
inconquer'd spirit: [man,
glory of thy praise,
r, due^e thee withal;

that now begins to run,
s of his sandy hour,
ee thee now well coloured,
er'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.
Dauphin's drum, a warning
to thy timorous soul; [bell,
ng thy dire departure out.

GENERAL, &c. from the Walls.
ot, I hear the enemy;—
horsemen, and peruse their

heedless discipline!
d, and bounded in a pale;
gland's timorous deer,
ing kennel of French curs!
leer, be then in blood:†
o fall down with a pinch;
mad, and desperate stags,
y bounds with heads of steel,
wards stand aloof at bay:

life as dear as mine,
ind dear deer of us, my

George! Talbot, and Eng-
it!
rs in this dangerous fight!

[Exeunt.

[—Plains in Gascony.

Forces; to him a MESSENGER.

the speedy scouts return'd

ighty army of the Dauphin?
eturn'd, my lord; and give

[power,
d to Bourdeaux with his
ot: As he march'd along,
ere discovered

s than that the Dauphin led;
him, and made their march
aux.

† In high spirits.
term of chase for deer and deer.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerse-
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted^e by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux,
York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd
lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike
word:

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. [get;

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Tal-
bot's soul! [since,

And on his son, young John; whom two hours
I met in travel toward his warlike father!

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are
done.†

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot
have,

To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of
death.—

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won
away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture† of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an OFFICER
of TALBOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now;
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

* Vanquished, bruted

* Expended, consumed.

† Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;^a

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,

And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,

While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,

And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love; [ing.
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by send-

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;

But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;

And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The English Camp, near Bour-deux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for To tutor thee in stratagems of war; [thee,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When supless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—() malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,†
A terrible and unavoided‡ danger: [horse;

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape

By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,

Dishonour not her honourable name,

To make a bastard and a slave of me:

The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

^a I. e. From one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others.

[†] Encircled.

[‡] I'm a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.

[§] For unavoidable.

Tal. If we both of John. Then let me fly:

Your loss is great,
My worth unknown

Upon my death the In yours they will,

Flight cannot stain But mine it will, if

You fled for vanta But, if I bow, they

There is no hope if If, the first hour, I

Here, on my knee, Rather than life p

Tal. Shall all th tomb?

John. Ay, rather womb.

Tal. Upon my b John. To fight I

Tal. Part of thy John. No part c

me.

Tal. Thou neve not lose i

John. Yes, yo flight ab

Tal. Thy fathe from th

John. You ca slain.

If death be so ap Tal. And leavi

and die? My age was neve

John. And sha blame?

No more can I be Than can yoursel

Stay, go, do wha For live I will ne

Tal. Then here Born to eclipse t

Come, side by si And soul with

fly.

SCENE

Alarm: Excurs hemmed about

Tal. Saint Geoi fight:

The regent bath And left us to th

Where is John T breath;

I gave thee life, John. O twice

son:

The life, thou f Till with thy wa

To my determin Tal. When fr

sword st

It warm'd thy fa Of bold fac'd vic

Quicken'd with rage,

Beat down Alen And from the pri

The ireful bastard From thee, my b

(Of thy first fight

^a Your care of you

ng blows, I quickly shed
rd blood; and, in disgrace,
Contaminated, base,
lood I spill of thine,
or; for that pure blood of mine,
force from Talbot, my brave

he Bastard to destroy,
rescue. Speak, thy father's

y, John? How dost thou fare?
re the battle, boy, and fly,
I'd the son of chivalry?
y death, when I am dead;
ands me in little stead.
is it, well I wot,
lives in one small boat.
t with Frenchmen's rage,
I die with mickle age:
ig gain, an if I stay,
ning of my life one day:
rdies, our household's name,
ge, thy youth, and England's

re, we hazard by thy stay;
I, if thou wilt fly away.
d of Orleans hath not made
[heart:
urs draw life-blood from my
s, bought with such a shame,
life, and slay bright fame,
bot from old Talbot fly,
that bears me, fall and die:
he peasant boys of France;
n, and subject of mischance!
glory you have won,
ot Talbot's son:
e of flight, it is no boot;
lie at Talbot's foot.
n thou thy desperate sire of

life to me is sweet:
fight by thy father's side;
le prov'd, let's die in pride.
[Exeunt.

—Another part of the same.

ms. Enter TALBOT wounded,
led by a SERVANT.

ny other life?—mine own is
[John?—
g Talbot? where is valiant
I, smear'd with captivity!†
four makes me smile at thee:
I me shrink, and on my knee,
he brandish'd over me,
ry lion, did commence
age, and stern impatience;
ry guardant stood alone,
I,† and assail'd of none,
and great rage of heart,
im from my side to start
g battle of the French:
f blood my boy did dreuch
spirit; and there died
ossom, in his pride.

bearing the Body of JOHN
TALBOT.

r lord! lo, where your son is
ic death, which laugh'st us
orn,

me to a level with
dihonoured with captivity.
th tenderness in my fall."

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither* sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or
no;

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should
say—

[to-day.
Had death been French, then death had died
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
grave. [Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving
the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and
Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought res-
cue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,
raging-wood,† [blood!

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I
said,

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,—
He answer'd thus; Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot; wench:
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
knight:

See, where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder; [der.

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's won-
Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we
have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French
Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou
sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere
French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our
prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms, [lence;
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Va-
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchingfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of
Alton, [Sheffield,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;

* Flexible, yielding. † Raving mad. ‡ Wanton.

eat mareschal to Henry the sixth,
 all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
 e Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 rites not so tedious a style as this.—
 m, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
 nking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lacy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only
 scourge.
 ur kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
 were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
 at I, in rage, might shoot them at your
 faces!
 that I could but call these dead to life!
 were enough to fright the realm of France:
 re but his picture left among you here,
 would amaze the proudest of you all.
 re me their bodies; that I may bear them
 hence,
 d give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's
 ghost,
 : speaks with such a proud commanding
 spirit.
 r God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep
 them here,
 ey would but stink, and putrify the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lacy. I'll bear them hence:
 it from their ashes shall be rear'd
 phornix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em
 what thou wilt.
 d now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
 I will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from
 the pope,
 e emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is
 this,—
 ey humbly sue unto your excellence,
 have a godly peace concluded of,
 tween the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their
 motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only
 means
 stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 d 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always
 thought,
 was both impious and unnatural,
 at such immanity† and bloody strife
 ould reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
 d surer bind, this knot of amity,—
 e earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
 man of great authority in France,—
 offers his only daughter to your grace
 marriage, with a large and sumptuous
 dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years
 are young;
 id fitter is my study and my books,
 an wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 t, call the ambassadors; and, as you
 please,
 let them have their answers every one:

Confound

† Barbarity, savageness.

I shall be well content
 Tends to God's glory

Enter a LEGATE, and
 WINCHESTER, and

Exc. What! is he
 stall'd,
 And call'd unto a
 Then, I perceive, th
 Henry the fifth did
 If once he come to be
 He'll make his cap co
K. Hen. My lords
 ral suits
 Have been consider
 Your purpose is bot
 And, therefore, are
 To draw conditions
 Which, by my lord
 Shall be transported
Glo. And for the
 master,—
 I have inform'd his
 As—liking of the la
 Her beauty, and the
 He doth intend she
K. Hen. In argu
 contract,
 Bear her this jewel,
 my affection
 And so, my lord pr
 And safely brough
 shipp'd,
 Commit them to the
 [Exeunt King H
 EXETER, and
Win. Stay, my lo
 receive

The sum of money,
 Should be deliver'd
 For clothing me in t
Lcg. I will attend
 sure.

Win. Now, Winc
 Or be inferior to the
 Humphrey of Glos
 ceive,
 That, neither in bir
 The bishop will be c
 I'll either make thee
 Or sack this country

SCENE II.—Fr

Enter CHARLES, B
 PUCELLE, and

Char. These news,
 drooping spi
 'Tis said, the stout F
 And turn again unto
Alen. Then march
 France,
 And keep not back y
Puc. Peace be an
 to us;
 Else, ruin combat wi

Enter a

Mess. Success unto
 And happiness to his
Char. What tidings
 thee, speak.
Mess. The English
 Into two parts, is now
 And means to give y

Char. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bar. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there; Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be [thine; Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.—Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;* And ye choice spirits that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents!

[Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes Under the lordly monarch of the north,† Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerful regions under earth, Help me this once, that France may get the field. [They walk about, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over-long! Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I'll lop a member off, and give it you, In earnest of a further benefit; So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress?—My body shall Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted furtherance? Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France must vail; her lofty-plumed crest, And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak, And hell too strong for me to buckle with: Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting.

LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand.

LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms, And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows, As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worsen shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

And may you both be suddenly surpris'd By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning* hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; For I will touch thee but with reverent hands, And lay them gently on thy tender side. I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand.] for eternal peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,

The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend, Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind: Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;† Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suff. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:

She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.‡

* To ban is to curse.

† "Do not represent thyself as weak."

‡ An awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

* Charms sowed up.

† The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits.

‡ Lower.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suff. Yet so my fancy^a may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suff. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suff. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suff. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suff. Then call our captains, and our colours forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come foricard.*]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suff. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suff. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and for thy honour give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, flacc,[†] or feign.

^a Love.[†] Play the hypocrite.

Reig. Upon
To give thee

Suff. And

Trumpets on

Reig. Welo
torious
Command in

Suff. Thank
child,
Fit to be made
What answer

Reig. Since
worth
To be the prin
Upon conditio
Enjoy mine ow
Free from opp
My daughter

Suff. That is
And those two
Your grace sh

Reig. And I
As deputy unt
Give thee her

Suff. Reigni
Because this is
And yet, meth
To be mine ow
I'll over then t
And make this
So, farewell, R
In golden pala

Reig. I do en
The Christian
here.

Mar. Farewe
and pr
Shall Suffolk e

Suff. Farewe
Marga
No princely co

Mar. Such co
A virgin, and

Suff. Words
directe
But, madam, I
No loving toke

Mar. Yes, m
heart,
Never yet taint

Suff. And th

Mar. That for
To send such p
[*Ex*]

Suff. O, wert
stay;
Thou may'st no
There Minotaur
Solicit Henry w
Bethink thee of
Mad,† natural;
Repeat their sei
That, when the
feet,
Thou may'st be
der.

SCENE IV.—

Enter York

York. Bring f
to burn.

[†] Childish

CELLE, guarded, and a SHEPHERD.

Joan! this kills thy father's heart
right!

at every country far and near,
is my chance to find thee out,
d thy timeless* cruel death?
weet daughter Joan, I'll die with
!

pit miser!† base ignoble wretch!
led of a gentler blood;
ather, nor no friend, of mine.

out!—My lords, an please you,
ot so;

er, all the parish knows:
iveth yet, can testify,
first fruit of my bachelorship.
elms! wilt thou deny thy paren-
?

argues what her kind of life hath
; file; and so her death concludes.
Joan! that thou wilt be so ob-
;!

hou art a collop of my flesh;
ake have I shed many a tear:
I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

nt, avaunt!—You have suborn'd
an,
obscure my noble birth.

ue, I gave a noble to the priest,
t I was wedded to her mother.—
and take my blessing, good my

stoop? Now cursed be the time
y! I would, the milk [breast,
ive thee, when thou suck'dst her
ttle ratsbane for thy sake!
thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
avenous wolf had eaten thee!
y thy father, cursed drab?
urn her; hanging is too good.

her away; for she hath liv'd too
ld with vicious qualities. [long,
let me tell you whom you have
mn'd:

en of a shepherd swain,
m the progeny of kings;
holy; chosen from above,
of celestial grace,
eding miracles on earth.

do with wicked spirits:
t are polluted with your lusts,
he guiltless blood of innocents,
ainted with a thousand vices,—
want the grace that others have,
traight a thing impossible
onders, but by help of devils.

red!‡ Joan of Arc hath been
her tender infancy,
maculate in very thought;
blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
ngeance at the gates of heaven.
y;—away with her to execution.
ark ye, Sirs; because she is a

gots, let there be enough:
f pitch upon the fatal stake,
ture may be shortened.
othing turn your unrelenting
?—

ply means a miserable creature.
of obstinate.
uncivern, ye who mistake me and my

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid
with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye
wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been jug-
gling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards
Epecially, since Charles must father it. [live;

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love. [his;

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I
nam'd,

But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows
not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and
free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin
pure.— [thee:

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I
leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your-
selves! [Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to
Thou foul accursed minister of hell! [ashes,

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse* of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a
peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus
agreed, [France,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful^a enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet:[†]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am pos-
sess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
D-tract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
Used intercession to obtain a league; [means
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure
serves. [Aside, to CHARLES.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey.
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES, and the rest, give Tokens of fealty.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUR-
FOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;

So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush! my good lord! this superficial
Is but a preface of her worthy praise: [m
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intent,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry not
presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter in.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths.
(Or one, that, at a triumph^{*} having row'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do.
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wares,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;[†]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects

Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us.

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss.
And is a pattern of celestial peace. [K
Whom should we match, with Henry, bea

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king.

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king:

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

^a Baneful. [†] Coronet is here used for crown.
; "Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king."

* A triumph then signified a public exhibition, and
as a mask, or revel.

† By the discretionary agency of another.

my lords; and here conclude with
 [she.
 ret shall be queen, and none but
 whether it be through force of your
 rt,
 d of Suffolk; or for what
 ruth was never yet attain
 sion of inflaming love,
 ; but this I am assur'd,
 arp dissention in my breast,
 larums both of hope and fear,
 with working of my thoughts.
 ere, shipping; post, my lord to
 ce;
 covenants: and procure
 argaret do vouchsafe to come
 seas to England, and be crown'd
 's faithful and anointed queen:
 mases and sufficient charge,
 eople gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.
 Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
 last. [Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.
 Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus
 he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the
 king;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
 [Exit.

• Judge

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.		A SPIRIT raised !
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.		THOMAS HORNER
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,		PETER, his Man.
Great Uncle to the King.		CLERK OF CHATH
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.		MAYOR OF SAINT
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.		SIMPCOX, an Imp
DUKE OF SOMERSET,	} Of the King's	TWO MURDERERS
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,		JACK CADE, a Re
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,		GEORGE, JOHN,
LORD CLIFFORD,		MICHAEL
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son,		ALEXANDER IDEI
EARL OF SALISBURY,	} Of the York Faction.	MARGARET, Queen
EARL OF WARWICK,		ELEANOR, Duche
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.		MARGERY JOURD
LORD SAY.		WIFE TO SIMPCOX
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.		
SIR JOHN STANLEY.		Lords, Ladies, &
A SEA-CAPTAIN, MASTER, MASTER'S MATE, and		Aldermen, & E
WALTER WHITMORE.		Citizens, 'Pre
TWO GENTLEMEN, Prisoners with Suffolk.		Soldiers, Mess
A HERALD.—VAUX.		
HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.		SCENE, dispersed
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror.		

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
Alençon, [bishops,—
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen [stance
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen
Margaret:

I can express no
Than this kind
Lend me a heart
For thou hast giv
A world of earth
If sympathy of lo

Q. Mar. Grea

gracious
The mutual coi
By day, by night
In courtly comp
With you mine a
Makes me the be
With ruder term
And over-joy of

K. Hen. Her s

in spec
Her words y-cla
Makes me, from
joys,
Such is the fulne
Lords, with one
love.

All. Long live
happines

Q. Mar. We th

* I am the bolder
flattered you to my in
† Beloved above a

protector, so it please your grace,
 articles of contracted peace,
 overreign and the French king
 months concluded by consent.

*Imprimis, It is agreed between
 g, Charles, and William de la
 Suffolk, ambassador for Henry
 l,—that the said Henry shall es-
 t Margaret, daughter unto Reignier
 icilia, and Jerusalem; and crown
 gland, ere the thirtieth of May
 —Item,—That the dutchy of An-
 nty of Maine, shall be released
 the king her father—*

e, how now?

ne, gracious lord;
 qualm hath struck me at the

ne eyes, that I can read no fur-

le of Winchester, I pray, read

*—It is further agreed between
 lutchies of Anjou and Maine shall
 delivered over to the king her fa-
 nt over of the king of England's
 and charges, without having*

ry please us well.—Lord mar-
 aeel down;

thee the first duke of Suffolk,
 with the sword.—

, we here discharge your grace
 ent in the parts of France,
 teen months he full, expir'd.—
 Winchester, Gloster, York, and
 igham,

bury, and Warwick;

all for this great favour done,
 it to my princely queen.

; and with all speed provide
 nation be perform'd.

at KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.
 ers of England, pillars of the

umphrey must unload his grief,
 common grief of all the land.

rother Henry spend his youth,
 and people, in the wars?

lodge in open field,

l, and summer's parching heat,
 nce, his true inheritance?

other Bedford toil his wits,

icy what Henry got?

selves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 alisbury, and victorious War-

cars in France and Normandy?

le Beaufort, and myself,

urned council of the realm,

; sat in the council-house,

debating to and fro

and Frenchmen might be kept

ighness in his infancy

n Paris, in despite of foes?

se labours, and these honours,

conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

war, and all our counsel, die?

land, shameful is this league!

riage, cancelling your fame:

ames from books of memory:

racters of your renown;

ments of conquer'd France;

all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
 discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?*

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the
 roast,

Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for
 all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant
 son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
 no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did con-
 quer:

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffo-
 cate,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

France should have torn and rent my very
 heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never read but England's kings have had

Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their
 wives:

And our king Henry gives away his own.

To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

For costs and charges in transporting her!

She should have staid in France, and starv'd
 in France,

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too
 hot;

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your
 mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,

But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face

I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.†—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown;

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circum-
 spect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Glos-
 ter;*

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
Jesu maintain your royal excellence! [voice—

With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*

* This speech crowded with so many circumstances of
 aggravation. † Skirmishings.

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Cur. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—

Join we together for the public good;
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

York And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept, so long as breath did Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exit WARWICK and SALISBURY.]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle* point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;

The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

* For ticklish

I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own
Pirates may make cheap penniworths of their pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans.
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue.
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.

[Ireland.]
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.*

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French:
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France.
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown.
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do move:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep.

To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose.

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York.
To grapple with the house of Lancaster:

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield his crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripe corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth?

Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious

gold:—

[mine]
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with
And, having both together heav'd it up,

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven:
And never more abase our sight so low.

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

* Meleager: whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother, Althea, having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torment.

et Nell, if thou dost love

f ambitious thoughts :
ht, when I imagine ill
l nephew, virtuous Henry,
g in this mortal world !
this night doth make me

m'd my lord? tell me, and
t
d of my morning's dream.
his staff, mine office-badge

, by whom, I have forgot,
as by the cardinal ;
f the broken wand
eads of Edmond duke of

Poole first duke of Suffolk.
; what it doth bode, God

was nothing but an argu-

a stick of Gloster's grove,
or his presumption.
umphrey, my sweet duke:
seat of majesty,
rch of Westminster,
ere kings and queens are
[me,
lame Margaret, kneel'd to
l set the diadem.
r, then must I chide out-

, ill-nurtur'd* Eleanor!
woman in the realm ;
wife, belov'd of him?
ly pleasure at command,
compass of thy thought?
e hammering treachery,
husband, and thyself,
to disgrace's feet?
let me hear no more.
, my lord! are you so cho-

lling but her dream?
my dreams unto myself,

ngry, I am pleas'd again.

MESSENGER.

otector, 'tis his highness'
de unto Saint Albans,
and queen do mean to

Nell, thou wilt ride with
my lord, I'll follow pre-

GLOSTER and MESSENGER.
not go before,
his base and humble mind.
e, and next of blood,
hese tedious stumbling-

[necks:
ay upon their headless
i, I will not be slack
fortune's pageant.
e? Sir John!† nay, fear

none but thee, and I.

r HUME.

ve your royal majesty!

† For where.
owed on the clergy.

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but
grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as
yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Holingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the ques-
tions:

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit DUCHESS.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the du-
chess' gold; [Hume?

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—
The business asketh silent secrecy. [mum!

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of
Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, [mour,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring hu-
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;

And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will,* I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter PETER, and others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
protector will come this way by and by, and
then we may deliver our supplications in the
quill.†

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's
a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of
Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing
with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took
ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To
my lord protector! are your supplications to
his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against
John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for
keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all,
from me.

* Let the issue be what it will.

† With great exactness and observance of form.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petition.*]

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt PETITIONERS.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of cardinals [Rome,
Would choose him pope, and carry him to
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have
we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buck-
ingham, [these,
And grumbling York: and not the least of
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of
all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half
so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of
ladies, [wife;
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns her poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat; as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands.
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for
her;

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in dis-
grace.

As for the duke of York,—this late complaint*
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET,
conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of
GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM,
SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care
not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
France,

Then let him be deny'd† the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, *yes*,
or no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better
speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the
field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy better,
Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of
all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and show some reason.
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will
have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure:‡ these are no women's
matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs
your grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm:
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine inso-
lence. [thou']

Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are hank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife's attire,

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,

* *I. e.* The complaint of Peter the armourer's son
against his master.

† Denay is frequently used instead of deny among the
old writers.

‡ Censure here means simply judgement or opinion.

th exceeded law,
e mercy of the law.
le of offices, and towns in

n, as the suspect is great,—
uickly hop without thy head.

. *The Queen drops her Fan.*
What, minion! can you not?
e DUCHESS a box on the Ear.
adam; Was it you?
ea, I it was, proud French-

your beauty with my nails,
mandments in your face.*
ant, be quiet; 'twas against

er will! Good king, look
; and dandle thee like a baby:
ice most master wear no

: dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*
nal, I will follow Eleanor,
nmpfrey, how he proceeds:
her fume can need no spurs,
nough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

ster GLOSTER.

nycholer being over-blown,
about the quadrangle,
ommonwealth affairs.
l false objections,
lie open to the law:
so deal with my soul,
y king and country!
that we have in hand:—
i, York is meetest man
n the realm of France.
ake election, give me leave
on, of no little force,
unmeet of any man.
e, Suffolk, why I am un-

flatter thee in pride:
nted for the place,
t will keep me here,
money, or furniture,
into the Dauphin's hands.
attendance on his will,
eg'd, famish'd, and lost.
witness; and a fouler fact
the land commit.
-strong Warwick!
ride, why should I hold my

IFFOLK, bringing in HORNER
and PETER.

re is a man accus'd of trea-

e of York excuse himself!
one accuse York for a trai-

nean'st thou, Suffolk? tell
are these?

ur majesty, this is the man
is master of high treason:
se;—that Richard, duke of

into the English crown;
esty was an usurper.
n, were these thy words?
lease your majesty, I never

her fingers and thumbs.

said nor thought any such matter: God is my
witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding
up his Hands.*] he did speak them to me in the
garret one night, as we were scouring my lord
of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Her. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake
the words. My accuser is my prentice; and
when I did correct him for his fault the other
day, he did vow upon his knees he would be
even with me: I have good witness of this;
therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast
away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in
law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's
doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the
French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
Her. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's
sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth
against me. O, Lord, have mercy upon me! I
shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my
heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be
hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the
day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*—*The duke of Glos-
ter's Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTH-
WELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I
tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our
exorcisms?*

Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her
courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a
woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be
convenient, master Hume, that you be by her
aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray
you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit
HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate,
and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell,
read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome
all. To this geer;† the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards knew
their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

* By exorcise Shakespeare invariably means to raise
spirits, and not to lay them.

† Matter or business.

The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs* howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies appertaining, and make the Circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the SPIRIT riseth.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become? [Reading out of a Paper.

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the SPIRIT speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and Lightning. SPIRIT descends.

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash. [inch.—

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd† for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True madam, none at all. What call you this? [Shewing her the papers.
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit DUCHESS from above.

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All.—Away!

[Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [Reuds.

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Facida, Romanos vincere posse.

* Village-dogs.

† Rewarded.

Well, to the
Tell me what
By water shall
What shall be
Let him shun
Safer shall he
Than where a
Come, come,
These oracles
And hardly
The king is
With him, the
Thither go to
carry
A sorry break
Buck. You
lord
To be the pos
York. At
Who's within

Invite my lord
To sup with

SC

Enter King HENRY
TER, CARDINAL
hollaing.

Q. Mar. B
brook

I saw not but
Yet, by your
And, ten to a

K. Hen. B
falco

And what a
To see how
Yea, man and

Suf. No m
My lord prot
They know t
And bears

pitch
Glo. My l
That mounts

Car. I thou
clou

Glo. Ay, n
by th

Were it not
heav

K. Hen. T
Car. Thy h

thou
Beat on a cr

Pernicious p
That smooth

Glo. Wha
grow

Tantane an
Churchmen

With such h
Suf. No m

com

So good a qu
Glo. As w

Suf. Why,
An't like you

Glo. Why,
sole

Q. Mar. A

* The falcon
† Fond.

see, peace, [peers,
 whet not on these furious
 the peacemakers on earth.
 blessed for the peace I make,
 and protector, with my sword!
 my uncle, 'would 'twere come
 [Aside to the CARDINAL.
 when thou dar'st. [Aside.
 no factious numbers for the

on answer thy abuse. [Aside.
 when thou dar'st not peep: an if
 it,
 the east side of the grove.

[Aside.
 now, my lords?
 O, cousin Gloster, [ly,
 I put up the fowl so sudden-
 sport.—Come with thy two-
 rd. [Aside to GLO.
 e.

divis'd?—the east side of the

I am with you. [Aside.
 how now, uncle Gloster?
 hawking; nothing else, my

other, priest, I'll shave your
 : this,
 shall fail. [Aside.

sum;
 : well, protect yourself.

[Aside.
 inds grow high; so do your
 , lords.
 his music to my heart!
 :s jar, what hope of harmony?
 let me compound this strife.

ANT of Saint Albans, crying,
 A Miracle!

ns this noise?
 acle dost thou proclaim?
 le! a miracle!
 the king, and tell him what

h, a blind man at Saint Al-
 ine,
 our, hath receiv'd his sight;
 saw in his life before.
 God be prais'd! that to believ-

ickness, comfort in despair!

of Saint Albans, and his Bre-
 PCOX, borne between two per-
 his Wife, and a great multitude

ie the townsmen on proces-

highness with the man.
 is his comfort in this earthly

sight his sin be multiplied.
 , my masters, bring him near

asure is to talk with him.
 fellow, tell us here the cir-
 ce,

may glorify the Lord.
 been long blind, and now re-

nd, an't please your grace.

ed, was he.

nan is this?

e is the art of defence.

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou
 could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like
 your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath
 been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou
 here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being
 call'd

A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
 By good Saint Alban; who said,—Simpcox,
 come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time
 and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a
 youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing
 very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that
 would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd
 some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not
 serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open
 them:—

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank
 God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
 cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is
 my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what col-
 our jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day,
 a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
 master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the ly-
 ingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
 Thou might'st as well have known our names
 as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.
 Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
 To nominate them all's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a mi-
 racle;

nd would ye not think that cunning to be
great,

at could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you
t leadies in your town, and things called
hips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither
straight. *[Exit an ATTENDANT.]*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[Stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you
can to save yourself from whipping, leap me
er this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand
me: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter ATTENDANT, with the BEADLE.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your
gs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over
at same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off
th your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am
t able to stand.

*[After the BEADLE hath hit him once, he leaps
over the Stool, and runs away; and the
People follow, and cry, A miracle!]*

K. Hen. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st
so long!

Q. Mur. It made me laugh, to see the villain
run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab
away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every mar-
t town, till they come to Berwick, whence
y came.

[Exeunt MAYOR, BEADLE, WIFE, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-
day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly
away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
ou made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to
fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to un-
fold.

sort* of naughty persons, lewdly† bent,—
nder the countenance and confederacy
lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
e ringleader and head of all this rout,—
ve practis'd dangerously against your state,
ealing with witches, and with conjurers:
hom we have apprehended in the fact;
ising up wicked spirits from under ground,
emanding of king Henry's life and death,
id other of your highness' privy council,
more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
ur lady is forthcoming† yet at London.

is news. I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
edge;

s like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to GLOSTER.]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my
heart!

row and grief have vanquish'd all my
d, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
to the meanest groom.

* A company.

† Wickedly.

‡ I. e. Your lady is in custody.

K. Hen. O God, a
wicked ones;

Heaping confusion on

Q. Mer. Gloster, at

nest;

And look thyself be t

Glo. Madam, for m

peal,

How I have lov'd my

And, for my wife, I

Sorry I am to hear w

Noble she is; but if a

Honour, and virtue,

As, like to pitch, def

I banish her, my bed

And give her, as a p

That hath dishonour

K. Hen. Well, for

us here:

To-morrow, toward

To look into this bus

And call these soul

And poise* the caus

Whose beam stands

prevails.

SCENE II.—*London.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY,

York. Now, my g

Warwick,

(Our simple supper

In this close walk,

In craving your opi

Which is infallible,

Sal. My lord, I le

War. Sweet Yorl

be good,

The Nevils are thy

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third,

The first, Edward

Wales;

The second, William

Lionel, duke of Cla

Was John of Gaun

The fifth, was Edm

The sixth, was Tho

Gloster;

William of Windso

Edward, the Blac

father;

And left behind hi

Who, after Edward

as king;

Till Henry Boling

The eldest son and

Crown'd by the nai

Seiz'd on the realm

Sent his poor que

she came,

And him to Pomfr

Harmless Richard

War. Father, the

Thus got the house

York. Which no

not by right

For Richard, the fr

The issue of the ne

Sal. But William

an heir.

York. The third s

whose line

I claim the crow

daughter,

Edmund Mortimer, earl of

—Roger, earl of March:
Edmund, Anne, and Elea-

nd, in the reign of Boling-

id claim unto the crown;
Glendower, had been king,
captivity, till he died.

t sister, Anne,
heir unto the crown,
earl of Cambridge; who

[son.
ey, Edward the Third's fifth
kingdom: she was heir
March; who was the son
mer; who married Philippe,
Lionel, duke of Clarence:
he elder son
younger, I am king.
a proceedings are more plain

a the crown from John of

ork claims it from the third.
fais, his should not reign:
it flourishes in thee,
air slips of such a stock.—
sbury, kneel we both to-

te plot,* be we the first,
our rightful sovereign
birthright to the crown.
e our sovereign Richard,
king!

y you, lords. But I am not

[stain'd
d; and that my sword be
of the house of Lancaster.
ldently to be perform'd;
and silent secrecy.

n these dangerous days,
of Suffolk's insolence,
le, at Somerset's ambition,
and all the crew of them,
r'd the shepherd of the flock,
nce, the good duke Hum-

t; and they in seeking that,
aths, if York can prophesy.
reak we off; we know your
all.

assures me, that the earl of

te the duke of York a king.
il, this I do assure myself,—
e to make the earl of War-

in England, but the king.

[Exeunt.

he same.—A Hall of Justice.

Enter King HENRY, Queen
OSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and
Duchess of GLOSTER, MAR-
N, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and
under guard.

forth, dame Eleanor Cob-
ster's wife:

nd us, your guilt is great;
nce of the law, for sins
book are adjudg'd to death.—

sequestered spot.

You four, from hence to prison back again;
[To JOURN. &c.

From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.—

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome
were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath
judg'd thee;

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the DUCHESSES, and the other prisoners,
guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
ease.*

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster:
ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of
years

Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm:
Give up your staff, Sir, and the king his
realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: When I am dead and
gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-
garet queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce him-
self,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at
once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:†—There let it
stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Syf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs
his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest
days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord: for purposely
therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and
all things fit;

* L. e. Sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.
† Reached.

1 SECOND PART OF KING HENRY

let them end it, and God defend the right!

ork. I never saw a fellow worse bested,*

more afraid to fight, than is the appellant, servant of this armourer, my lords.

† on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and enters bearing his staff with a sund-bug fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by 'Prentices drinking to him.

Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour; you shall do well enough.

Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of sack.

Neigh. And here's a pot of good double, neighbour: drink, and fear not your

or. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you And a fig for Peter!

Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be afraid.

Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy ter; fight for credit of the 'prentices.

eter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my draught in this world.—Here, Robin, and die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou have my hammer; and here, Tom, take the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, my God! for I am never able to deal with a master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

il. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to 's.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

eter. Peter, forsooth.

il. Peter! what more?

eter. Thump.

il. Thump! then see thou thump thy master

or. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, at my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee a downright blow, as Bevis of Southamp-fell upon Ascapart.

ork. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

and trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.

or. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess my son.

ork. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

eter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

. Men. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

by his death, we do perceive his guilt:†

l God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us the truth and innocence of this poor fellow, which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

ie, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Exeunt.

in a worse plight. † A sort of sweet wine. The death of the vanquished person was always taken as certain evidence of his guilt.

SCENE IV.—T

Enter GLOSTER and

Glo. Thus, sometime day a cloud; And, after summer, a barren winter, with his So cares and joys about Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour To watch the coming Uneasy may she end To tread them with his Sweet Nell, ill can the The abject people, go With envious looks

shame; That erst did follow thee When thou didst ride the streets.

But soft! I think, she My tear-stain'd eyes

Enter the Duchess of with papers pinned and a taper burning STANLEY, a SHERIFF

Serv. So please you from the She

Glo. No, stir not, by.

Duch. Come you, shame?

Now thou dost penance See, how the giddy And nod their heads, thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee And, in thy closet pe

And banish thine enemy

Glo. Be patient, grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster self:

For, whilst I think I And thou a prince, p Methinks, I should be Mail'd up in shame, And follow'd with a To see my tears, and groans.

The ruthless flint doth And, when I start, the

And bid me be advised Ah, Humphrey, can I

Trow'st thou, that world;

Or count them happy No; dark shall be my

To think upon my poor Sometime I'll say, wife;

And he a prince, and Yet so he rul'd, and as

As he stood by, whilst Was made a wonder,

To every idle rascal fi But be thou mild, and

Nor stir at nothing, ti Hang over thee, as, si

For Suffolk,—he that

* Change. † Not easily wrapped up in disgrace.

leth thee, and hates us all,—
mpious Beaufort, that false

shes to betray thy wings,
w thou canst, they'll tangle

until thy foot be snar'd,
vention of thy foes.
rbear; thou aimest all awry;
ore I be attainted:

times so many foes,
ad twenty times their power,
ot procure me any scathe,
yal, true, and crimeless.
e rescue thee from this re-

dal were not wip'd away,
e the breach of law.
is quiet, gentle Nell:
y heart to patience;
onder will be quickly worn.

er a HERALD.

your grace to his majesty's
at Bury the first of this next

ssent ne'er ask'd hercin be-

g.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit HERALD.
y leave:—and, master she-

[sion.
e exceed the king's commis-
e your grace, here my com-
ays:

ley is appointed now
im to the isle of Man.

Sir John, protect my lady

ven in charge, may't please

not the worse, in that I pray
the world may laugh again;†
do you kindness, if
ad so, Sir John, farewell.
e, my lord; and bid me not

tears, I cannot stay to speak.
unt GLOSTER and SERVANTS.
gone too? All comfort go

ith me: my joy is—death;
ame I oft have been afraid,
his world's eternity.—
, go, and take me hence;
for I beg no favour,
here thou art commanded.
lam, that is to the isle of

ccording to your state.
d enough, for I am but re-

e us'd reproachfully?
duchess, and duke Hum-
ly,

state you shall be used.
arewell, and better than I

[shame!
ast been conduct† of my
flice; and, madam, pardon

farewell; thy office is dis-
all we go? [charg'd.—

Stea. Madam, your penance done, throw off
this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen
MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK,
YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse,* my lord of Gloster is not
come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not
observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time, since he was mild and
affable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submission

But, meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded, when they grin

But great men tremble, when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First, note, that he is near you in descent;

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your decease,—

That he should come about your royal person,

(Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

And, when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;

[den,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the gar-

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,

Made me collect‡ these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond,‡ call it a woman's fear;

Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.

My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and
York,—

Reprove my allegation, if you can;

Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think, I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess, by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

(Or if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputed of his high descent,§

(As next the king, he was successive heir,)

And such high vaunts of his nobility,

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

* Look again favourably on me.

* Wonder. † I. e. Assemble by observation.

‡ Foolish. § I. e. Valuing himself on his high descent.

oth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
l in his simple show he harbours treason.
fox barks not, when he would steal the
lamb.

no, my sovereign. Gloster is a man
ounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
ar. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
ise strange deaths for small offences done?
ork. And did he not, in his protectorship,
y great sums of money through the realm,
soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
means whereof, the towns each day re-
volved.

ack. Tut! these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
ich time will bring to light in smooth duke
Humphrey.

. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you
have of us,
mow down thorns that would annoy our
sout. [science?
orthy praise: But shall I speak my con-
kinsman Gloster is as innocent
m meaning treason to our royal person,
is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
duke is virtuous, mild; and too well
given,

dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than
this fond affiance! [row'd,
ms he a dove? his feathers are but bor-
he's disposed as the hateful raven.
e a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
o cannot steal a shape, that means deceit;
e heed my lord; the welfare of us all
igs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

om. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What
news from France?

om. That all your interest in those terri-
tories
tterly bereft you; all is lost.

. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But
God's will be done!

ork. Cold news for me; for I had hopes of
France,

firmly as I hope for fertile England.
s are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
l caterpillars eat my leaves away:

I will remedy this gear^e ere long,
sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.

Enter GLOSTER.

lo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
don, my liege, that I have staid so long.

if. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come
too soon,

ess thou wert more loyal than thou art:
arrest thee of high treason here.

lo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see
me blush,

change my countenance for this arrest;
eart unspotted is not easily daunted.

purest spring is not so free from mud,
I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

o can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

ork. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,

, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
means whereof, his highness hath lost
France.

o. Is it but thought so? What are they
that think it?

ar was a general word for things or matters.

I never robb'd the sold
Nor ever had one pen
So help me God, as I h
Ay, night by night,—h
land!

That do it that e'er I w
(Or any groat I hoards
Be brought against me
No! many a pound of
Because I would not t
Have I dispursed to th
And never ask'd for re
Car. It serves you v
much.

Glo. I say no more
God!

York. In your prote
Strange tortures for of
That England was de

Glo. Why, 'tis wel
was protector

Pity was all the fault
For I should melt at s
And lowly words wer
Unless it were a bloo
(Or foul felonious thi
I never gave them coi
Murder, indeed, that
Above the felon, or w

Suf. My lord, these
answer'd:

But mightier crimes a
Whereof you cannot
I do arrest you in his
And here commit you
To keep, until your f

K. Hen. My lord o
hope,

That you will clear y
My conscience tells i

Glo. Ah, gracious
Virtue is chok'd with
And charity chas'd h
Foul subornation is j
And equity exil'd yo
I know, their compl
And, if my death mig
And prove the perio
I would expend it w
But mine is made th
For thousands more,
Will not conclude th
Beaufort's red spark
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy
Sharp Buckingham v
The envious load the
And dogged York, t
Whose overweening
By false accuset dot
And you, my soverei
Causeless have laid
And, with your best
My liefast liege to l
Ay, all of you have l
Myself had notice of
I shall not want fals
Nor store of treason:
The ancient proverb
A staff is quickly for

Car. My liege, his
If those that care to
From treason's secre
Be thus upbraided,
And the offender gr
"Twill make them co

For easily. For

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
[couch'd,
With ignominious words, though clerkly
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed;—

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear the body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit ATTENDANTS, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies. [groan,
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each
Say—*Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,*
With shining checker'd slough,† doth sting a child,

That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:

'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:

The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply* rise to save his life;

And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,— [souls,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege,

And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead; for that is good deceit [ceit.

Which mates† him first, that first intends de-

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,

It skills not greatly‡ who impugns our doom.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,

To signify—that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword:

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow incurable;

For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient§ stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-set¶ policy,

* Perhaps. † Confounds. ‡ It is of no importance. § Far-fetched.

* I. e. In the flowers growing on a bank.

† Skin.

been the regent there instead of me,
never would have staid in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done:

Ther would have lost my life betimes,
n bring a burden of dishonour home,
staying there so long, till all were lost.
And me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Thy flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

And fuel be brought to feed it with:—
more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be
still;—

fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,

It happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then
a shame take all!

Mar. And, in the number, thee, that wishest
shame!

York. My lord of York, try what your for-
tune is.

Uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
Temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Selected choicely, from each county some,
To try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Mar. Why, our authority is his consent;

What we do establish, he confirms:

And, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers,
lords,

And I take order for mine own affairs.

Mar. A charge, lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

York. [Rey.]
Now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Mar. No more of him; for I will deal with
him.

York. Henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
So break off; the day is almost spent:

Suffolk, you and I must talk of that
event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
Bristol I expect my soldiers; [days.]

there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Mar. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[Exeunt all but YORK.]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-
ful thoughts,

Change misdoubt to resolution:

What thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Gn to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Pace-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man.

Find no harbour in a royal heart.

More than spring-time showers, comes thought
on thought;

Not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

Brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

And nobles, well, its politically done,

Send me packing with a host of men:

And me, you but warm the starved snake,
Whom, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

As men I lack'd, and you will give them
To it kindly; yet, be well assur'd [me:]

I put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

And I in Ireland nourish a mighty band.

I stir up in England some black storm,

I blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell:

This fell tempest shall not cease to rage
The golden circuit on my head,

O the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of th
And, for a minister of
I have seduc'd a head
John Cade of Ashford
To make commotion,
Under the title of Job
In Ireland have I see
Oppose himself again
And fought so long,
darts

Were almost like a sh
And, in the end being
Caper upright like a
Shaking the bloody d
Full often, like a sha
Hath he conversed w
And undiscover'd co
And given me notice
This devil here shall
For that John Mortin
In face, in gait, in sp
By this I shall percei
How they affect the b
Say, he be taken, rac
I know, no pain, they
Will make him say—I
Say, that he thrive, (i
Why, then from Ir
strength,

And reap the harvest
For, Humphrey being
And Henry put apart

SCENE II.—Bury.

Enter certain M

1 Mar. Run to my
know,

We have despatch'd t

2 Mar. O, that it
we done?

Didst ever hear a mai

Enter

1 Mar. Here comes

Suf. Now, Sirs, hav
Despatch'd this thing

1 Mar. Ay, my goo

Suf. Why, that's w
my house;

I will reward you for
The king and all the

Have you laid fair th
According as I gave

1 Mar. 'Tis, my goo

Suf. Away, be gone

Enter King HENRY, C
and BEAUFORT, SOM

K. Hen. Go, call o
straight:

Say, we intend to try
If he be guilty, as 'tis

Suf. I'll call him pre

K. Hen. Lords, tak
pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'ga
Than from true eviden

He be approv'd in pra

Q. Mar. God forbid
vail,

* A violent gust of wind.

† Irish foot-soldiers, fight-

‡ A Mur in a morris dan

may condemn a nobleman!
may acquit him of suspicion!
Unk thee, Margaret; these words
do me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

Why look'st thou pale? why trem-
boul? [Suffolk?] Uncle? what is the matter, Suf-
folk? his bed, my lord; Gloster is

Dead, God forefend!
Secret judgement:—I did dream
it,

dumb, and could not speak a
word. [The King swoons.]

How fares my lord?—Help, lords!
The king is dead.

Uprose his body; wring him by the

Arm, go, help, help!—O, Henry,
Thine eyes!

Can he revive again;—Madam, be
Lift him up.

Heavenly God!

How fares my gracious lord?
My sovereign! gracious Henry,

He is dead!
Alas, doth my lord of Suffolk com-

ing?

Now* to sing a raven's note,
None bereft my vital powers;

That the chirping of a wren,
Forth from a hollow breast,

By the first-conceived sound?
Reason with such sugar'd words,

And on me; forbear, I say;
Rights me, as a serpent's sting.

Messenger, out of my sight!
Alls murderous tyranny

Jeasty, to fright the world.
Me, for thine eyes are wound-

ed away:—Come, basilisk,
Innocent gazer with thy sight:

Of death I shall find joy;
Bleed death, now Gloster's dead.

Do you rate my lord of Suffolk

As he was enemy to him,
Christian-like, laments his death:

—For as he was to me,
Fears, or heart-offending groans,

Nothing sighs recall his life,
And with weeping, sick with

[Sighs,] Primrose, with blood-drinking
The noble duke alive.

Now the world may deem of me?
We were but hollow friends;

And I made the duke away:
Me with slander's tongue be

ed, Hurts be fill'd with my reproach.
His death: Ah me, unhappy!

And crown'd with infamy!
Woe is me for Gloster, wretched

Woe for me, more wretched
Than this.

Turn away, and hide thy face:
Me leper, look on me.

Like the adder, waken dead?
Go, and kill thy father's queen.

Alas, doth my lord of Suffolk com-

ing?

Now* to sing a raven's note,
None bereft my vital powers;

That the chirping of a wren,
Forth from a hollow breast,

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

Erect his statue then, and worship it,

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;

And twice by awkward wind from England's

bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind

Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them from their brazen

caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;

Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd

on shore,

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-

The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking

sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from the shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm:

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land;—the sea re-

ceiv'd it;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:

And even with this, I lost fair England's

view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue

(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,) To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,

When he to madding Dido, would unfold

His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false

like him?

Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!

For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,

That good duke Humphrey traitorously is mur-

der'd

By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means,

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,

That want their leader, scatter up and down.

And care not who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,

Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick,

'Tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay,

Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and

SALISBURY retires.

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay

my thoughts:

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul.

* Just now.

He be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God; [life!
For judgement only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed: WARWICK and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made:

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.*

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,† (less,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and blood-
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er re-
turneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-
du'd. [ing;

Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is stick-
His well-proportioned beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the
duke to death?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke
Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these no-
blemen

As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleed-
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe, [ter?
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaugh-
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

* I. e. I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.

† A body become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a timeless end.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk;
where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping
men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with care,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Enter CARDINAL, Son, and others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Sul-
folk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumacious
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, [spirit,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I
say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou
And never of the Nevils' noble race. [art,

War. But that the guilt of murder buckles
thee,

And I should rob the deathman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me
mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee,
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee
hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's
ghost.

[Enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a
heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel.
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A Noise within.

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
Weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrath-
ful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men
of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know
your mind.—

[Speaking to those within.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me.
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death.
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace.
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm* might make the sleep eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint† an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort‡ of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air§
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

* Deadly serpent. † Dexterous. ‡ A company.
§ I. e. He shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them? [groan,

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil, [glass,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban,* and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[Kisses his hand.]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by
'Tis not the land I care for; wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in naught, but that thou livest.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I pry thee?

* Curse.

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the
air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's
ghost
Were by his side: sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the
king. [Exit VAUX.]

Ah me! what is this world? What news are
these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my
sorrows? [coming;]

Now, get thee hence: the king thou know'st is
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,* from thy sight, I should be raging
mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes.
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than
death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! Though parting be a fretful
corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound. [thee;
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Irist that shall find you out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exit, severally.]

SCENE III.—London.—Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK,
and others.—The CARDINAL in Bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon
him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death doth
make him grin.

Sul. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's pleasure be! [bliss,

Lord-cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [Exit.]

ACT IV. .

SCENE I.—Kent.—The sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea.—Then enter from a Boat,
a CAPTAIN, a MASTER, a MASTER'S-MATE,
WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them
SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, Prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
Is crept into the bosom of the sea; [day
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings [jaws

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand.
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd
shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of
this:—

The other, [Pointing to Suffolk.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? Let me know.

Must. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or oil
goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two
thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you
shall;

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Cannot be counterpoised with such a petty
sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir; and therefore spare
my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it
straight.

* For whereas.

† The messenger of Juno.

* Pitiful.

at mine eye is laying the prize
red,
e, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[To Suffolk.
d thee, if I might have my will.
t so rash; take ransom, let him

in my George, I am a gentleman;
hat thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
so am I; my name is—Walter
more. [affright?
hy start'st thou? What, doth death
me affrights me, in whose sound
sth.
an did calculate my birth,
—that by Water I should die:
is make thee be bloody-minded;
—Gaeltier, being rightly sounded.
tier, or Walter, which it is, I care

base dishonour blur our name,
sword we wiped away the blot;
ban merchant-like I sell revenge,
sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
im'd a coward through the world!
[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.
Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a
Suffolk, William de la Poole.
duke of Suffolk, muffled up in

not these rags are no part of the
:
e went disguised, and why not I?
ye was never slain, as thou shalt

re and lowly swain, king Henry's
ble blood of Lancaster, [blood,
shed by such a jaded groom,*
it kiss'd thy hand, and held my
up?
plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
thou happy when I shook my head?
est thou waited at my cup,
trencher, kneel'd down at the
t,
feasted with queen Margaret?
and let it make thee crest-fallen;
t this thy abortive pride:
voiding lobby hast thou stood,
ited for my coming forth?
mine hath writ in thy behalf,
I shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
ak, captain, shall I stab the for-
swain?
let my words stab him, as he hath

dave! thy words are blunt, and so
hon.
sy him hence, and on our long-
s side
head.
darest not for thy own.
Poole.
?

t Sir Poole? lord?
puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
silver spring where England
ks.
am up this thy yawning mouth,
ing the treasure of the realm:
t kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the
nd;
hat smil'dst at good duke Hum-
y's death,

w.
we had birth too soon.

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy* a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain our governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [vain;
And now the house of York—thrust from the
crown,

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful co-
lours

Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis sublevo*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! Convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges?
Small things make base men proud: this villain
here,

Being captain of a pinnace† threatens more
Than Burgulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagle's blood, but rob bee-
It is impossible, that I should die [hives.
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Walt. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
death.

Suf. *Gelus timor occupat artus*:—Thou thee I
fear.

Walt. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye stoop?
1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak
him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,

Used to command, netaught to plead for favour.
Fare be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to
any.

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk no
more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
That this my death may never be forgot! [can,
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Suf. with WHITMORE and others.
* To betroth in marriage.
† A pinnace then signified a ship of small burden.
‡ Low men.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:— [set,
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first GENTLEMAN.*

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body
lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.
1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit with the Body.

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though
made of a lath; they have been up these two
days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now
then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it,
and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.
Well, I say, it was never merry world in Eng-
land, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regard-
ed in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in lea-
ther aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

John. True: and yet it is said,—Labour in
thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—
let the magistrates be labouring men: and
therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better
sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's
son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies,
to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver:—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum.—*Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH
the Weaver; and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-
posed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of her-
rings.* [Aside.

Cade.—for our enemies shall fall before us,
inspired with the spirit of putting down kings
and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good
bricklayer. [Aside.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.
[Aside.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter,
and sold many laces. [Aside.

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel
with her furred pack, she washes bucks here
at home. [Aside.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honoura-

ble; and there was he born, under a hedge; for
his father had never a house, but the cage.
[Aside.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
[Aside.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen
him whipp'd three market days together.
[Aside.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, his coat
is of proof. [Aside.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear
of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of
sheep. [Aside.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is
brave, and vows reformation. There shall be,
in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a
penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten
hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small
beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in
Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And,
when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—There
shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on
my score; and I will apparel them all in one
livery, that they may agree like brothers, and
worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the
lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a
lamentable thing, that of the skin of an inno-
cent lamb should be made parchment? That
parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo
a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say,
'tis the bee's-wax: for I did but seal once to a
thing, and I was never mine own man since.
How now? Who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the CLERK of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write
and read, and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red
letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and
write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper
man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty,
he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must
examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of let-
ters:—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write
thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like
a honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well
brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's
a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with
his pen and inkhorn about his neck:

[*Exeunt some with the CLERK.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
and his brother are hard by, with the king's
forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll sell thee

* A barrel of herrings.

be encounter'd with a man as
: he is but a knight, is 'a?

al him, I will make myself a
y; rise up Sir John Mortimer.
m.

THEY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM
r, with Drum and Furies.

me kinds, the filth and scum of
[down,

gallows,—lay your weapons
stings, forsake this groom:
vital if you revolt.

angry, wrathful, and inclined
f,
rd: therefore yield, or die.

these silken-coated slaves, I
t;

id people, that I speak,
line to come, I hope to reign;
al heir unto the crown.

thy father was a plasterer;
st, a sheerman, art thou not?
sum was a gardener.

I what of that?
this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl

th,
ce of Clarence's daughter; did

be had two children at one

t's false.

re's the question; but, I say,
::

m, being put to nurse,
r-woman stolen away;
f his birth and parentage,
layer, when he came to age:
keny it, if you can.

is too true; therefore he shall

made a chimney in my father's
bricks are alive at this day to
fore, deny it not.

I you credit this base drudge's

knows not what?

ry, will we; therefore get ye

: Cade, the duke of York hath
you this.

n, for I invented it myself.

Strah, tell the king from me,
her's sake, Henry the Fifth, in
ys went to span-counter for
—I am content he shall reign;
star over him.

ethermore, we'll have the lord
telling the dukedom of Maine.
ed reason; for thereby is Eng-
rd fain to go with a staff, but
ce holds it up. Fellow kings,
that lord Say hath gelded the
and made it a castruck; and
, he can speak French, and
traitor.

and miserable ignorance!
swer, if you can: the French-
omies: go to then, I ask but
t speaks with the tongue of an
d counsellor, or no?

and therefore, we'll have his

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not
prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every
town,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—

And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Furies.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, fol-
low me.—

Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoes;*
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, (but that they dare not) take our
parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march to-
wards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we
are most out of order. Come, march forward.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums.—The two Parties enter, and fight, and
both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house:
therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent
shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a licence to kill for a hundred, lacking
one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest
no less. This monument of the victory will I
bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my
horse's heels, till I do come to London, where
we will have the mayor's sword borne before
us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the
duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with
him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourn-
ing over SUFFOLK's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief soft-
tens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to
the rebel's supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to en-
For God forbid, so many simple souls [treat:
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this
lovely face,

Shul'd like a wandering planet over me?

* *Shoon.*

† *Protestantized*—breachably over the papists; as the
papists over them have used their *Reformation*.

pay them no regard.

;**SECOND PART OF KING HENRY**

could it not enforce them to relent,
were unworthy to behold the same?

Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn
to have thy head.

y. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall
have his.

Hen. How now, madam? Still
sitting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
r, my love, if that I had been dead, [me.
I would'st not have mourn'd so much for

Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn,
but die for thee.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Hen. How now! What news? Why
comest thou in such haste?

Ms. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my
lord!

Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
banded from the duke of Clarence's house;
calls your grace usurper, openly,
vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude
of rinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
the death of Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
has given them heart and courage to pro-
ceed:

scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
they call—false caterpillars, and intend their
death.

Hen. O graceless men!—They know not
what they do.

uck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenel-
worth,

until a power be raised to put them down.

Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now
alive,

the Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

y. So might your grace's person be in
danger:

the sight of me is odious in their eyes:

I therefore in this city will I stay,

I live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-
bridge; the citizens
and forsake their houses:

the rascal people, thirsting after prey,
go with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
to spoil the city, and your royal court.

uck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take
horse!

Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succour us.

Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-
ceased.

Hen. Farewell, my lord; [To Lord SAY.]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

uck. Trust nobody, for fear you be be-
tray'd.

y. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
and therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE V.—The same.—The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, and others, on the Walls.

—Then enter certain CITIZENS, below.

cales. How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;
they have won the bridge, killing all those
that withstand them: the lord mayor craves
of your honour from the Tower, to defend
the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid
command;
But I am troubled
The rebels have ass
But get you to Smith
And thither I will
Fight for your king
lives;
And so farewell, so

SCENE VI.—The same.

*Enter JACK CADE
strikes his sword*

Cade. Now is my
And here, sitting up
and command, that
sing-conduit run no
first year of our re-
ward, it shall be true
other than—lord M

Enter a Soldier

Sold. Jack Cade

Cade. Knock him

Smith. If this fel-
you Jack Cade mo-
fair warning.

Dick. My lord, to-
gether in Smithfield

Cade. Come the
but first, go and
and, if you can,
Come, let's away.

SCENE VII.—The same.

*Alarum.—Enter, a
Company; on the*

King's Forces, below

—They fight; the

MATTHEW GOUGE

Cade. So, Sirs:
down the Savoy;
down with them a

Dick. I have a sword

Cade. Be it a loss
that word.

Dick. Only, that
come out of your

John. Mass, 'twas
was thrust in the
not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, Jack
for his breath a
cheese.

Cade. I have the
Away, burn all the
mouth shall be the

John. Then we
tutes, unless his

Cade. And hence
in common.

Enter

Mes. My lord, a
lord Say, which
that made us pay
and one shilling
sidy.

Enter GEORGE

Cade. Well, he
times.—Ah, thou

* A fifteen was the
or personal property, and
Lord Say was a kind of

Now art thou within point
 of ediction regal. What canst
 my majesty, for giving up of
 Monsieur Basinecu, the dan-
 ce it known unto thee by these
 presence of lord Mortimer,
 on that must sweep the court
 as thou art. Thou hast most
 pted the youth of the realm,
 mmar-school: and whereas,
 there had no other books but
 tally, thou hast caused print-
 ed, contrary to the king, his
 ty, thou hast built a paper-
 proved to thy face, that thou
 thee, that usually talk of a
 ; and such abominable words,
 we can endure to hear. Thou
 istices of peace, to call poor
 about matters they were not
 Moreover, thou hast put them
 because they could not read,
 them; when, indeed, only
 y have been most worthy to
 ride on a foot-cloth,† dost

not?
 thou oughtest not to let thy
 k, when honest men than
 one and doublets.
 rk in their shirt too; as my-
 that am a butcher.
 of Kent,—
 you of Kent?

not this: 'Tis *bons terra*, made
 ith him, away with him! he
 not speak, and bear me where

mentaries Caesar writ,
 I at place of all this isle:
 try, because full of riches;
 d, valiant, active, wealthy;
 hope you are not void of pity.
 I lost not Normandy;
 rem, would lose my life.
 ur have I always done;
 s have moved me, gifts could

not exacted at your hands,
 the king, the realm, and you?
 I bestow'd on learned clerks,
 I preferr'd me to the king.
 orance is the curse of God,
 wing wherewith we fly to
 mmas'd with devilish spirits,
 forbear to murder me.
 parley'd unto foreign kings

—
 men struck 'st thou one blow in

men have reaching hands: oft
 truck
 er saw, and struck them dead.
 was coward! what, to come be-
 ts?
 eeks are pale for; watching for
 id.
 : a box o'the ear, and that will
 aia.

hanged because they could not climb
 the
 a kind of housing, which covered the
 of.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor man's
 causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hearken candle then,
 and the pap of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he needs at us; as who should say,
 I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will
 stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him
 away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-
 shedding.* [thoughts.]

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful
 O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words:
 but I'll bridle it, he shall die, as it be but for
 pleading so well for his life. Away with him!
 he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks
 not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say,
 and strike off his head presently: and then
 break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James
 Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them
 both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make
 your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command
 ye. [Exeunt some with Lord SAY.]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear
 a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me
 tribute; there shall not a maid be married,
 but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere
 they have it: men shall hold of me in capite;
 and we charge and command, that their wives
 be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can
 tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-
 side, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lords SAY
 and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss
 one another, for they loved well, when they
 were alive. Now part them again, lest they
 consult about the giving up of some more towns
 in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the
 city until night: for with these horns before us,
 instead of maces, will we ride through the
 streets; and, at every corner have them kiss—
 Away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarm.—Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus'
 corner! Kill and knock down! Throw them
 into Thames.

[A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.]
 What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold
 to sound retreat or parley, when I command
 them kill?

* I. e. These hands are free from shedding guiltless or
 innocent blood.

† A dozen who were supposed to stand at call.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Now, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

To the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,

And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

No loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

[jesty!
Rising up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Cries the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Like he his weapon at us, and pass by.

Clif. God save the king! God save the king!

Buck. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye

Love him? Will you needs be hang'd with pardons about your necks? Hath my

Word therefore broke through London gates,
That you should leave me at the White Hart

Southwark? I thought, ye would never
Have given out these arms, till you had reco-

rd your ancient freedom: but you are all
Peasants, and dastards; and delight to live in

Service to the nobility. Let them break your
Necks with burdens, take your houses over

And your heads, ravish your wives and daughters
From your faces: For me,—I will make shift

For one; and so—God's curse light upon you

Clif. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Buck. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?

Clif. He conduct you through the heart of
France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes!

For he hath no home, no place to fly to;

He knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Gotten by robbing of your friends, and us.

It's not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
You fear the fearful French, whom you late van-

quished, [you?
You could make a start o'er seas, and vanquish

Whom he thinks, already, in this civil broil,
To see them lording it in London streets,

Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Enter, ten thousand base-born Cades mis-

carry, [mercy.
And you should stoop unto a Frenchman's

France, to France, and get what you have
Lost;

For England, for it is your native coast:
For every bath money, you are strong and manly;

For on our side, doubt not of victory.
Clif. A Clifford! A Clifford! We'll follow

king, and Clifford.
Buck. Was ever feather so lightly blown to

And fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry
Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs,

Which makes them leave me desolate. I see
They lay their heads together, to surprize me:

My sword make way for me, for here is no stay—
In despite of the devils and hell have

I come through the very midst of you! And heavens
Honour be witness, that no want of reso-

lution in me, but only my followers' base and
ominous treasons, makes me betake me to

My heels. [Exit.
Buck. What, is he fled! Go some, and fol-

low him;

And he, that brings
Shall have a thousand

Follow me, soldiers
To reconcile you all

SCENE IX.

Enter King Henry
Somerset, on a

K. Hen. Was ever
throne,

And could command
No sooner was I crowned

But I was made a slave
Was never subject

As I do long and w

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck. Health, to
majesty!

K. Hen. Why, I
Cade, surly

Or is he but retired

Enter, below, a great
number of soldiers, with Henry

Clif. He's fled, I
do yield;

And humbly thus
Expect your highness

K. Hen. Then,
lasting ga

To entertain my valiant
Soldiers, this day

lives,
And show'd how

and count
Continue still in the

And Henry, though
Assure yourselves

And so, with thanks
I do dismiss you to

All. God save the

Enter

Mess. Please it
The duke of York

And with a puissant
Of Gallowglasses.

Is marching hither
And still proclaim

His arms are only
The duke of Somerset

K. Hen. Thus
and York

Like to a ship, that
Is straightway cap-

irate:
But now is Cade

And now is York
I pray thee, Buck-

And ask him, of his
arms.

Tell him, I'll see
And, Somerset, w

Until his army be
Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to
Or unto death, to

K. Hen. In any
terms;

For he is fierce, and

* Two orders of foot
†

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—Kent.—IDEN's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! Fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is layed for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,* my brain-pan, had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these,
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's waining;
(Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be, [thee?]
I know thee not; why then should I betray
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls, in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;

* A kind of helmet.

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

As for more words, whose greatness answers words, [bears.

Let this my sword report what speech for-

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [They fight, CADE falls.] O, I am slain! Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee, for this thy deed.
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me* heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul in hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.—Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side.—On the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sacra majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold:

I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre balance it.†
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? [ble.

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissem-
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

* In supposing that I am proud of my victory.

† Balance my hand.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting,
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

[*Aside.*
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy
But if thy arms be to no other end, [*part:*
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow, in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend to harm us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king, [*tion,*
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what's thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*
Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an ATTENDANT.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,*
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

* Custody, confinement.

alth and all happiness to my lord the
ng!

hank thee, Clifford: Say, what news
ith thee?

ot fright us with an angry look:
y sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
staying so, we pardon thee.

is is my king, York, I do not mis-
ke;

nistak'st me much, to think I do:—
with him! is the man grown mad?

Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambi-
ous humour

oppose himself against his king.

is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
away that factious pate of his.

He is arrested, but will not obey;
he says, shall give their words for

m.

Will you not, sons?

y, noble father, if our words will
rve.

nd if words will not, then our wea-
ons shall.

hy, what a brood of traitors have
e here!

ook in a glass, and call thy image
;

king, and thou a false-heart trai-
r to the stake my two brave bears,*

the very shaking of their chains,
astonish these fell lurking curs;

ury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,
with Forces.*

re these thy bears? we'll bait thy
ears to death,

ucle the bear-ward† in their chains,
lar'st bring them to the baiting-
lace.

ft have I seen a hot o'erweening
r

and bite, because he was withheld:
g suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

op'd his tail between his legs, and
y'd:

a piece of service will you do,
pose yourselves to match lord War-
ick.

ence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
mp,

d in thy manners as thy shape!
ay, we shall heat you thoroughly

non.

ke heed, lest by your heat you burn
ourselves.

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee for-
ot to bow?—

ury,—shame to thy silver hair,
misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

lt thou on thy death-bed play the
affian,

for sorrow with thy spectacles?
is faith? O, where is loyalty?

nish'd from the frosty head,
all it find a harbour in the earth?—

go dig a grave to find out war,
ie thine honourable age with blood?

hou old, and want'st experience?
fore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

e! in duty bend thy knee to me,
s unto the grave with mickle age.

vils, curls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged
r crest.

† Bear-keeper.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance
unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for
such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm
himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends
thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams
prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream
again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household

badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Ne-
vil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,*

(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy
bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the

bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,† that's more than
thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Saint Albans.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;

* Helmet.

† One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a
stigma.

But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
other chace,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown
thou fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why
doest thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
in love,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
sword,

As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action
both!—

York. A dreadful lay!*—address thee in-
stantly.

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the
roust;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of
hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world
end, [*Seeing his dead Father.*]

And the promised† flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!‡—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve§
The silver livery of advised|| age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days,

thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis
mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bore a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit.*]

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the winard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit.*]

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not
fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way: and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarums afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect.)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes
made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.*
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Sol-
diers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;†
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,‡
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met
him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

* For parties.

† *I. e.* The gradual detrition of time.

‡ *I. e.* The height of youth: the brow of a hill is its
summit.

* A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

† Sent before their time.

‡ Stop.

§ Obtain.

|| Considerate.

Enter SALISBURY.

L. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day ; [Richard :
the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,
knows, how long it is I have to live ;
it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
have defended me from imminent death.—
lords, we have not got that which we
have :
not enough our foes are this time fled,
g opposites of such repairing nature.†
a. We have not secured that which we have ac-
a. Being enemies that are likely as soon to rally and
re themselves from this defeat.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them ;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—
What says lord Warwick ; shall we after
them ?
War. After them ! nay, before them, if we
can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day :
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets ;—and to London
all :
And more such days as these to us befall !
[*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI. King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,—DUKE OF EXETER,—EARL OF OXFORD,—EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,—EARL OF WESTMORELAND, LORD CLIFFORD, } Lords on King Henry's side.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, } His Sons.
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD, } Of the Duke of York's party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } Uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
LORD RIVEAS, Brother to Lady Grey.—Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.—SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.—SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.—Tutor to Rutland.—MAYOR of York.—LIEUTENANT of the Tower.—A NORLEMAN.—TWO KEEPERS.—A HUNTSMAN.—A Son that has killed his Father.—A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third Act, in France; during all the rest of the Play, in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with White Roses in their Hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slily stole away, and left his men:
 Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
 Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
 Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody Sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, *[To YORK, showing his.]*
 Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's Head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—*[set!]*

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset? Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
 This is the palace of the fearful king,
 And this the regal seat: possess it, York:
 For this is thine, and not king Henry's heir.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—*[night.]*

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
 But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

as we are, let's stay within this
loody parliament shall this be
genet, duke of York, be king;
Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
by-words to our enemies.
leave me not, my lords; be re-
possession of my right.
the king, nor he that loves
st,
e that holds up Lancaster,
ig, if Warwick shake his bells.*
ntagenet, root him up who
— Richard; claim the English
leads YORK to the Throne, who
himself.

er King HENRY, CLIFFORD,
LAND, WESTMORELAND, EXE-
rs, with red Roses in their Hats.

lords, look where the sturdy
ts,
ir of state! belike, he means,
power of Warwick, that false

he crown, and reign as king.—
nberland, he slew thy father;—
l Clifford; and you both have
revenge
s, his favourites, and his friends.
not, heavens, be reveng'd on

e thereof makes Clifford mourn
shall we suffer this? let's pluck
wn:

ger burns, I cannot brook it.
patient, gentle earl of West-
nd.
e is for poltroons, and such as

t there had your father liv'd.
d, here in the parliament
e family of York.
ast thou spoken, consin; be it

know you not, the city favours

troops of soldiers at their beck?
en the duke is slain, they'll
fly.

r be the thought of this from
s heart,
nbles of the parliament-house!
er, frowns, words, and threats,
r that Henry means to use.—

[They advance to the Duke.
uke of York, descend my throne,
grace and mercy at my feet;
ign.

art deceiv'd, I am thine.
me, come down; he made thee
f York.

my inheritance, as the earldom

her was a traitor to the crown.
, thou art a traitor to the crown,
is usurping Henry.
should he follow, but his natural

sometimes little bells hung on them, per-
lds; that is, to fright them from rising.

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard,
duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in
my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thy-
self.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster:
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall main-
tain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You
forget, [field,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the
And slew your fathers, and with colours
spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my
grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall
rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
sons, [lives,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of
words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worth-
less threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the
crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of
March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to
stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith* thou hast lost
it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months
old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet,
methinks, you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your
head.

Mont. Good brother, [To YORK.] as thou
lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the
king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry
leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear
him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my
kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sor-
row,— [lords?

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you,
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
 Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exc. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
 But that the next heir should succeed and
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exc. He is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exc. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
 Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
 Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
 May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
 What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,
 And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
 Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
 Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.

* *I. e.* Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

Clif. Come, these m
West. Farew
 rate kin
 In whose cold
 North. Be th
 York,
 And die in ban
Clif. In drea
 come!
 Or live in peace
[Exeunt Nor]
West.
War. Turn t
 them m
Exc. They se
 not yiel
K. Hen. Ah,
War. Why al
K. Hen. Not
 my son
 Whom I unnati
 But, be it as it
 The crown to th
 Conditionally, t
 To cease this ci
 To honour me a
 And neither by
 To seek to put
York. This o
 perform
War. Long li
 embrac
K. Hen. And
 forwar
York. Now
 cil'd.
Exc. Accurs'
 foes! *[*
York. Farewe
 castle.
War. And I'
 diers.
Norf. And I
Mont. And I
 came.
[Exeunt Y
NORF
Attenc
K. Hen. And
 the cou

Enter Queen

Exc. Here co
 wray*
 I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exc
Q. Mar. Nay
 thee.
K. Hen. Be
 stay.
Q. Mar. Wl
 tremes
 Ah, wretched
 And never see
 Seeing thou ha
 Hath he deserv
 Hadst thou bu
 Or felt that pa
 Or nourish'd h
 Thou wouldst
 blood
 Rather than m
 And disinheri

you cannot disinherit me :
Why should not I succeed ?
Name me, Margaret ;—pardon me,
Name ;— [me.
Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd
To'd thee ! art thou king, and
Enforc'd ? [wretch !
Thee speak. Ah, timorous
Thyself, thy son, and me ;
The house of York such head,
Gain but by their sufferance.
His heirs unto the crown,
Make thy sepulchre,
Far before thy time ?
Cellor, and the lord of Calais ;
Judge commands the narrow

A protector of the realm ;
Can be safe ? such safety finds
Nob, environed with wolves.
Which am a silly woman,
Would have toss'd me on their

Have granted to that act.
At thy life before thine honour :
Dost, I here divorce myself,
Name, Henry, and thy bed,
Parliament be repeal'd,
Is disinherited.
Name, that have forsworn thy

If once they see them spread :
Shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,
The house of York.
Name :—Come, son, let's away ;
Come, we'll after them.
Gentle Margaret, and hear me

Just spoke too much already ;
Gone.

My son Edward, thou wilt stay

Be murder'd by his enemies.
Return with victory from the

Be : till then, I'll follow her.
Son, away ; we may not lin-

MARGARET, and the PRINCE.
Queen ! how love to me, and
Name,
Speak out into terms of rage !
Be on that hateful duke ;
Spirit, winged with desire,
Name, and, like an empty eagle,
Of me, and of my son !
Be three lords torments my

Name, and entreat them fair ;—
Name shall be the messenger.
Name, shall reconcile them all.
[Exit.

Room in Sandal Castle, near
field, in Yorkshire.

RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.
Though I be youngest, give

A better play the orator.
Have reasons strong and for-

Enter YORK.

Now now, sons and brother, at
Warrel ? how began it first ?

* Peck.

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
Yerk. About what ?
Rick. About that which concerns your grace,
and us ;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
Yerk. Mine, boy ? not till king Henry be
dead.
Rick. Your right depends not on his life, or
death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it
now : [breathe,
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
Yerk. I took an oath, that he should quietly
reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be
broken :

I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rick. No ; God forbid, your grace should be
forsworn.

Yerk. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rick. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear
me speak.

Yerk. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rick. An oath is of no moment, being not
Before a true and lawful magistrate, [took
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

Yerk. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or
die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty* and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
But that I seek occasion how to rise ; [more,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a MESSENGER.

But, stay ; What news ? Why com'st thou in
such post ?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls
and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

Yerk. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st
thou, that we fear them ?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it
not :

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[Exit.

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

Yerk. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
mine uncles !

* Of sound judgement.

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her
in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a
need.

A woman's general; What should we fear?

[A March afar off.]

Edic. I hear their drums; let's set our men
in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds
be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Excunt.]

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and
his TUTOR.*

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their
hands!

Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves
thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent
child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is
it fear,

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open
[them.]

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the
wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my fa-
ther's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it
again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives,
and thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefather's graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[Lifting his hand.]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou
slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one

Lest, in revenge

He be as much

Ah, let me live

And when I go

Then let me die

Clif. No can

Thy father slay

Rut. Dii fac!

Clif. Plantag

And this thy m

Shall rust upon

Congea'd with

SCA

Ala

York. The a

field:

My uncles both

And all my fol

Turn back, and

(Or lambs pursu

My sons—God

them:

But this I kno

Like men born

Three times di

And thrice crie

And full as oft

With purple sa

In blood of the

And when the

Richard cried,

ground

And cried,—A

A sceptre! or a

With this, we c

We bodd'd† ag

With bootless l

And spend be

waves.

Ah, hark! the

And I am faint

And, were I s

fury:

The sands are r

Here must I st

Enter Queen M

BER

Come, bloody

land,—

I dare your que

I am your butt,

North. Yield

net.

Clif. Ay, to s

With downrigh

ther.

Now Phaëton l

And made an e

York. My ask

forth

A bird that wil

And, in that ho

Scorning whate

Why come you

fear?

* Since.

† Heaven grant

‡ I.e. We hogg
attend to rally.

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice, [this.

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [Draws.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages;

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men* yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here;

That raught† at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin‡ with the

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance. [entrails,

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale* your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex, [tooth!

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom de-

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type† of king of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verified,— [death.

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government,‡ that makes them seem di-

vine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.||

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the

child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-

less, [wish:

Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy

Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast

thy will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obse-

quies;

* Impale, encircle with a crown. † Kill him.

‡ The distinguishing mark.

§ Government, in the language of the time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

|| The North.

* H. next men. † Reach'd. ‡ Handkerchief.

And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions* move me so,

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,— O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears : This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right, Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ; Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears ; And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—

There, take the crown, and with the crown, my curse ;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ; My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him, To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all, And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God ! My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A plain near MORTIMER'S Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums.—*Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,

(Or whether he be 'scaped away or no, From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit ; Had he been ta'en, we would have heard the news ;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the Or, had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.— How fares my brother ? Why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved Where our right valiant father is become. I saw him in the battle range about ; And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth. Methought he bore† him in the thickest troop, As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;‡

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ; Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So fared our father with his enemies ;

So fled his enemies my warlike father ;

Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

See, how the morning opens her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !

How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trimm'd like a youngker, prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;

Not separated with the racking clouds ;†

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable :

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds,‡

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters ;—By your leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a MESSENGER.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on, When as the noble duke of York was slain, Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes ; And stood against them, as the hope of Troy ; Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ; And many strokes, though with a little axe, Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak, By many hands your father was subdued ; But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen : Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight ;

Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks, A napkin steeped in the harmless blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :

And, after many scorns, many foul taunts, They took his head, and on the gates of York They set the same ; and there it doth remain, The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—

O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :

Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body

* Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

† The clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.

‡ Merit.

§ Hector.

* Sufferings.

† Demeaned himself.

‡ Neat cattle, cows, oxen, &c.

ground be closed up in rest:
 ce forth shall I joy again,
 er, shall I see more joy.
 not weep: for all my body's mois-

[heart:
 to quench my furnace-burning
 tongue unload my heart's great
 n;
 wind, that I should speak withal,
 als, that fire all my breast,
 up with flames, that tears would
 h.

make less the depth of grief:
 for babes; blows, and revenge,
 d!—

ur thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 ed by attempting it.

ame that valiant duke hath left
 hee;

and his chair with me is left.
 if thou be that princely eagle's

ent by gazing 'gainst the sun;
 dnedom, throne and kingdom

thine, or else thou wert not his.

WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with
 Forces.

now, fair lords? What fare?
 news abroad?

lord of Warwick, if we should
 it

ews, at each word's deliverance,
 in our flesh till all were told,
 uld add more anguish than the
 ls.

, the duke of York is slain.

rwick! Warwick! that Planta-

ce dearly as his soul's redemp-
 lord Clifford done to death.*

ays ago I drown'd these news in

add more measure to your woes,
 you things since then befall'n.

ly fray at Wakefield fought,
 rave father breathed his latest

iftly as the post could run,
 me of your loss, and his depart.
 lon, keeper of the king,

soldiers, gather'd flocks of
 s,

appointed, as I thought,
 rds Saint Albans to intercept
 een,

ng in my behalf along:

uts I was advertised,

oming with a full intent

te decree in parliament,

g Henry's oath, and your suc-
 n.

ake,—we at St. Albans met,
 oin'd, and both sides fiercely

;

twas the coldness of the king,

ll gently on his warlike queen,

y soldiers of their hated spleen;

vas report of her success;

ommon fear of Clifford's rigour,

s to his captives—blood and

: but, to conclude with truth,

Their weapons like to lightning came and
 went;

Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,

With promise of high pay, and great rewards:

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day,

So that we fled: the king, unto the queen;

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and

myself, [you;

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with

For in the marches here, we heard, you were,

Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle

Warwick? [England?

And when came George from Burgundy to

War. Some six miles off the duke is with

the soldiers;

And for your brother,—he was lately sent

From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-

wick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,

But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost

thou hear; [mine

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of

Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;

Were he as famous and as bold in war,

As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame

me not:

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.

But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

And wrap our bodies in black mourning

gowns,

Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek

you out:

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With Clifford, and the haught* Northumber-

land,

And of their feather, many more proud birds,

Have wrought the easy melting king, like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,

To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:

Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave earl of

March,

Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,

Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* To London will we march amain:

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!

But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great War-

wick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,

That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will

I lean; [hour!]

And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the

* Killed.

* Lefty.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY E

Edward fall, which peril heaven fore-
fend!

No longer earl of March, but duke of
York;

Next degree is, England's royal throne:
King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
Every borough as we pass along;

He, that throws not up his cap for joy,
For the fault make forfeit of his head.

Edward,—valiant Richard,—Monta-
gue,—

We no longer dreaming of renown,
Sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
As steel,

Thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,) [fence?

Not to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Then strike up, drums;—God, and
Saint George, for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now? What news?

The duke of Norfolk sends you word
By me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;

Craves your company for speedy counsel.

Why then it sorts,* brave warriors:
Let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before York.

*King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the
Duke of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUM-
BERLAND, with Forces.*

Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave
Town of York:—

Here's the head of that arch-enemy,
Sought to be encompass'd with your
crown:

Is not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
Fear their wreck;—

Not this sight, it irks my very soul.—

Would revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Sittingly have I infringed my vow.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
Harmful pity, must be laid aside.

How do lions cast their gentle looks?

On the beast that would usurp their den.

The hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Is, that spoils her young before her face.

Escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

He, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;

Doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood.

Unconscious York did level at thy crown,

Smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

Not a duke, would have his son a king,

Or raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Not being a king, blessed with a goodly son,

Would yield consent to disinherit him,

But argued thee a most unloving father.

Reasonable creatures feed their young:

Though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

In protection of their tender ones,

Thou hast not seen them (even with those
wings flight,)

How sometime they have used with fearful

War with him that climb'd unto their
nest, [fence?]

Living their own lives in their young's de-

hame, my liege, make them your prece-

dit not pity, that this goodly boy [dent!]

* Why then things are as they should be.

Should lose his birthright
And long hereafter as
What my great-grandfather
My careless father found
Ah, what a shame we
And let his manly fate
Successful fortune, at
To hold thine own, a
him.

K. Hen. Full well
orator,

Inferring arguments.

But, Clifford, tell me

That things ill got be

And happy always w

Whose father for his

I'll leave my son my

And 'would my father

For all the rest is he

As brings a thousand

Than in possession a

Ah, cousin York! 't

know,

How it doth grieve r

Q. Mar. My lord, c

foes are nigh

And this soft coura

You promised knigh

Unsheath your swo

Edward, kneel down

K. Hen. Edward P

And learn this less

right.

Prince. My gracious

I'll draw it as appar

And in that quarrel

Clif. Why, that

prince.

Enter a

Mess. Royal com

For, with a band of

Comes Warwick, ba

And, in the towns a

Proclaims him king,

Darraign your battle

Clif. I would, yo

the field;

The queen hath best

Q. Mar. Ay, good

our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, thu

fore I'll stay

North. Be it with

Prince. My royal

lords,

And hearten those t

Unsheath your swo

George!

March.—*Enter EDW*

WARWICK, NORF

diers.

Edw. Now, perjur

for grace,

And set thy diadem

Or bide the mortal f

Q. Mar. Go rate t

ing boy!

Becomes it thee to b

Before thy sovereign

Edw. I am his kin

I was adopted heir l

Since when, his oati

* Foolishly.

† I. e. Arrange your h

That are king, though he do wear the crown,—
 caused him, by new act of parliament,
 out me, and put his own son in.
 And reason too;
 Could succeed the father, but the son?
 Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak.

Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
 he the proudest of thy sort.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
 was it not?

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
 For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

War. Why, how now long-tongued Warwick? Dare you speak?

You and I met at St. Albans last,
 you did better service than your hands.

'Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently!—

Off the parle; for scarce I can refrain execution of my big-swollen heart

at Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

I didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
 ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

War. Have done with words, my lords,
 and hear me speak.

War. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

War. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my king, and privileged to speak. [tongue;

My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,

be cured by words; therefore be still.

Then executioner, unsheath thy sword:
 that made us all, I am resolved,*

Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
 Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

And men have broke their fasts to-day,
 ere'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

York in justice puts his armour on.

War. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,

as no wrong, but every thing is right.

Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

all I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

War. But thou art neither like thy sire,
 nor dam;

be a foul misshapen stigmatic,

by the destinies to be avoided,

from toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,†

my firm persuasion

branded by nature.

is a superficial covering of gold.

Whose father bears the title of a king,
 (As if a channel* should be call'd the sea,) Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callet‡ know herself.—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus:§

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tamed the king, and made the dauphin

stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day:

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day;

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for

him,

[France,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root: [selves,

And though the edge hath something hit our—

Yet, know thou since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—Let our bloody colours wave!—

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives to day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Tourton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death! [clouded.

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is

War. How now, my lord? What hap? What hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:

What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

* Kennel was then pronounced channel.

† To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.

‡ Drab.

§ I. e. A cuckold.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY V

bootless is flight, they follow us with
sings;
k we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Ah, Warwick, why hast thou with-
drawn thyself?
ther's blood the thirsty earth hath
drunk, [lance:
i with the steely point of Clifford's
the very pangs of death. he cried,—
a dismal clangor heard from far,—
k, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!
neath the belly of their steeds,
ain'd their fetlocks in his smoking
blood,
le gentleman gave up the ghost.
Then let the earth be drunken with
our blood:
my horse, because I will not fly.
and we like soft hearted women here,
our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
ok upon,* as if the tragedy
lay'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
a my knee I vow to God above,
er pause again, never stand still,
er death hath closed these eyes of mine,
une given me measure of revenge.

(O Warwick, I do bend my knee with
thine;
a this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
re my knee rise from the earth's cold
face, [thee,
w my hands, mine eyes, my heart to
etter up and plucker down of kings!
hing thee,—if with thy will it stands,
my foes this body must be prey,—
at thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
ive sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
lords, take leave until we meet again,
er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
Brother, give me thy hand;—and gen-
tle Warwick,
embrace thee in my weary arms:—
did never weep, now melt with woe,
winter should cut off our spring-time so.
Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
farewell.
Yet let us all together to our troops,
ive them leave to fly that will not stay;
all them pillars, that will stand to us;
if we thrive, promise them such rewards
ctors wear at the Olympian games:
may plant courage in their quailing
breasts;
et is hope of life, and victory.—
slow; no longer, make we hence amain.
[Exeunt.

*SCENE IV.—The same.—Another part of the
Field.*

ursions.—Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

A. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
alone:
ose, this arm is for the duke of York,
this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
f. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone:
is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York:
this the hand, that slew thy brother Rut-
land: [death,
here's the heart, that triumphs in their

nd are mere spectators.
nking into dejection.
fore-slow is to be dilatory, to loiter.

And cheers these hand
brother,
To execute the like us
And so, have at thee.
[They fight.—WARWICK
Rich. Nay, Warwic
chase;
For I myself will hun

*SCENE V.—A
Alarm.—Enter*

K. Hen. This battl
ing's war,
When dying clouds
What time the sheph
Can neither call it pe
Now sways it this wi
Forced by the tide to
Now sways it that w
Forced to retire by fi
Sometime, the flood
Now, one the better;
Both tugging to be v
Yet neither conquere
So is the equal poise
Here on this molehill
To whom God will, t
For Margaret, my qu
Have chid me from t
They prosper best of
'Would I were dead!
so:

For what is in this w
(O God! methinks, it
To be no better than
To sit upon a hill, as
To carve out dials qu
Thereby to see the m
How many make the
How many hours bri
How many days will
How many years a n
When this is known,
So many hours must
So many hours must
So many hours must
So many days my ew
So many weeks ere t
So many years ere I
So minutes, hours, d
years,

Pass'd over to the en
Would bring white h
Ah, what a life were
lovely!

Gives not the hawth
To shepherds, lookin
Than doth a rich em
To kings, that fear th
O, yes, it doth; a the
And to conclude,—
curds,
His cold thin drink o
His wonted sleep unc
All which secure and
Is far beyond a princ
His viands sparkling
His body couched in
When care, mistrus

*Alarm.—Enter a So
ther, dragging
Son. Ill blows the
body.—*

and in hand I slew in fight,
with some store of crowns:
take them from him now,
yield both my life and them
as this dead man doth to

all! it is my father's face,
yet I unawares have kill'd.
reliving such events!
a king was I press'd forth;
an earl of Warwick's man,
of York, press'd by his

hands receiv'd my life,
of life bereaved him.—
knew not what I did!—
er, for I knew not thee!
away these bloody marks;
till they have flow'd their

sons spectacle! O bloody
and battle for their dens,
he abide their enmity.—
man, I'll aid thee tear for
, and eyes, like civil war,
rs, and break o'ercharged

he hath killed his Son, with
dy in his Arms.

so stoutly had resisted me,
if thou hast any gold;
it with a hundred blows.—
is this our foeman's face?
is mine only son!—
e be left in thee,
e; see, see, what showers

ndy tempest of my heart,
s, that kill mine eye and

miserable age!—
' how fell, how butcherly,
ns, and unnatural,
el daily doth beget!—
gave thee life too soon,
tee of thy life too late!
bove woe! Grief more than
rief! [deeds!—

! would stay these ruthless
e heaven, pity;—
the white are on his face,
f our striving houses:
: blood right well resembles:
: cheek, methinks, present:
and let the other flourish!
thousand lives must wither.
my mother, for a father's

and ne'er be satisfied!
l my wife, for slaughter of

, and ne'er be satisfied?
will the country, for these
ances,
g, and not be satisfied?
woe, so rued a father's death?
- father, so bemoan'd a son!
ver king, so grieved for sub-
s?
ow; mine, ten times so much.

seems dreadful events.
thy of

Son, I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
my fill. [Exit with the Body.

Father. These arms of mine shall be thy wind-
ing sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons. [will,
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the Body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter Queen MARGA-
RET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Ber-
wick post again; [hounds,
Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exr. Away! for vengeance comes along
with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter;

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same.

A loud Alarum.—Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it
dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.

My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to
thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud
York,

The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings
should do,

Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in
peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what make robbers bold, but too much
lenity? [wounds;

Rootless are plaints, and careless are my
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out fight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserved no pity;
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

Edw. Rootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot then prevail.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Branch'd with the steely point of Clifford's And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their skirts in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft hearted women here,
Waiting our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon,* as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by countervailing actors!
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pants again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my face this body must be pry,—
Yet that thy heaven gates of heaven may open,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and gentle Warwick.

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should out off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Pursue; no longer, make we hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The same.—Another part of the Field.

Exeunt.—Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:

Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland:

And here's the heart, that triumphs in their

* And are there spectators.

† Looking into disposition.

‡ No doubt, as to be necessary, to leave.

And shows those hands that slew thy dear brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.—WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD falls.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light.

What time the shepherd, blowing of his tale,
Can neither call it perfect day, or night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind.

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind.

Sometime, the flood prevails, and then, the wind,
Now, one the better, then, another best.

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered.

So is the equal power of the fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,

Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:

For what is in this world, but grief and woe!
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dike quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,

How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleeces:

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How

lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery!
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

And to conclude,—The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on

him.
Alarum.—Enter a Boy that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead Body.

Boy. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—

This man, whom hand in hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night, yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth to me.—

Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear:
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a FATHER who hath killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly had resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems,* how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! Grief more than common grief! [deeds!—
O, that my death would stay these ruthless
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity;—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheek, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,

Misthink† the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son, so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king, so grieved for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit with the Body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons. [will,
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the Body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions.—Enter Queen MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain; [hounds,
Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exc. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same.

A loud Alarum.—Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,

The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phaëbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what make robbers bold, but too much lenity? [wounds;

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserved no pity;
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

* This word here means dreadful events.

† Think unfavourably of.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.
[Aside.]
Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
[Aside.]
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
[Aside.]
K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave* have you; for you will have leave,
[crutch.]
 Till youth take leave, and leave you to the
[GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.]
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's land, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
[Aside.]
Clar. As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.
[Aside.]
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
[Aside.]
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
 What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* This phrase implies readiness of assent.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
 Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination, Accords not with the sadness* of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
 No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
[Aside.]
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
[Aside.]
K. Edw. *[Aside.]* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
 Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty;
 One way, or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen!
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state, I swear to thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends:
 And that is to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
 I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
[lor,
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor—
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
 To be the father unto many sons.
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
[Aside.]
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
[Aside.]
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

* The seriousness.

, jest on, brothers: I can tell
ed for her husband's lands.

ter a NOBLEMAN.

ious lord, Henry your foe is
r prisoner to your palace gate.
that he be convey'd unto the

bers, to the man that took him,
s apprehension.—

along;—Lords, use her hon-

r EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLA-
, and Lord.

ard will use women honour-
[all,
wasted, marrow, bones, and
ains no hopeful branch may

i the golden time I look for!
n my soul's desire, and me,
ard's t~~he~~ buried,). [ward,
nry, and his son young Ed-
ok'd-for issue of their bodies,
ms, ere I can place myself:
ition for my purpose!
ut dream on sovereignty;
nds upon a promontory,
r-off shore where he would

were equal with his eye;
sea that sunders him from

e it dry to have his way:
crown, being so far off;
he means that keep me from
ll cut the causes off, [it;
th impossibilities.—

ick, my heart o'erweens too
[them.

i and strength could equal
no kingdom then for Richard;
ure can the world afford?

ven in a lady's lap,
ly in gay ornaments, [looks.
t ladies with my words and
ght! and more unlikely,
ish twenty golden crowns!

re me in my mother's womb:
I not deal in her soft laws
rail nature with a bribe

rm up like a wither'd shrub;
ous mountain on my back,
nity to mock my body;

of an unequal size;
me in every part,
or an unlick'd bear-whelp,

mpression like the dam.

man to be belov'd?

lt, to harbour such a thought!

earth affords no joy to me,

, to check, to o'erbear such

person than myself, [crown;

reaven—to dream upon the

ve, to account this world but

[head,

ap'd trunk that bears this

d^e with a glorious crown.

not how to get the crown,

tand between me and home:

lost in a thorny wood,

thorns, and is rent with the

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And, cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to theameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—France.—A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, and
Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his
State. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
EDWARD her son, and the Earl of OXFORD.*

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy
Margaret, [Rising.

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now
Margaret [serve,

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to
Where kings command. I was, I must con-
fess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence
springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like
thyself,

And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts, [speak.

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man;

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of

Usurps the regal title, and the seat [York,
Of England's true-anoointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's

heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

to the crown be weak,—
by Edward's good success,—
son, that I be releas'd
, which late I promised.
Ive all kindness at my hand,
requires, and mine can yield.
now lives in Scotland, at his

othing, nothing he can lose.
yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
er able to maintain you;
ere, you troubled him than

ce, impudent and shameless
k, peace;
and puller-down of kings!
till with my talk and tears,
h, I make king Lewis behold
nce,* and thy lord's false love;
are birds of self-same feather.

[A Horn sounded within.
wick, this is some post to us,

ter a MESSENGER.

ambassador, these letters are
rother, marquis Montague.
sing unto your majesty.—
hese for you; from whom, I
ot.

ET. *They all read their Letters.*
well, that our fair queen and
[his.

ws, while Warwick frowns at
ark, how Lewis stamps as he
ttled:

the best.
rick, what are thy news? and
air queen?

such as fill my heart with un-
ys.
ull of sorrow and heart's dis-

! has your king married the
ey?

th your forgery and his,
er to persuade me patience?
ce that he seeks with France?
e to scorn us in this manner?
your majesty as much before:
lward's love, and Warwick's

ewis, I here protest,—in sight
en,

I have of heavenly bliss,—
om this misdeed of Edward's;
g, for he dishonours me;
f, if he could see his shame.—
t by the house of York

untimely to his death?
e abuse done to my niece?
i with the regal crown?

from his native right;
on'd† at the last with shame?
f! for my desert is honour.

y honour lost for him,
him, and return to Henry:
let former grudges pass,

I am thy true servitor;
s wrong to lady Bona,
ry in his former state.

rick, these words have turn'd
to love;
d quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's
friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than ho-

nour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
veng'd,

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's,
are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with
yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine,
and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all
at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return
in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear* thy king

withal.
Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widow-
er shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done
me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward
battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyal-
ty:—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your motion:—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to War-

wick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well de-
serves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[He gives his hand to WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

† Rewarded.

* Fright.

2. iii. Edward fall by war's mischance.
 His king marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
 I return his sworn and martial foe.
 For of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 A dreadful war shall answer his demand.

He none else to make a stain,* but me
 I none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow,
 As the chief that rais'd him to the crown.

I'll be chief to bring him down again:
 That I pity Henry's misery.

I seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London.—A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

O. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
 think you

his new marriage with the lady Grey?

Is not our brother made a worthy choice?

War. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
 France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

O. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes
 the king.

Music. Enter King EDWARD, attended; Lady
 MARY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD,
 ARKING, and others.

O. And his well-chosen bride.

War. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Edw. Now brother of Clarence, how like
 you our choice,

you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

War. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl
 of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
 they'll take no offence at our abuse.

Edw. Suppose, they take offence without
 a cause,

Which are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Ed-
 ward king and Warwick's, and must have my
 will.

O. And you shall have your will, because
 our king:

hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you of-
 fended too?

O. Not I:

God forbid, that I should wish them se-
 parate. God hath join'd together: ay, and
 'twere pity,

to under them that yoke so well together.

Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mis-
 like aside,

Give me some reason, why the lady Grey
 should not become my wife, and England's
 queen:—

Why you too, Somerset, and Montague,
 speak freely what you think.

War. Then this is my opinion,—that king
 Lewis

loves your enemy, for mocking him
 at the marriage of the lady Bona.

O. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
 charge,

is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick
 be appeas'd,

such invention as I can devise?

O. Yet to have join'd with France in
 such alliance.

* A stalking horse, a pretence.

Would more have
 monwealth

'Gainst foreign strength
 Hast. Why, know
 itself

England is safe, if

Mont. Yes; but
 with France

Hast. 'Tis better
 France:

Let us be back'd with

Which he hath given

And with their help

In them, and in our

Clar. For this once
 deserves

To have the heir of
 K. Edw. Ay, with

and grant;

And, for this once,

Glo. And yet, my

done well.

To give the heir as

Unto the brother of

She better would be

But in your bride

Clar. Or else your

the heir

Of the lord Bonvil

And leave your

where.

K. Edw. Alas, my

That thou art male

Clar. In choosing

your judge

Which being shall

To play the broker

And, to that end,

K. Edw. Leave:

king,

And not be tied up

Q. Eliz. My lord

To raise my state

Do me but right, and

That I was not igno-

And meaner than

But as this title be

So your dislikes, to

Do cloud my joys

row.

K. Edw. My love

frowns:

What danger, or

So long as Edward

And their true

obey?

Nay, whom they

Unless they seek

Which if they do,

And they shall feel

Glo. I hear, yet

more.

Enter

K. Edw. Now, my
 what news

From France?

Mess. My sovereign

few words

But such as I, with

Dare not relate.

* This has been the same
 understood and favoured
 † The heiresses of the
 the king, who matched

to, we pardon thee: therefore,
f, words as near as thou canst
them. [letters?

makes king Lewis unto our
depart, these were his very

ward, thy supposed king,—
France is sending over maskers,
him and his new bride.

Lewis so brave? belike, he
me Henry.

lady Bona to my marriage?
were her words, utter'd with
adain;

he'll prove a widower shortly,
low garland for his sake.

lame not her, she could say
as; [queen;

ong. But what said Henry's
d, that she was there in place.

im, quoth she, my mourning
re done,†

to put armour on.

ike, she minds to play the
n.

Warwick to these injuries?

re incens'd against your ma-
[words;

est, discharg'd me with these
; that he hath done me wrong,

I uncrown him, ere't be long.

durst the traitor breathe out
d words?

me, being thus forewarn'd:

wars, and pay for their pre-
n.

wick friends with Margaret?

icious sovereign; they are so
a friendship,

ince Edward marries War-
laughter.

the elder; Clarence will have
nger.

ng, farewell, and sit you fast,
to Warwick's other daughter;

want a kingdom, yet in mar-
inferior to yourself.— [riage

ie and Warwick, follow me.

RENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

at a further matter; I

of Edward, but the crown.

nce and Somerset both gone
ick! [Aside.

against the worst can happen;
dful in this desperate case.—

Stafford, you in our behalf

I make prepare for war;

, or quickly will be landed:

will straight follow you.

at PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

astings,—and Montague,—

t. You twain, of all the rest,

rwick, by blood, and by al-

ve Warwick more than me?

oth depart to him;

foes, than hollow friends;

o hold your true obedience,

ie with some friendly vow,

have you in suspect.

help Montague, as he proves

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's
cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you
stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall with-
stand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French
and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes
well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us,

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence
come;—

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's overture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard, [sure?

We may surprize and take him at our plea-

Our scouts have found the adventure very

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede, [easy:

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'

tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal

steeds; [mantle,

So we, well cover'd with the night's black

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprize him.—

You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint

George! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain WATCHMEN, to guard the King's
Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to-bed?

1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a so-
lemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,

Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be
the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman

is that,

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.

† Thrown off.

2 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king, [him, That his chief followers lodge in towns about While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

2 Watch. Ay; but give me worship and quietness, I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent, But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard. Courage, my masters: honour now, or never! But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm!—WARWICK, and the rest following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding, Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last, Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd: When you disgrac'd me in my embassy, Then I degraded you from being king, And come now to create you duke of York. Alas! how should you govern any kingdom, That know not how to use ambassadors; Nor how to be contented with one wife; Nor how to use your brothers brotherly, Nor how to study for the people's welfare; Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too? [down.—

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself, and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as king: Though fortune's malice overthrow my state, My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind,* be Edward England's king: [Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown, And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

My lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd Unto my brother, archbishop of York. When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:— Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

* *Z. c.* In his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King EDWARD, led out; Somerset with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares: And, as I further have to understand, Is now committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may; Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of Edward's offspring in my womb: This is it that makes me bridle passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross. Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs. Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head: Guess thou the rest, king Edward's friends must down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, (For trust not him that hath once broken faith.) I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary, To save at least the heir of Edward's right: There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud. Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly; If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case: You know, our king my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

with good usage and great liberty;
often, but attended with weak guard,
as hunting this way to disport himself.
He advertis'd him by secret means,
Of about this hour, he make this way,
In the colour of his usual game,
Shall here find his friends, with horse and
men,
Set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a HUNTMAN.

Edw. This way, my lord; for this way lies
the game.

Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where
the huntmen stand.—

Brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and
the rest,

if you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Brother, the time and case requireth
haste;

My horse stands ready at the park corner.

Edw. But whither shall we then?

Edw. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from
thence to Flanders.

Edw. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was
my meaning.

Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forward-
ness.

Edw. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to
talk.

Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt
thou go along?

Edw. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Edw. Come then, away; let's have no more
ado.

Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from
Warwick's frown;

I pray that I may repossess the crown.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK,
SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MON-
MOUTH, LIEUTENANT of the Tower, and At-
tendants.

Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God
and friends

Shaken Edward from the regal seat;

Turn'd my captive state to liberty,

Turn to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

What enlargement what are thy due fees?

Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns;

If an humble prayer may prevail,

Crave pardon of your majesty.

Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using
me?

Edw. Be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,

That it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Such a pleasure as incaged birds

Give, when, after many moody thoughts,

By notes of household harmony,

Quite forget their loss of liberty:—

Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
Wholly therefore I thank God, and thee;

—the author, thou the instrument.

Edw. That I may conquer fortune's spite,
Low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

Let the people of this blessed land

Be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

Edw. Although my head still wear the
crown,

Be resign my government to thee,

Thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Edw. Your grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:†
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace.
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.‡

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjung'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blessed in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for pro-
tector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me
both your hands;

Now join your hands, and, with your hands,
your hearts,

That no dissention hinder government:

I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sove-
reign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield
consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I
be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than need-
ful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be de-
termin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want
his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief
affairs,

Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)‡
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with
all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is
that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry; earl of
Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If
secret powers

[Lays his Hand on his Head.]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad‡ will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a MESSENGER.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your
brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he
escape?

* Few men conform their temper to their destiny.

† Present.

‡ Afterward Henry VII.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

lord Hastings, who attended* him
t ambush on the forest side,
m the bishop's huntmen rescued him;
ting was his daily exercise.

My brother was too careless of his charge.—

us hence, my sovereign, to provide
for any sore that may betide.

unt King HENRY, WAR. CLAR. LIEUT.
and Attendants.

My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:

ubtleless, Burgundy will yield him help;
e shall have more wars, before't be long.

ry's late presaging prophecy
d my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;

my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
ay befall him, to his harm, and ours:
re, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
th we'll send him hence to Britany,
us be past of civil enmity.

ly; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
e, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
erefore, let's about it speedily.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Before York.

King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces.

Mr. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
s far fortune maketh us amends,
s—that once more I shall interchange
ed state for Henry's regal crown.
ve we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

ought desired help from Burgundy:
en remains, we being thus arriv'd
avenspurgh haven before the gates of York,

t we enter, as into our dukedom?
he gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;

ay men, that stumble at the threshold,
I foretold—that danger lurks within.

Mr. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:

or foul means we must enter in,
er will our friends repair to us.

My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

n the Walls, the MAYOR of York, and his Brethren.

My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,

at the gates for safety of ourselves;
we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Mr. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,

ward, at the least, is duke of York.

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

Mr. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;

g well content with that alone.

But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to

Hast. Why, master m
a doubt?

(Open the gates, we are!

May. Ay, say you so?!

open'd.

Glo. A wise stout ca

soon!

Hast. The good old m

were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him

I doubt not, I, but we al

Both him, and all his br

Re-enter the MAYOR and

K. Edw. So, master m

not be shut,

But in the night, or in t

What! fear not, man, bu

For Edward will defem

And all those friends th

Drum.—Enter MONT

marc

Glo. Brother, this is!

Our trusty friend, unle

K. Edw. Welcome, Si

you in arms?

Mont. To help king

storm,

As every loyal subject

K. Edw. Thanks, goo

now forget

Our title to the crown;

Our dukedom, till God

Mont. Then fare you

again;

I came to serve a king,

Drummer, strike up, a

K. Edw. Nay, stay,

we'll debate.

By what safe means the

Mont. What talk y

words,

If you'll not here procl

I'll leave you to your f

To keep them back tha

Why should we fight,

Glo. Why, brother, v

nice points?

K. Edw. When we g

make our clai

Till then, 'tis wisdom

Hast. Away with sci

must rule.

Glo. And fearless m

crowns.

Brother, we will procl

The bruit thereof will

K. Edw. Then be it

And Henry but usurps

Mont. Ay, now my

himself;

And now will I be Ed

Hast. Sound, trumpe

proclaim'd:—

Come, fellow-soldier, n

[Give

Sold. [Reads.] Edu

grace of God, king of E

lord of Ireland, &c.

* The mayor is willing we

be blamed.

† Na

* I. e. Waited for him.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,
[Throws down his Guntlet.

All. Long live king Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and
thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon, [mates;

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his

For, well I wot,* that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems

thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and
Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE VIII.—London.—A Room in the
Palace.**

**Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.**

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from
Belgia,

With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to

London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back
again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Cla-
rence,

Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with
thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com-
mand'st:—

[lov'd,

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well be-

In Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—

Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my
Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-
tunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my
leave.

Oxf. And thus [Kissing HENRY'S hand.] I
seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
tague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at
Coventry.

[Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a
while.

* Know.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the
rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed* hath
got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much

err'd; [me?

Then why should they love Edward more than

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are
these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.

You are the fount, that makes small brooks to

flow; [dry,

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not
speak.

[Exeunt some with King HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.*

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coven-
try. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

**Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of
Coventry, two MESSENGERS, and others.**

War. Where is the post, that came from
valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hi-
therward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant
troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving
son?

And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his
forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[Drum heard.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his
drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam
lies; [Warwick.

The drum your honour hears, marcheth from

* Merit.

† The allusion is to the proverb, "Make hay while the
sun shines."

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Sam. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come? [duc'd,

Where slept our scouts, or how are they set? That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates, [knee?—

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, [down?—

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give? I'll do thee service for so good a gift.*

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!†

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend; [hair,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off, blood,—

Write in the dust this sentence with thy Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt, Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city, being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! [He and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Sam. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York; And thou shalt be the third, if this shall hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevail,

More than the nature of a brother's love:—Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means;

[Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee: I will not rinate my father's house, [gather,

Who gave his blood to lime* the stones to—And set up Lancaster, Why, throw'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,† unnatural, To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king? Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety [tr. Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter

I am so sorry for my trespass made, That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe; With resolution, whereso'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,) To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee, And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; And, Richard, do not frown upon my fault,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

* I. e. To cement.

† Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness

‡ Eminent, egregious.

* I. e. Enroll myself among thy dependents.

† A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards.

us, I am not coop'd here for de-
ce:
towards Barnet presently,
the battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
is the way:—
field; Saint George, and victory.
[March. *Exeunt.*

I.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Excursions. Enter King EDWARD,
ring in WARWICK wounded.*

lo, lie thou there: die thou, and die
[*Edw.*]
It was a bug,* that fear'dt us all.—
ague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
ick's bones may keep thine com-
y. [Exit.
who is nigh? come to me, friend,
oe,
who is victor, York, or Warwick?
that? my mangled body shows,
ay want of strength, my sick heart
wa,
yield my body to the earth,
fall, the conquest to my foe.
the cedar to the axe's edge,
I gave shelter to the princely eagle,
to shade the ramping lion slept?
branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
[wind.
ow shrubs from winter's powerful
that now are dimm'd with death's
ok veil,
as piercing as the mid-day sun,
he secret treasures of the world:
es in my brows, now fill'd with
od,
'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
'd king, but I could dig his grave?
urst smile, when Warwick bent his
or?
glory smear'd in dust and blood!
my walks, my manors that I had,
brake me; and, of all my lands,
left me, but my body's length!
is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
it?
re how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as
are,
recover all our loss again!
from France hath brought a puis-
at power;
we heard the news: Ah, could'st
on fly!
hy, then I would not fly.—Ah, Mon-
gue,
there, sweet brother, take my hand,
thy lips keep in my soul a while!
t me not, for, brother, if thou didst,
would wash this cold congealed
ood,
s my lips, and will not let me speak.
kly, Montague, or I am dead.
, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd
s last;
latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
—Commend me to my valiant brother
he would have said; and more he
ake,

upbear.

† Terrified.

Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!— [bide
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's Body.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Field.

*Flourish.—Enter King EDWARD in triumph;
with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the
queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends, [bury;
That they do hold their course toward Tewke-
We having now the beat at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, For willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented,
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

*March.—Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince ED-
WARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea.
And give more strength to that which hath too
much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this?
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast; [lings?
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

But keep our course, though the rough wind
say—no, [wreck.
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
As good to chide the waves, as speak them
fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the bro-
thers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms,
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a
courage! [shame.—
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
O, brave young prince! thy famous grand-
father

Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a
hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your
forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will
not budge.

March. *Enter at a distance, King EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot,* ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what, I should say,
My tears gainsay;† for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your
sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name,
lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.—Another part of the same.

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat.
Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
and Forces; with Queen MARGARET,
OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle* straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them
speak.

Oxf. For my part, I will not trouble thee
with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous
world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who
finds Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and, lo, where youthful Edward
comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. B'ring forth the gallant, let us hear
him speak:

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make.
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambi-
tious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel
thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee.
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer
to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so re-
solv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the
petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lan-
caster.

Prince. Let Æsop's fable in a winter's night;
His curish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for
that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive
scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-
back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm
your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

* A castle in Picardy.

† The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, *E. 7*
† *I. e.* I will compel you to be as silent as if you were
deprived of speech by enchantment.

* Know.

† Unsay, deny.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful: [George,—

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell you all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [GLO. stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [CLAR. stabs him.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?*

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [Exit.

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy! [derers!—

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all, Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame, If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child; And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. [it? What's worse than murderer, that I may name

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:— And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals! How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had, The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here; [death:

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy—Twas sin before,† but now 'tis charity. [self; What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's

butcher, [thou? Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly.

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

* Dispute, contention.

† She alludes to the desertion of Clarence

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort [don,

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London, And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—London.—A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better: Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless* shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece, And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush, [bush:

With trembling wings misdoubteth† every And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye, Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,

and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish‡ fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl? And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy, Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point, Than can my ears that tragic history.—

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art; If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel§ of my fear; And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,— Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,— Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign; The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd|| her on the chimney's top, And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

* Careless. † To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear. ‡ Childish. § No part of what my fears preface. || To rook, signified to squat down or lodge on any thing.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump, [hope;
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st.—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy
speech; [Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
mounted. [death!

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
house!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee
thither, [Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the
dog. [so,

Then since the heavens have shap'd my body
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.— [light;
Clarence beware; thou keep'st me from the
But I will sort* a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—The same.—A Room in the
Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his
Throne; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant
Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

* Select.

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their
pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound:

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security,—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and my-
self, [night;

Have in our armour watch'd the winter's
Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repose the crown in
peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back:—

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt reap:— [Exit.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my
lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brother-hath
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master;

And cried—all hail! when as he meant } *Aside.*
—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,
Having my country's peace, and brother
loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France. [time

And now what rests, but that we spend the
With stately triumphs,* mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, our
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

* Public shows.

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

ING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FOURTH.
Wales, after- } Sons to the
ward V. } King.
York. }
Clarence, } Brothers to
Gloster, af- } the King.
Richard III. }
Clarence.
Richmond, afterwards King
R, Archbishop of Canter-
Archbishop of York.
op of Ely.
M.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
other to King Edward's
T, and LORD GREY, her
—LORD HASTINGS.—LORD
LOVEL.
IAN.—SIR RICHARD RAT-

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.—SIR JAMES TYREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.—SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the
Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.—Another
Priest.
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—SHERIFF OF WILT-
SHIRE.
ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Queen of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward
IV., CLARENCE, and GLOSTER.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of
Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; after-
wards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A young DAUGHTER of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen,
a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Mur-
derers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, England.

ACT I.
London.—A Street.

• GLOSTER.

inter of our discontent
er by this sun of York;
at low'd upon our house,
f the ocean buried.
s bound with victorious

ing up for monuments;
ang'd to merry meetings,
s to delightful measures.*
th smooth'd his wrinkled

f mounting barbed† steeds,
fearful adversaries,—
a lady's chamber,
asing of a lute.
shap'd for sportive tricks,
a amorous looking-glass;
tamp'd, and want love's

ton ambling nymph;
f this fair proportion,
y dissembling nature,
sent before my time

† Armed.

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions* dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Cla-
rence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed
guard,
That waits upon your grace?

* Preparations for mischief.

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I
protest,

As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys* as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there, [er;
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tow-
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man se-
cure, [heralds

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress
Shore.

Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:

The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,†
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewo-
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy. [men,

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon
me;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Bra-
kenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:

We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,

A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have
naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I
tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou
betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me;
and, withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury,
and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects,* and must
obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—*sis*—
I will perform it to enfranchise you. [ter,—
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be
I will deliver you, or else lie for you: [long;
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exit CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hast-
ings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious
lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamber-
Well are you welcome to this open air. [lain!
How hath your lordship brook'd imprison-
ment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Cla-
rence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be
mew'd,†

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at
home;—

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad
O, he hath kept an evil diet long, [indeed.
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take king Edward to his
mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
daughter: [ther?

What though I kill'd her husband and her fa-
The readiest way to make the wench amends,

Is—to become her husband, and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:

* Fancies.

† The Queen and Shore.

* Lowest of subjects.

† Confined.

Clarence still breathes: Edward still lives,
and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my
gains. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.—Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth,
borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing
halberts, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as
mourner.

ANNE. Set down, set down your honourable
load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously* lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
'Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
'To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from
hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him, [thee!—
Than I am made by my young lord, and
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy
load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's
corse.

[The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set
it down.

ANNE. What black magician conjures up this
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLO. Villains, set down the corse; or, by
Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the
coffin pass.

GLO. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I
command:

Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy bold-
ness. [The bearers set down the coffin.

ANNE. What, do you tremble? are you all
afraid?

Alas, I blame you not: for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be
gone.

* Funereal.

GLO. Sweet saint, for charity be not so curs'd.

ANNE. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence,
and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep ex-
claims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern* of thy butcheries:—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed
afresh!—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge
his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the mur-
derer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's
blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLO. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for
curses.

ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no law of God
nor man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of
pity.

GLO. But I know none, and therefore am no
beast.

ANNE. O wonderful, when devils tell the
truth!

GLO. More wonderful, when angels are so
angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLO. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee,
thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

GLO. By such despair, I should accuse my-
self.

ANNE. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand
excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLO. Say, that I slew them not?

ANNE. Why then, they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by
thee.

GLO. I did not kill your husband.

ANNE. Why, then he is alive.

GLO. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Ed-
ward's hand.

ANNE. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen
Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her
breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLO. I was provoked by her slanderous
tongue, [ders.

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoul-

* Example.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes would not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn such tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish tears, — [*drops:*
These eyes, which never shed remorseful

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale, [*weeping.*

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy; [*word;*
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue
to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—

[*She again offers at his breast.*

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy
I will not be thy executioner. [*death,*

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

of them, for both of them are
me.

poor devoted servant may
e favour at thy gracious hand,
confirm his happiness for ever.
hat is it?

t it may please you leave these sad
signs

t hath more cause to be a mourner,
tly repair to Crosby-place;

ter I have solemnly interr'd,
y monast'ry, this noble king,

is grave with my repentant tears,—
all expedient duty see you:

unknown reasons, I beseech you,
his boon.

ith all my heart; and much it joys
too,

are become so penitent.—

d Berkeley, go along with me.
me farewell.

s more than you deserve:

you teach me how to flatter you,
have said farewell already.

*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRUSSEL, and
BERKLEY.*

up the corse, Sirs.

wards Chertsey, noble lord?

to White-Friars; there attend my
sing.

[Exeunt the rest, with the corse.]

oman in this humour woo'd?

oman in this humour won?

r,—but I will not keep her long.

that kill'd her husband, and his
er,

in her heart's extremest hate;

in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

g witness of her hatred by;

her conscience, and these bars
inst me,

tends to back my suit withal,

in devil, and dissembling looks,

win her,—all the world to nothing!

rgot already that brave prince,

r lord, whom I some three months
e,

ny angry mood at Tewksbury?

nd a lovelier gentleman,—

he prodigality of nature,

iant, wise, and, no doubt, right
al,—

s world cannot again afford:

e yet abase her eyes on me,

'd the golden prime of this sweet
ice,

er widow to a woeful bed?

me all not equals Edwards moiety?

halt, and am misshapen thus?

n to a beggarly denier,t

e my person all this while:

e, she finds, although I cannot,

a marvellous proper man.

arges for a looking-glass;

in a score or two of tailors,

shions to adorn my body:

rept in favour with myself,

ain it with some little cost.

'll turn yon fellow in his grave;

turn lamenting to my love.—

fair sun, till I have bought a
me,

see my shadow as I pass. *[Exit.]*

[Bishopgate-street.

small French coin.

SCENE III.—*The same.—A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and
Lord GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no
doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse: *[fort,*

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good com-
And cheer his grace with quick and merry
words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide
of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you
have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my
lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro-
ceeds *[lice.*

From wayward sickness, and no grounded ma-
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of
Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham,
Are come from visiting his majesty. *[and I,*

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you con-
fer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atone-
ment

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn^e them to his presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that
will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not en-
dure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ear with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
your grace!

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor
grace. [wrong?—
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while.
But you most trouble him with lewd* com-
plaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake
the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may
gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so
bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not
perch:

Since every Jack† became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your mean-
ing, brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have
need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth
a noble.‡

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this care-
ful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the
cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Ric. She may, my lord; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers!—Why, who
knows not so?

She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry may
she,—

Ric. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too: [king,
I wis,§ your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too
long borne [scoffs:
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I
beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? Threat you me with telling of
the king? [said

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have
I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains* are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too
well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your hus-
band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize† his blood, I spilt my own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than
his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your hus-
band Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not you
husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget, [are;

What you have been ere now, and what you
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still
thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu per-
don!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
crown; [up

And, for his meed,‡ poor lord, he is mew'd.
I would to God, my heart were flint like Ed-
ward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon!‡ there thy kingdom is.

Ric. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be
pedlar;

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you sup-
pose, [king,

You should enjoy, were you this country's
As little joy you may suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen there-
of;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [Advancing.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd§ from
me:

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

* Rude, ignorant.
† Low fellow. ‡ A coin rated at 6s. 8d. § Think.

* Labour. † Make royal. ‡ Reward.
§ Corrupted. ¶ Corrupt devil. ¶ Pillaged.

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—

[paper,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-

land;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's

And see another, as I see thee now, [loss;

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son [him,

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful with-
ther'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy fathers' loins!

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Marga-

ret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse

against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish

of my fortune! [der,*

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spi-

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd

toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic

curse;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all

mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be

taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do

me duty, [jects:

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that

duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are ma-

lapert: [rent:†

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur-

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blast to

shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn

it marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as

me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born

so high,

Our aiery† buildeth in the cedar's top.

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas

alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

* Alluding to Gloucester's form and venom.

† He was just created marquis of Dorset. ‡ Nest.

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy
Hath in eternal darkness folded up. [wrath
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for
charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
Uncharitably with me have you dealt, [me;
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy
hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on
And all their ministers attend on him. [him;

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow?

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse,* why she's
at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mo-
ther;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my know-
ledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage† of her
I was too hot to do somebody good, [wrong.
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd‡ up to fattening for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclu-
sion,

To pray for them that hath done scath§ to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[Aside.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for
you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords will you
go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your
grace. [Exeunt all but GLOSTER.

* Wender.

† Put in a sty.

‡ Advantage.

§ Harin.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in dark-
I do beweepe to many simple gulls; [seem,—
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies.
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But soft, here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!

Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have
the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about
me: [Gives the Warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand
to prate,

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'
eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;

Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Room in the
Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-
day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:

So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I
pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy:

And, in my company, my brother Gloster:

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks:

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea. [holes
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I
strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,*
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick,

Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Cla-
rence,—*

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you!

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these
things—

That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!— [thee,

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!—

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace
good rest!—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a Chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two MURDERERS.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, Sir, better to be brief than
tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY,
who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus to you I have resign'd my charge.

1 Murd. You may, Sir; 'tis a point of wis-
dom:

Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgement day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgement,
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What? art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant
for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from
the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and
tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope,
this holy humour of mine will change; it was
wont to hold me but while one would tell
twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. 'Faith some certain dregs of con-
science are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the
deed's done.

2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the re-
ward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. So when he opens his purse to give
us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few,
or none, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dan-
gerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man
cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man can-
not swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie
with his neighbours wife, but it detects him:
'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that muti-
nies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obsta-
cles: it made me once restore a purse of gold,
that by chance I found; it beggars any man
that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and
cities for a dangerous thing; and every man,
that means to live well, endeavours to trust to
himself, and live without it.

1 Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and be-
lieve him not: he would insinuate with thee,
but to make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot pre-
vail with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall* fellow, that re-
spects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to
work?

1 Murd. Take him over the costard† with the

* Body.

† Brave

‡ Mock.

hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both *Murd.* To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both *Murd.* Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

and therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest^{*} have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet, That princely novice,^{*} was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed,[†] go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both *Murd.* Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with [sobs.] That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why so he doth, when he delivers you [ven.]

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,

That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—

Ah, Sirs, consider, he, that sent you on

To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent[‡] from liberty, as I am now,—

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—

* Inquest, jury.

† On the part.

* Youth.

† Reward

‡ Shut up.

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity 'thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will
not do, [Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately
despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first MURDERER.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack
you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole, [art.—
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.—A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. *Edw.* Why, so:—now have I done a good
day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Ric. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from
grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. *Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before
your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Ric. And I, as I love Hastings with my
heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in
this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your
hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. *Eliz.* There, Hastings;—I will never more
remember

(Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. *Edw.* Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings,
love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [Embraces DORSET.

K. *Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

Upon your grace, [To the QUEEN.] but with
all duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[Embracing RIVERS, &c.

K. *Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the no-
ble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king,
and queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. *Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent
the day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign
liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous ser-
vice;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. *Eliz.* A holy-day shall this be kept here-
after:—

I would to God, all strifes were well com-
pounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for
this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. *Edw.* Who knows not he is dead! who
knows he is?

Q. *Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset as the
rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord: and no man in the
presence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. *Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order
And that a winged Mercury did bear; [died,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon my sovereign, for my service
done!

K. Educ. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness
hear me.

K. Educ. Then say at once, what is it thou
request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, [life;
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Educ. Have I a tongue to doom my bro-
ther's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon,
pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for
this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exit* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd
you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence'
death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a SON and
DAUGHTER of Clarence.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father
dead?

Duch. No, boy

Dugh. Why do you weep so oft! and heave
your breast;

And cry—O *Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
I do lament the sickness of the king, [bod;
As loath to lose him, not your father's death,
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Dugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth
love you well:

Incapable* and shallow innocents, [death.
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise
is this!

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH distractedly; RIVERS,
and DORSET, following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail
and weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul.

And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their

sap?—

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief.

That our swift-winged souls may catch the
king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd by looking on his images:

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,

And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my

arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I.

(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Duch. Our fatherless distress was left un-moan'd,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Ed-
[ward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd,* mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse.
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Der. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—un-grateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

(Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
[Aside.

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

* Divided.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach, (urged:
Which, haply, by much company might be
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures* in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index† to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The same.—A Street.

Enter two CITIZENS, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another CITIZEN.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

* Opinion.

† Preparatory.

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a trou-
 bous world.
 1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son
 shall reign.
 3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a
 child!
 2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
 That, in his nonage,* council under him,
 And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
 No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern
 well.
 1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the
 sixth
 Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
 3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good
 friends, God wot;†
 For then this land was famously enrich'd
 With politic grave counsel; then the king
 Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
 1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father
 and mother.
 3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his
 father;
 (Or, by his father, there were none at all:
 For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
 O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
 And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught
 and proud:
 And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before.
 1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all
 will be well.
 3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put
 on their cloaks;
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for
 night?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
 2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
 You cannot reason; almost with a man
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
 3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?
 2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the jus-
 tices.
 3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Room in the
 Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke
 of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess
 of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-
 Stratford;
 And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
 Duch. I long with all my heart to see the
 prince;
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
 Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of
 York
 Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
 York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it
 so.
 Duch. Why, my young cousin; it is good to
 grow.
 York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at
 supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle
 Gloster,
Small herbe have grace, great weeds do grow apace
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast.
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds
 make haste.
 Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying
 did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee:
 He was the wretched'st thing, when he was
 young,
 So long a growing, and so leisurely, 'cious.
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gra-
 Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious
 madam.
 Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mother
 doubt.
 York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
 member'd,
 I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd
 mine.
 Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let
 me hear it.
 York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so
 fast,
 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth
 Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
 Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee
 this?
 York. Grandam, his nurse.
 Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere
 thou wast born.
 York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who
 told me.
 Q. Eliz. A parlous* boy: Go to, you are too
 shrewd.
 Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the
 child.
 Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
 What news?
 Mess. Such news, my lord,
 As grieves me to unfold.
 Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
 Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
 Duch. What is thy news?
 Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent
 to Pomfret,
 With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
 Duch. Who hath committed them?
 Mess. The mighty dukes,
 Gloster and Buckingham.
 Q. Eliz. For what offence?
 Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd.
 Why, or for what, the nobles were committed.
 Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
 Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
 The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
 Insulting tyranny begins to jut
 Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
 Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.
 Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;
 And often up and down my sons were lost,
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss.
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother.

* Minority.

† Known.

‡ Converse.

* Perilous, dangerous.

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous

And frantic courage, and thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary,—

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [*To the QUEEN.*]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep; And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.—A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOUCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Have not yet divid'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord MAYOR, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt MAYOR, &c.*]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not

To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers?— Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,

Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my

Too ceremonious, and traditional: [*lord,*]

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted [*place,*]

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the

And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor de-

serv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence, that is not

there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind

for once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal

self.

If I may counsel you, some day, or two,

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought

most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any

place:—

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that

place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported

Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not regis-

ter'd;

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live

long. [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives

long.

Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity, } *Aside.*

I moralize two meanings in one word. }

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous

man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

* Sensible vice the buffoon in the old plays.

Glo. Short summers lightly* have a forward spring. [Aside.]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours: [title,

Too late! he died, that might have kept that Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign: But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me; Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham, Will to your mother; to entreat of her,

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, Sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' ugly ghost;

My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart, Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL, and Attendants.]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed* by his subtle mother, To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a pious boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable; He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart: [way:—

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William lord Hastings of our mad, For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby, [ings,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hast- How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling, He thou so too, and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination: For we to-morrow hold divided; councils.

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His dangerous knot of adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle.

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news, Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [Exit CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complet-*

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—some what we will do.—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and all the move-ables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

* Commonly.

† Lately.

* Incited.

† Intelligent.

‡ Separate.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [Knocking.]*Hast.* [Within.] Who knocks?*Mess.* One from lord Stanley.*Hast.* [Within.] What is't o'clock?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say. [ship.]

First, he commends him to your noble lord—

Hast. And then,—*Mess.* And then he sends you word, he dreamtTo-night the boar had rased off his helm;
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other. [pleasure,—]Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:*And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond†
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar† will use us kindly.*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring: [state?]What news, what news, in this our tottering
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.*Hast.* How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?*Cate.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forwardUpon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it outWith Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safeAs thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good-morrow; and good morrow, Catesby:—You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,*
I do not like these several councils, I.*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as
And never, in my life, I do protest, [yours;
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London, [sure,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.—Wott'st
you what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads, [hats.]Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good
fellow. [Exit STAN. and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please
to ask.*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me
now, [meet:]Than when thou met'st me last where now we
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,

* Example.

† Weak.

‡ I. e. Gloucester, who had a boar for his arms.

* Cross

† Know.

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [Throwing him his purse.]

Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit PURSUIVANT.]

Enter a PRIEST.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain? [priest;

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the Your honour hath no shriving* work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [Aside.]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Pomfret.—Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff let me tell thee this,—

To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Fatal and ominous to noble peers! [prison,

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.†

* Confession.

† Expiated, completed

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London.—A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, 'noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward* with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord, [part.—

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit ELY.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [Takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent.

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

* Intimate

Enter Bishop of ELY.

Is my lord protector? I have these strawberries.
He looks cheerfully and smoothly;
He is not so other likes him well,
He bid good morrow with such

He'er a man in Christendom,
His love, or hate, than he;
He straight shall ye know his

His heart perceive you in his
He show'd to-day? [face,
That with no man here he is
He had shown it in his looks.

GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

On all, tell me what they do

My death with devilish plots,
He craft; and that have prevail'd
With their hellish charms?
For love I bear your grace, my

Forward in this noble presence
Orders: Whosoe'er they be,
They have deserved death.
Your eyes the witness of their

Bewitch'd; behold mine arm
A sapling, wither'd up:
Your wife, that monstrous

That harlot, strumpet Shore,
He craft thus have marked me.
Have done this deed, my noble

Protector of this damned strum-
[tor:—
me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:
—now, by Saint Paul I

Until I see the same.—
Why, look, that it be done;
I will rise, and follow me.
[Exit, with GLOSTER and BUCK-

He, for England! not a whit

He might have prevented this:
He, the boar did raise his helm;
He, and did scorn to fly.
He, day my foot-cloth horse did

When he look'd upon the Tower,
He, me to the slaughter-house.
He, the priest that spake to me:
He, old the pursuivant,
He, how mine enemies,
He, yet bloodily were butcher'd,
He, cure in grace and favour.
He, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
He, for Hastings' wretched head.
He, my lord, the duke would be
He, for;
He, rift, he longs to see your head.
He, for entary grace of mortal men,
He, for hunt for than the grace of

He, hope in air of your fair looks,
He, for nken sailor on a mast;
He, for ry nod, to tumble down
He, for wels of the deep.

† Weak, foolish.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—The same.—The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts: [virtue,
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,

* Pretending.

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should
Until your lordship came to see his end; [die,
Which now the loving haste of these our
friends, [ed:

Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevent-
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our in-
tent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[Exit LORD MAYOR.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my per-
son:— [child

Tell them, when that my mother went with
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the
orator,

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-
nard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned
bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four
o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.
[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor
Shaw,— [both

Go thou [To CATE.] to friar Penker;—bid them
Meet me. within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.
[Exit]

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a SCRIVENER.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs to-
gether:—

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent* was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so
That cannot see this palpable device? [gross,
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in
thought. [Exit]

SCENE VII.—The same.—Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the
citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady
Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace.
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose.
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a
word;

But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones.
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
silence:

His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd:
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine
own,

At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king
Richard!*

And thus I took the vantage of the few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;

* Original draft.

*This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here broke off and came away.*

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they;
Would they not speak? [come?]

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren,

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend
some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and
take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for
As I can say nay to thee for myself, [them,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord
mayor knocks. [Exit GLOSTER.

Enter the LORD MAYOR, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my
request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble
To visit him to-morrow, or next day: [lord,
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his
grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,†
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross‡ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous
prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should
say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes
again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have as-
sembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them
So sweet is zealous contemplation. [thence;

*Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
To stay him from the fall of vanity: [prince,
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might
please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd* in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,† we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery,‡ your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects, [ness,—
That I would rather hide me from my great-
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—

* Pretend.

† A couch.

‡ Fatten.

* Thrust into.

† Recover.

‡ Impire

Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd,
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need* to help you, if need
were;)

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from
him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in
your grace;
But the respects thereof are nicet and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got [prince.
This Edward, whom our manners call—the
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens en-
treat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their law-
ful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares
on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,†
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of
cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave
men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition.
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For God he knows, and you may partly see.
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and
will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the
truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal
title,—

Long live king Richard, England's worthy [king
All. Amen!

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will
have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your
grace;

And so, most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the Bishop,*

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle
friends. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

*Enter on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess
of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET; on the
other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading
Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's
young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plan-
tagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster:
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower.
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender
prince.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as
I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all
together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of
York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that
kingly title! [*Exit*

Hath he set bounds between their love, and
I am their mother, who shall bar me from
them?

* Want ability.

† Minute.

‡ Pity.

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

[blame,
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy
And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster. [To the Duchess of GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder! [beat,
That my pent heart may have some scope to
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

[house,
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter—
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice* hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal,† that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear† me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*He thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!*
And, when thou wad'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, (if any be so mad)

*More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from
For never yet one hour in his bed [rest;
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [To DORSET.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [To ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [To Q. ELIZABETH.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, [me.
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.*

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a PAGE, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,†

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead:
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

* A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.
† The crown. ‡ Burn.

* Sorrow.

† Touchstone.

What say'st thou now! speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [Aside. Descends from his Throne.]

And unrespective* boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-Boy,— [spect.—]

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman, Whose humble means match not his haughty

Gold were as good as twenty orators, [mind: And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.]

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [Exit PAGE.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord, The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick; I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die: About it; for it stands me much upon,†

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.— [Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter, Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter PAGE, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies, [turns,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's dis- Are they that I would have thee deal* upon: Tyrrel, I mean these bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Then sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [Whisper.]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did send me in,

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:— Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, [purs'd;

For which your honour and your faith is The earldom of Hereford, and the marches,

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time, [him?

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor, in courtesy, show'd me the castle. And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I

started; Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold [me. To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,† thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt King RICHARD, and Train.]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

* Act.

† Foolish.

* Inconsiderate. † Secret art. ‡ Cunning.
§ It is of the utmost consequence to my designs.

† An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
To Brecknock,* while my fearful head is on.
[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad
story.

O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ; [mind ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone ; with conscience and re-
morse,

They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign
lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy
news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy, then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them ;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd
up close ; [riage ;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in mar-
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good
night. [aims

Now, for I know the Bretagne† Richmond
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st
in so bluntly !

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Morton‡ is fled to
Richmond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy
Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

* His castle in Wales.

† Merciless.

‡ The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.

§ Bishop of Ely.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me
more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful comment-
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ; [ing

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Go, muster men : My counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.—Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction* am I witness to,
And will to France ; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! who
comes here ?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender
babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for
right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my
voice, [mute,—

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such
gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my
sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-
living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by
life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[Sitting down.

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon af-
ford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
here !

Ah, who has any cause to mourn, but we ?
[Sitting down by her.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,†

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd

him ;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

* Introduction.

† Seniority.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her paw-fellow^a with others' meat!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it. [ward;
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Ed-
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[†] because both
they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play, [Grey,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Easnes his piteous and unpitied end: [pray,
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time
would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd

[snake]

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of
my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy

brothers? [joy!
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou

Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save
the queen?

Where be the beuding peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd

thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time; [wail,
Having no more but thought of what thou

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my husband's

yoke;
From which even here I slip my wounded hand,

And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-

chance,— [Faint.
These English woes shall make me sick in

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay
a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
the day;

Compare dead happiness with living war;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they

were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:

Bettering thy loss makes the bad-cancer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken
them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp,
and pierce like mine.

[Exit Q. MARRIAGE.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of woe?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries! [Import

Let them have scope: though what they do
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go
with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damped son, that thy two sweet sons

smother'd. [Drum within.
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedi-
tion?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted
thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou

hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a
golden crown, [right,

Where should be branded, if that right were
The slaughter of the prince that ord'rd^a that

crown, [there!
And the dire death of my poor sons, and bro-

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my chil-
dren?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vang-
han, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alar-
um, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarum.
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and
yourself.

^a Ord'rd.

^a Companion.
[†] Indenture were anciently placed at the beginning of
scenes.

[†] Thrown in to boot.

[†] Flaring.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,*

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood,† thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy‡ and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; [turous;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, [hatred:

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

(Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say Amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,

For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,— [queens;

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Eliza—Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. [beth,

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty; Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy: [ter;

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter. I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided* is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still† use of grief makes wild grief tame, [boys,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.‡

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour, Canst thou demise§ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul [wrongs,

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy

kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers; [it.

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter, And do intend to make her queen of England.

* Disposition. † Cross. ‡ Touchy, fretful.

* Unavoidable. † Constant. ‡ A crown. § Bequeath.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave, Edward, and York, then, haply,* will she weep: Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,— A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds; Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake, Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; Unless thou could'st put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee, Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after-hours give leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase, I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love, Than is the doting title of a mother; They are as children, but one step below, Even of your mettle, of your very blood; Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow. Your children were vexation to your youth, But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss you have, is but—a son being king, And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can. Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul, Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity: [wife, The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,— Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother; Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! we have many goodly days to see: The liquid drops of tears that you have shed, Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl; Advantaging their loan, with interest Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

* Perhaps.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go; Make bold her bashful young with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale; Put in her tender heart the smiling flame Of golden sovereignty; augment the pleasure With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: And when this arm of mine hath chastised The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come, And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed; To whom I will retail my conquest won, And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's wife.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncle? Under what title shall I woo for thee, That God, the law, my honour, and her love, Can make seem pleasing to her tender youth?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by the alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with all lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.*

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject now.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;— Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath. Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour; Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly [virtue; Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory; If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

* In the Levitical Law, chap. xviii. 14.

† The ensigns of the Order of the Garter.

something that thou hast not
d.
by the world,—
full of thy foul wrongs.
father's death,—
life hath that dishonour'd.
n, by myself,—
elf is self-misus'd.
then, by God,—
's wrong is most of all.
ar'd to break an oath by him,
king thy brother made,
roken, nor my brother slain:
ar'd to break an oath by him,
etal, circling now thy head,
tender temples of my child;
rinces had been breathing here,
o tender bed-fellows for dust,
h hath made a prey for worms.
a swear by now?
the time to come.
t thou hast wrong'd in the time
it;
ve many tears to wash
, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
live, whose parents thou hast
ter'd,
uth, to wail it in their age:
ve, whose children thou hast
r'd,
nts, to wail it with their age.
ime to come; for that thou hast
ed, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.
I intend to prosper, and repent!
ny dangerous attempt
s! myself myself confound!
fortune, bar me happy hours!
not thy light; nor, night, thy
planets of good luck [rest!
ing, if, with pure heart's love,
votion, holy thoughts,
y beauteous princely daughter!
my happiness, and thine;
ollows to myself, and thee,
nd, and many a Christian soul,
ion, ruin, and decay:
voided but by this;
avoided but by this.
ur mother, (I must call you so,)
y of my love to her,
will be, not what I have been;
s, but what I will deserve:
sity and state of times,
evish[†] found in great designs.
ll I be tempted of the devil thus?
t, if the devil tempt thee to do

all I forget myself, to be myself?
ay, if your self's remembrance
yourself.
t thou didst kill my children.
at in your daughter's womb I
hem: [breed
at nest of spicery,† they shall
selves, to your recomforture.
ll I go win my daughter to thy
d be a happy mother by the

o.—Write to me very shortly,
I understand from me her mind.
far her my true love's kiss, and
ewell.
issing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.

† The phoenix's nest.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—wo-
man!

How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
duke of Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; Post to
Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful
villain, [To CATESBY.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your high-
ness' pleasure.

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him
levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there,
before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post
before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley,
what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you
with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good
nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest
way?

Once more what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas
on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by
guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham,
and Morton, [crown.

He makes for England, here to claim the

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword
unsway'd?

Is the king dead? The empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's
heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot
guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege, [comes.

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north, [west?

When they should serve their sovereign in the

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, Sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be
Or else his head's assurance is but frail. [firm,

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit STANLEY.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertized,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors* [strong.
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows

Enter another MESSENGER.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [He strikes him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another MESSENGER.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Bocking:
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them, [him
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for
Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATHERINE.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken, [and

That is the best news; That the earl of Rich-
Is with a mighty power* landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [Exit

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER UNSWICK.†

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody hour,
My son George Stanley is frank'd† up in halt;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [Gives papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury.—An open place.

Enter the SHERIFF, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

* Force. † Chaplain to the counters of Richmond.
† A sty in which hogs are set apart for fattening.

his is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies :
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*
 That high All-seer which I dallied with,
 Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters'
 bosoms : [neck,—

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my
 When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with
 sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame. [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.

SCENE II.—Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful
 vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
 his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
 swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn
 to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are
 friends for fear ;
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
 name, march : [wings,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
 kings. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and forces ; the Duke of
 NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
 Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
 looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks ;
 Ha ! must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take, my lov-
 ing lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent : Here will I lie
 to-night ;

[Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.
 But where, to-morrow ?—Well, all's one for
 that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors ?
 Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
 power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that ac-
 count :

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—

Call for some men of sound direction :—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;

For, lords, to morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
 Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other
 Lords. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S
 tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car, [set,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my stan-
 dard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit* each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Bran-
 don,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :

The earl of Pembroke keeps† his regiment ;—

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to
 him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent :—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours
 much,

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make good some means to speak
 with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake
 it ;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt.

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the Tent

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord :

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?—

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in
 readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy
 charge ;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

* Injurious practices.

* Appoint.

† Remains with.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:— [To CATSBY.]

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.— Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff.——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself, Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop, [diers.]

Went through the army, cheering up the sol-

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit, Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.— So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me. About the mid of night, come to my tent And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[King RICHARD retires into his Tent. Enter RATCLIFF and CATSBY.]

RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good; So much for that.—The silent hours steal on, And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be, Prepare thy battle early in the morning;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,) With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms: But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George Be executed in his father's sight:

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,

And ample interchange of sweet discourse, Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment; [nap;

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a Last leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory:

Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Enter LORNS, &c. with STANLEY.]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself, Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising arms of wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory!

To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;

Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

[Sleeps.]

The GHOST of Prince EDWARD, son to HENRY the sixth, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To King RICHARD.]

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged soul

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The GHOST of King HENRY the sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [To King RICHARD.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;

Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[To RICHMOND.]

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king, Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The GHOST of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To King RICHARD.]

I, that was wash'd to death with false wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death! To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[To RICHMOND.]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;

Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The GHOSTS of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [To King RICHARD.]

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [To King RICHARD.]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[To King RICHARD.]

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom [To RICHMOND.]

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The GHOST of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[To King RICHARD.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

* A watch-light. † Wood of the lances. ‡ Twilight.
§ Deputation. ¶ Weigh.

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[To RICHMOND.]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The GHOSTS of the two young PRINCES rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The GHOST of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[To RICHMOND.]

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The GHOST of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;

[breath!—

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:

[To RICHMOND.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The GHOSTS vanish. King RICHARD starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

[night.]

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead mid-
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason:
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

[ter.]

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter—
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree;

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

[self]

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

[true?

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all
Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exit King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

RICHMOND wakes. *Enter OXFORD and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—[He advances to the troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

[blish'd;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood esta-
One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,* where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit* it in your age.
Then in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt [face;
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;

God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[Exeunt.]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

He should have brav'd† the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scroll.]

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

[reads.]

For Dickont thy master is bought and sold.

* Requite.

† Made it splendid.

‡ The ancient familiarization of Richard.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have infer'd
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways.
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants.
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beautiful

wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers

[thump'd] Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.] Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great with my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our toes:
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons:
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Alarm: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights.
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarm. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

* Company.

† Fight the skies with the shivers of your lances.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a And I will stand the hazard of the die: [cast, I think, there be six Richmonds in the field; Five have I slain to day, instead of him:— A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty, From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal; Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all:— [ing?

But tell me first, is young George Stanley liv-

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Bran-

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, That in submission will return to us; And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, We will unite the white rose with the red:— Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!— What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen? England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:— All this divided York and Lancaster, Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true succeeders of each royal house, By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,) Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloody days again, And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase, That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[Exeunt.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.—CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.—EARL OF SURREY.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.—SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.—SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

SECRETARIES to Wolsey.

CRONWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

THREE OTHER GENTLEMEN.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

GARTER, King at Arms.

SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

DOOR-KEEPER of the Council-Chamber.

PORTER, and his Man.

PAGE to Gardiner.—A CRIER.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.

AN OLD LADY, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Show;
Women attending upon the Queen; *Spirit*,
which appear to her; *Scribes*, *Officers*,
Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster;
once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to
Only a show or two, and so agree, [see
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded* with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As foot and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,†)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and
sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

* Laced.

† Pretend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London.—An Ante-chamber in the
Palace.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the
other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the
Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How
have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back; [clap
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now mar-
ried

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant,† all in gold, like heathen gods,

* Henry VIII. and Francis I. king of France.

† Glittering, shining.

he English: and, to-morrow,
India: every man, that stood,
mine. Their dwarfish pages

all guilt; the madams too,
, did almost sweat to bear
them, that their very labour
a painting: now this mask
omparable; and the ensuing

and beggar. The two kings,
, were now best, now worst,
I present them; him in eye,
ise: and, being present both,
I saw but one; and no discerners
tongue in censure.* When
uns [challeng'd
hraise them,) by their heralds
ts to arms, they did perform
it's compass; that former fabu-
ory,
a possible enough, got credit,
is believ'd.

a go far.
long to worship, and affect
sty, the tract of every thing
ed discourser lose some life,
self was tongue to. All was

g of it nought rebell'd,
h thing view; the office did
all function.
lid guide,
et the body and the limbs
ort together, as you guess?
rtes,† that promises no elements
less.

you, who, my lord?
s was order'd by the good dis-
verend cardinal of York.
evil speed him! no man's pie is

tious finger. What had he
fierce|| vanities? I wonder,
ech¶ can with his very bulk
ys o' the beneficial sun,
om the earth.

, Sir,
a stuff that puts him to these
[grace
t propp'd by ancestry, (whose
sors their way,) nor call'd upon
s done to the crown; neither

istants, but, spider-like,
-drawing web, he gives us note,
s own merit makes his way;
ven gives for him, which buys
o the king.

not tell [eye
hath given him, let some graver
it; but I can see his pride
each part of him: Whence has
it?

l, the devil is a niggard;
ll before, and he begins
himself.

the devil,
ach going-out. took he upon him,
rivity o' the king, to appoint
ttend on him? He makes up the

rich was most noble.
old romance. † Certainly. ‡ Practice.
§ Lump of fat. ** List.

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,*
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many [them
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think, [values
The peace between the French and us not
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out; [tack'd
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath at-
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and pur-
chas'd

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.†

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his na-
ture,

That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be
said,

It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
that rock,

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before
him,) certain of the guard, and two SECRE-
TARIES with papers. The Cardinal in his pas-
sage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCK-
INGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor?
ha?

Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exit WOLSEY, and train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur† is venom-mouth'd,
and I [best

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore,
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
Out-worths a noble's blood. [look

* Sets down in his letter without consulting the council.
† Conducted. ‡ Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only,

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revell'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores^a me with some trick: He's gone to
the king;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run
o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be ad-
vis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud
fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my
vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or beth, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests† the king our
master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
Did break i' the rinsing. [glass]

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This
cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let it be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-
cardinal [sey,

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wol-
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the em-
peror,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:

His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through the
unity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from the
league

Peep'd harme that menac'd him: He mildly
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I traw,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was
granted,

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was
made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor that
slept,—

That he would please to alter the king's count
And break the aforesaid peace. Let the king
know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the card
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a SERGEANT at Arms bids
him, and two or three of the guard.

Brax. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.*

Brax. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' plea
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that disease
Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberg'any, fare you well.

Brax. Nay, he must bear you company:
The king [To ABERGAVENY.]
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till ye
How he determines further. [Exit]

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure

By me obey'd.
Brax. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and his
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I
hope.

Brax. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Brax. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er great
cardinal [ready:
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd; al-
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant clouds put on.
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well. [Exit]

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, [level

Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person I'll hear him his confessions justify; And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

The KING takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself; and, in that love, Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady, mine!—proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects Are in great grievance: there hath been commissions [heart

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as putter-on Of these exactions, yet the king our master, (Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks The sides of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them 'longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation! [nal, Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal, You that are blam'd for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir, I know but of a single part, in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that file† Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord, You know no more than others: but you frame Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome [must

To those which would not know them, and yet

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, [are

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say, They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let's know Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths: [freeze

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts Allegiance in them; their curses now, Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me, I have no farther gone in this, than by A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither My faculties, nor person, yet will be [know The chronicles of my doing,—let me say, 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake* That virtue must go through. We must not Our necessary actions, in the fear [stint† To cope‡ malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once§ weak ones, is Not ours, or not allow'd;|| what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at, We should take root here where we sit, or sit State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear; Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take, From every tree, lop, bark, and part o the timber; [hack'd,

And, though we leave it with a root, thus The air will drink the sap. To every county, Where this is question'd, send our letters, with Free pardon to each man that has denied The force of this commission: Pray, look to't; I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[To the SECRETARY.

Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd, That, through our intercession, this revokement

* Chair. † I am only one among the other counsellors.

* Thicket of thorns. † Retard. ‡ Encounter
§ Sometime. || Approved.

And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [Exit SECRETARY.]

Enter SURVEYOR.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buck-
Is run in your displeasure. [Ingham]

K. Hen. It grieves many: [speaker,
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
And never seek for aid out* of himself. [era,
Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once
corrupt, [ugly

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete, [we,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear

(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit re-
late what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry† it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail; to this point hast thou heard
At any time speak aught? [him

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose,‡ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal

* Beyond.

† Conduct, manage.

‡ Now Merchant Taylors' School.

He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This passingly caus'd,—Neither the king, nor his
hears,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office [heard,

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dang'rous for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until [Hev'd,
It forg'd him some design, which, being be-
It was much like to do: He answer'd, That!
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fall'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou
say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What
hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been com-
mitted,

As to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out
of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the
knife,— [dagger,

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
Another spread on his breast, mounting his
eyes, [tenour

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France
should juggle

ange mysteries?
toms,
ver so ridiculous,
inmanly, yet are follow'd.
as I see, all the good our
te voyage, is but merely
face; but they are shrewd
d them, you would swear
ad been counsellors
arius, they keep state so.
ve all new legs, and lame
would take it,
em pace before, the spavin,
n'd among them.
ay lord,
fter such a pagan cut too,
ave worn out Christendom.
? Thomas Lovell?

THOMAS LOVELL.

lord,
the new proclamation
n the court-gate.
for?
ation of our travell'd gal-
[tailors.
t with quarrels, talk, and
d, 'tis there; now I would
onsieurs
sh courtier may be wise,
Louvre.†
either [nants
nditions,) leave these rem-
er, that they got in France,
ourable points of ignorance,
ito, (as fights, and fireworks;
n than they can be,
isdom,) renouncing clean
e in tennis, and tall stock-

[travel,
eeches, and those types of
gain like honest men;
ld playfellows: there I take
rilegio,‡ wear away [it,
it lewdness, and be laugh'd

to give them physic, their
hing. [diseases
oss our ladies
trim vanities!

[whoresons
be indeed, lords; the sly
ng trick to lay down ladies;
nd a fiddle, has no fellow.
il fiddle them! I am glad
ing;
no converting of them;) now
lord, as I am, beaten
play, may bring his plain

of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
ic too.
d, lord Sands;
s not cast yet.
lord;
ile I have a stump.
as,
a-going?
dinal's;
guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has where-
withal; in him, [trine:
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so; [stays; *
But few now give so great ones. My barge
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir
Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hostboys. A small table under a state for the
CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. En-
ter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers
Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, as guests;
at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,† has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good wel-
come
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you
are tardy;

Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SANDS, and
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
To one or two of these! [confessor

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford
it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry, [this:
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not
freeze; [ther:

Two women plac'd together makes cold wea-
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them
Pray, sit between these ladies. [waking;

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave,
sweet ladies:
[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.

* The speaker is at Bridewell, and the Cardinal's house
was at Whitehall.
† Company.

† Disease incident to horses.
‡ With authority.

KING HENRY VIII.

to talk a little wild, forgive me;
 in my father.
 as he mad, Sir?
 very mad, exceeding mad, in love
 would bite none; just as I do now,
 kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]

'ell said, my lord.—
 you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
 ce lies on you, if these fair ladies
 frowning.
 or my little cure,
 ne.

—Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended;
 and takes his state.*

you are welcome, my fair guests; that
 ble lady,
 an, that is not freely merry,
 friend: This, to confirm my wel-
 me;

all good health. [Drinks.]

our grace is noble;—
 ve such a bowl may hold my thanks,
 me so much talking.

y lord Sands,
 den to you: cheer your neighbours.—
 u are not merry;—Gentlemen,
 it is this?

The red wine first must rise
 air cheeks, my lord; then we shall
 ve them
 silence.

ou are a merry gamester,
 and.

'es, if I make my play.†
 our ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
 such a thing,—
 ou cannot show me.

I told your grace, they would talk
 ion.

um and trumpets within: Chambers;
 discharged.

hat's that?

ook out there, some of you.

[Exit a SERVANT.]

hat warlike voice?
 at end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
 laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter SERVANT.

ow now? what is't?
 noble troop of strangers;
 y seem: they have left their barge,
 id landed;
 r make, as great ambassadors
 ign princes.

ood lord chamberlain,
 them welcome, you can speak the
 rench tongue; [them,

y, receive them nobly, and conduct
 resence, where this heaven of beauty
 e at full upon them:—Some attend
 m.—

it CHAMBERLAIN, attended. All arise,
 and Tables removed.

now a broken banquet; but we'll
 end it.

gestion to you all: and, once more,
 a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

—Enter the KING, and twelve others,
 ers, habited like Shepherds, with six-
 ch-bearers; ushered by the Lord CHAM-

† Choose my game.

‡ Small cannon.

BERLAIN. They pass dinst
 dinal, and gracefully salute

A noble company! what are
 Cham. Becruse they speak
 they pray'd

To tell your grace;—That,
 Of this so noble and so fair
 This night to meet here, the
 (Out of the great respect the
 But leave their flocks; and
 conduct,

Crave leave to view these
 An hour of revels with them

Wol. Say, lord chamberla
 They have done my poor
 which I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pr
 pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the
 chooses ANNE BOL]

K. Hen. The fairest hand
 beauty,

Till now I never knew the
 Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them th
 There should be one am
 person,

More worthy this place th
 If I but knew him, with m
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[CHAM. goes to the c]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they
 There is, indeed; which th
 grace

Find out, and he will take
 Wol. Let me see then.—

[C
 By all your good leaves,
 I'll make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found

You hold a fair assembly;
 You are a churchman, or,
 I should judge now unhap

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so ple

K. Hen. My lord chambe
 Pr'ythee, come hither: Wl

Cham. An't please your
 Bullen's daughter,
 The viscount Rochford, on
 women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she
 Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take
 And not to kiss you.—A b
 Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Love
 I'the privy chamber?

Lot. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a lit

K. Hen. I fear, too much

Wol. There's fresher air,
 In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your la
 Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake yo
 ry;—

Good my lord cardinal, I
 healths

* The chief place.

these fair ladies, and a measure*
once again; and then let's dream
in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Two GENTLEMEN, meeting.

hither away so fast?

—God save you!

Call to hear what shall become
duke of Buckingham.

save you

Sir. All's now done. but the
sorny

lack the prisoner.

are you there?

s, indeed, was I.

ay, speak, what has happen'd?

u may guess quickly what.

he found guilty?

s, truly is he, and condemn'd
it.

m sorry for't.

are a number more.

t, pray, how pass'd it?

tell you in a little. The great

ar; where, to his accusations,

till, not guilty, and alleg'd

asons to defeat the law.

orney, on the contrary,

examinations, proofs, confessions,

nesses; which the duke desir'd

ht, *vidæ vocæ*, to his face:

ear'd against him, his surveyor;

Peck, his chancellor; and John

t,

him; with that devil-monk,

t made this mischief.

at was he,

with his prophecies?

e same.

us'd him strongly; which he fain

flung from him, but, indeed, he

d not:

ers, upon this evidence,

him guilty of high treason. Much

nd learnedly, for life: but all

itied in him, or forgotten.

ter all this, how did he bear him-

hen he was brought again to the

—to hear [stirr'd

ung out, his judgement,—he was

agony, he sweat extremely,

ng spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

himself again, and, sweetly,

t show'd a most noble patience.

lo not think, he fears death.

re, he does not,

s so womanish; the cause

le grieve at.

rtainly,

is the end of this.

is likely,

tures: First, Kildare's attainder,

of Ireland; who remov'd,

was sent thither, and in haste too,

ld help his father.

at trick of state

envious one.

his return,

will requite it. This is noted,

And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gent. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

They love and dote on; call him, bounteous

Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gent. Stay there, Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him; halberds on each side: with him, Sir
THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.*

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me, [me.

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,

And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear

witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death,

It has done, upon the premises, but justice:

But those, that sought it, I could wish more

Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:

Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great

men;

[them.

For then my guiltless blood must cry against

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that

lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's

name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart

[ly.

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frank-

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; [you,

There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black

envy

[grace;

Shall make^a my grave.—Commend me to his

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell

him,

[prayers

You met him half in heaven: my vows and

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!

And, when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your

grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture, as suits

The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Ed-
ward Bohan:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day
green for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fall; God's peace be with
him!

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honour, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his
son,

Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which
makes me

A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune,—Both
Fall by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service! [me,
Heaven has an end in all: yet you that hear
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and
counsels, [friends,

Be sure, you be not loose; for these you make
And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people, [hour

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: [and,

And when you would say something that is
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God for-
give me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you talking
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! [Sir?
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith,

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
A strong faith^e to conceal it. [quire

1 Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
You shall, Sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the car-
dinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice

* Great fidelity

To the good queen, 'possess'd him with a
scruple

That will make her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purport.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark: [He
is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Revet

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw select-
ed, ridden, and furnished. They were young
and handsome; and of the best breed in the world.
When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, of
main power, took 'em from me; with thisness,
—His master would be served before a night,
if not before the king: which stopp'd our money,
Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him look
He will have all, I think. [Exit

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his
sister's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal
That blind priest, like the eldest son of his
tune,

Tunes what he lists. The king will know his
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know
himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his busi-
ness!

And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's
great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and then
scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course
pious?

Keep me from such counsel!
true,
every where; every tongue
hem,
heart weeps for't: All, that

affairs, see this main end,—
g's sister. Heaven will one

that so long have slept upon
in.

us from his slavery.

need pray,

our deliverance;

s man will work us all

to pages: all men's honours

before him, to be fashion'd

he please.

ly lords,

or fear him; there's my creed:

ithout him, so I'll stand,

se; his curses and his bless-

[in. they are breath I not believe

I know him; so I leave him

le him proud, the pope.

other business, put the king
thoughts, that work too much
n:—

near us company?

me;

nt me other-where: besides,

st unfit time to disturb him:

ordships.

my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

a folding-door. The KING is
ting, and reading pensively.

he looks! sure, he is much af-

is there? ha?

nd, he be not angry.

s there, I say? How dare you
ourselves

meditations?

us king, that pardons all offen-

ant: our breach of duty, this

state; in which, we come

oyal pleasure.

are too bold;

ye know your times of busi-

or temporal affairs? ha?—

WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

y good lord cardinal?—O my

wounded conscience,

e fit for a king.—You're wel-

[To CAMPEIUS.

verend Sir, into our kingdom;

—My good lord, have great

talker.

[To WOLSEY.

cannot.

ace would give us but an hour

erence.

are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though,† for
his place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[Enter NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in Christian king-

doms,

[judgement,

Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man

This just and learned priest, cardinal Cam-

peius;

[ness.

Whom, once more, I present unto your high-

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid

him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have

wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all

stranger's loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my

lord

[vant,

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their ser-

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall

be acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gar-

diner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd

So dear in heart, not to deny her that [her

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have;

and my favour

[nal,

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardi-

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new se-cre-

tary;

I find him a fit fellow.

[Exit WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and fa-

vour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd

me.

[Aside.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor

In this man's place before him?

[Pace

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion

spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me!

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied

him;

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

KING HENRY VIII.

a foreign man* still; which so griev'd
an mad, and died. [him,
heaven's peace be with him!
Christian care enough: for living mur-
derers,
laces of rebuke. He was a fool;
ould needs be virtuous: That good
ellow,
mand him, follows my appointment;
ave none so near else. Learn this,
rother,
not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
1. Deliver this with modesty to the
queen. [Exit GARDINER.
t convenient place that I can think of,
receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
e shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness:—
sey, see it furnish'd.—(O my lord,
t not grieve an able man, to leave
t a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science,—
tender place, and I must leave her.
[Exeunt.

III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old LADY.

Not for that neither;—Here's the pang
that pinches: [she
hness having liv'd so long with her: and
a lady, that no tongue could ever
nce dishonour of her,—by my life,
er knew harm-doing:—O now, after
y courses of the sun enthron'd,
rowing in a majesty and pomp,—the
which
e is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
eet at first to acquire,—after this pro-
ber the avaunt!† it is a pity [cess,
move a monster.

L. Hearts of most hard temper
nd lament for her.

2. O, God's will! much better, [poral,
er had known pomp: though it be tem-
that quarrel; fortune, do divorce
n the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
al and body's severing.

L. Alas, poor lady!
a stranger now again.‡

3. So much the more
pity drop upon her. Verily,
ar, 'tis better to be lowly born,
ange with humble livers in content,
to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
wear a golden sorrow.

L. Our content
r best having. ||

4. By my troth, and maidenhead,
ld not be a queen.

L. Beshrew me, I would, [you,
venture maidenhead for't; and so would
ll this spice of your hypocrisy:

that have so fair parts of woman on you,
e too a woman's heart; which ever yet
ted eminence, wealth, sovereignty; [gifts
b, to say sooth, ¶ are blessings: and which
ing your mincing) the capacity [ceive,
our soft cheveril** conscience would re-
u might please to stretch it.

5. Nay, good troth,—

6. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would
not be a queen?

of the king's presence. † A sentence of ejection.
reller. ‡ No longer an Englishwoman.
asion. ¶ Truth. ** Kid-kitt.

Anne. No, not for all
heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a
would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it:
What think you of a duch
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are w
off a little;

I would not be a young o
For more than blushing o
Cannot vouchsafe this bu
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do tall
I swear again, I would n
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for litt
You'd venture an einball
Would for Carnarvon
'long'd

No more to the crown but

Enter the Lord C

Cham. Good morrow,
worth to know

The secret of your confe
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it va

Our mistress' sorrows w
Cham. It was a gentle

ing
The action of good won
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray Ge
Cham. You bear a g

enly blessings
Follow such creatures.

Perceive I speak sincer
Ta'en of your many virt

Commends his good opi
Does purpose honour to

Than marchioness of Pe
A thousand pound a ye

Out of his grace he add
Anne. I do not know

What kind of my obedi
More than my all is not

Are not words duly ha
More worth than empty

and wishes,
Are all I can return.

Vouchsafe to speak my
dience,

As from a blushing han
Whose health, and roy

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to appro

The king have of you
well;

Beauty and honour in
That they have cargi

knows yet,
But from this lady may

To lighten all this isle!
And say, I spoke with

Anne. My honour'd l
[E

Old L. Why, this it
I have been begging si

(Am yet a courtier beg
Come pat betwixt too

For any suit of pounds
A very fresh-fish here

* Crooked.

fortune!) have your mouth
it.

strange to me.

tastes it? is it bitter? forty
no.

ly once, ('tis an old story,)

be a queen, that would she
[it?

in Egypt:—Have you heard
you are pleasant.

your theme, I could

lark. The marchioness of
ke!

nds a year! for pure respect;

tion: By my life,

ore thousands: Honour's train

is foreskirt. By this time,

ck will bear a duchess;—Say,
onger than you were?

ady, [fancy,

mirth with your particular
out on't. 'Would I had no

y blood a jot; it faints me,

ollows.

mfortless, and we forgetful

ence: Pray, do not deliver

have heard, to her.

do you think me? [Exeunt.

7.—A Hall in Black-friars.

et,* and cornets. Enter two
short silver wands; next them,
in the habits of doctors; after
bishop of CANTERBURY alone;
Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY,
and SAINT ASAPH; next them,
ll distance, follows a Gentleman
rse, with the great seal, and a
then two Priests, bearing each
then a Gentleman-Usher bare-
panied with a Sergeant at Arms,
er mace; then two Gentlemen,
reat silver pillars;† after them,
he two Cardinals WOLSEY and
o Noblemen with the sword and
nter the KING and QUEEN, and
The King takes place under the
the two Cardinals sit under him
e Queen takes place at some dis-
King. The Bishops place them-
side the court, in manner of a
tween them, the Scribes. The
the Bishops. The Crier and the
endants stand in convenient or-
tage.

our commission from Rome is
ommanded. [read

it's the need?

publicly been read,

is the authority allow'd;

pare that time.

—Proceed.

Henry king of England, come
court.

king of England, &c.

Katharine queen of England,
to court.

rine queen of England, &c.

kes no answer, rises out of her
out the court, comes to the KING,
his feet; then speaks.]

Flourish on cornets.

digly carried before cardinals.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and
justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions; having here

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas

Sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause

Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,

And take your good grace from me? Heaven

witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable:

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or

sorry,

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,

I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your

friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice

He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to

mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd

With many children by you: If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,

And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,

Against your sacred person, in God's name,

Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt

Shut door upon me, and so give me up [Sir,

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you,

The king, your father, was reputed for

A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatched wit and judgement: Fer-

dinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one

The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by

many

A year before: It is not to be question'd

That they had gather'd a wise council to them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore

I humbly

Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose

counsel

I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,

Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady, [men

(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers;

Of singular integrity and learning,

Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled

To plead your cause: It shall be therefore

bootless,*

That longer you desire the court; as well

For your own quiet, as to rectify

What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace

[dam,

Hath spoken well and justly: Therefore, ma-

It's fit this royal session do proceed;

And that, without delay, their arguments

Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam!

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that

We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,

KING HENRY VIII.

ster of a king, my drops of tears
 sparks of fire.
 patient yet.
 I will, when you are humble; nay,
 fore,
 ill punish me. I do believe,
 y potent circumstances, that
 ine enemy; and make my challenge,
 not be my judge: for it is you
 wn this coal betwixt my lord and
 r,—
 d's dew quench!—Therefore, I say
 bhor, yea, from my soul, [again,
 u for my judge; whom, yet once
 ore,
 most malicious foe, and think not
 end to truth.
 o profess
 not like yourself; who ever yet
 l to charity, and display'd the effects
 tion gentle, and of wisdom
 g woman's power. Madam, you do
 e wrong:
 spleen against you; nor injustice
 r any: how far I have proceeded,
 r further shall, is warranted
 mission from the consistory,
 whole consistory of Rome. You
 arge me,
 e blown this coal: I do deny it:
 s present: if it be known to him,
 say^a my deed, how may he wound,
 ily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 e done my truth. But if he know
 free of your report, he knows,
 your wrong. Therefore in him
 ure me: and the cure is, to
 ese thoughts from you: The which
 fore
 as shall speak in, I do beseech
 ous madam, to unthink your speak-
 so no more. [ing,
 My lord, my lord,
 ble woman, much too weak
 your cunning. You are meek, and
 mble-mouth'd; [ing,†
 our place and calling, in full seem-
 ness and humility: but your heart
 l with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 by fortune, and his highness' fa-
 urs, [mounted
 tly o'er low steps; and now are
 vers are your retainers: and your
 rds,
 to you, serve your will, as't please
 pronounce their office. I must tell
 a,
 more your person's honour, than
 profession spiritual: That again
 you for my judge: and here,
 all, appeal unto the pope,
 y whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 udg'd by him.
 ies to the KING, and offers to depart.
 queen is obstinate,
 justice, apt to accuse it, and
 to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
 away.
 Call her again.
 atharine queen of England, come
 o the court.
 dam, you are call'd back.
 What need you note it? pray you,
 p your way: [help,
 ire call'd, return.—Now the Lord

They vex me past my patience
 pass on:
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever
 U'pon this business, my appeal
 In any of their courts.
 [Exeunt QUEEN, GROOM
 Attendants.
 K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate
 That man i'the world, who d'
 A better wife, let him in now
 For speaking false in that: I
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet,
 Thy meekness saint-like, I
 ment,—
 Obeying in commanding,—
 Sovereign and pious else, I
 out,*)
 The queen of earthly queen
 And, like her true nobility,
 Carried herself towards me.
 Wol. Most gracious Sir,
 In humblest manner I request
 That it shall please you to d
 Of all these ears, (for where
 bound,
 There must I be unloos'd; a
 At once† and fully satisfied,
 Did broach this business to
 Laid any scruple in your wi
 Induce you to the question:
 Have to you,—but with that
 A royal lady,—spake on
 might
 Be to the prejudice of her p
 Or touch of her good person
 K. Hen. My lord cardinal
 I do excuse you; yea, upon
 I free you from't. You are
 That you have many enemies
 Why they are so, but, like
 Bark when their fellows do
 The queen is put in anger.
 But will you be more justifi
 Have wish'd the sleeping
 never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but
 The passages† made towa
 nour,
 I speak my good lord cardi
 And thus far clear him.
 me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, an
 Then mark the inducement
 give heed to't:—
 My conscience first receiv'd
 Scruple, and prick, on certa
 By the bishop of Bayonne.
 bassador;
 Who had been hither sent o
 A marriage, 'twixt the duk
 Our daughter Mary: I'th
 business,
 Ere a determinate resolutio
 (I mean, the bishop) did re
 Wherein he might the king
 Whether our daughter were
 Respecting this our marriage
 Sometimes our brother's v
 shook
 The bosom of my conscience
 Yea, with a splitting power,
 ble
 The region of my breast;
 That many maz'd consider

^a Speak out thy merits. † I
 † Closed or Lame

with this caution. First, me-

e smile of heaven; who had
ure, that my lady's womb,
a male child by me, should
es of life to't, than
o the dead: for her male issue
ey were made, or shortly after
air'd them: Hence I took a

[dom,
ement on me; that my king-
best heir o'the world, should
by me: then follows, that [not
nger which my realms stood in
s fail; and that gave to me
g throe. Thus hulling* in
my conscience, I did steer
edy, whereupon we are
re together; that's to say,
y my conscience,—which
ull sick, and yet not well,—
end fathers of the land,
rn'd,—First, I began in private
ord of Lincoln; you remember
oppression I did reek,†
v'd you.

ll, my liege.
ve spoke long; be pleas'd your-
ay
tified me.

e your highness,
d at first so stagger me,—
of mighty moment in't,
ce of dread,—that I committed
ounsel which I had, to doubt;
t your highness to this course,
running here.

en mov'd you,
terbury; and got your leave
esent summons:—Unsolicited
ad person in this court;
ar consent proceeded, [on:
nds and seals. Therefore, go
the world against the person
een, but the sharp thorny points
reasons, drive this forward:
narrriage lawful, by my life,
nity, we are contented
ortal state to come, with her,
queen, before the primest crea-
d't o'the world. [ture

use your highness,
ng absent, 'tis a needful fitness
rn this court till further day:
st be an earnest motion
een, to call back her appeal
to his holiness.

[They rise to depart.
ay perceive, [Aside.
s trifle with me: I abhor
loth, and tricks of Rome.
l well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
n!§ with thy approach, I know,
mes along. Break up the court:

Exeunt in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

E I.—Palace at Bridewell.

in the Queen's Apartment.

and some of her Women, at work.

ake thy lute, wench: my soul
s sad with troubles;

ut guidance. †Waste, or wear away.
§ Without compare.
ectrope to the absent bishop.

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave
working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals

Wait in the presence.*

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [Exit GENT.]. What can be
their business [your?

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from fa-
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs† as
righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here; [science,
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions [them,
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more
strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will
thank you, [sake;
If you speak truth, for tneir poor mistress'
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

* Presence chamber.

† Professions

KING HENRY VIII.

o much, good lady : but to know
and minded in the weighty differ-
e
king and you ; and to deliver,
d honest men, our just opinions,
ts to your cause.

it honour'd madam,
York,—out of his noble nature,
edience he still bore your grace ;
like a good man, your late censure
truth and him, (which was too
do, in a sign of peace, [far,)—
and his counsel.

To betray me. [Aside.
Thank you for both your good wills,
like honest men, (pray God, ye
ve so !)

make you suddenly an answer,
oint of weight, so near mine hon-

my life, I fear,, with my weak wit,
men of gravity and learning,
know not. I was set at work
maids ; full little, God knows,
king

uch men, or such business.

e that I have been, (for I feel
of my greatness,) good your graces,
e time, and counsel, for my cause ;
a woman, friendless, hopeless.

adam, you wrong the king's love
h these fears ;

and friends are infinite.

In England,

r my profit : Can you think, lords,
nglishman dare give me counsel?
own friend, 'gainst his highness'
asure, [est,)

be grown so desperate to be hon-
subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
ust weigh* out my afflictions,
y trust must grow to, live not here ;
s all my other comforts, far hence,
n country, lords.

ould, your grace
e your griefs, and take my counsel.

How, Sir?

t your main cause into the king's
tection ; [much

z, and most gracious ; 'twill be
ur honour better, and your cause ;
trial of the law o'ertake you,
away disgrac'd.

tells you rightly.

Ye tell me what, ye wish for both,
ruin ;

Christian counsel? out upon ye!
above all yet ; there sits a judge,
ig can corrupt.

ur rage mistakes us.

The more shame for ye ; holy men
bought ye,

oul, two reverend cardinal virtues :
d sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
for shame, my lords. Is this your
nfort?

that ye bring a wretched lady?

ost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

ish ye half my miseries,

e charity: But say, I warn'd ye ;

for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
once

of my sorrows fall upon ye.

dam, this is a mere distraction ;

ie good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into
on ye,

And all such false professors!
(If you have any justice, any
If ye be any thing but church
Put my sick cause into his
me?

Alas ! he has banish'd me his
His love, too long ago: I am
And all the fellowship I hold
Is only my obedience. What
To me above this wretche
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worn

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd th
speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,
A woman (I dare say, witho
Never yet branded with susp
Have I with all my full affec
Still met the king? lov'd I
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, super
Almost forgot my prayers to
And am I thus rewarded? 't
Bring me a constant woman
One that ne'er dream'd a joy
sure ;

And to that woman, when s
Yet will I add an honour,—

Wol. Madam, you wand
we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare
so guilty,

To give up willingly that no
Your master wed me to: no
Shall e'er divorce my digniti
Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had ne
lish earth,

Or felt the flatteries that gro
Ye have angels' faces, but h
hearts.

What will become of me now
I am the most unhappy wor
Alas ! poor wenches, where
tunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdo
No friends, no hope ; no kin
Almost no grave allow'd me
That once was mistress of th
ish'd,

I'll hang my head, and peris

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to kn
honest,

You'd feel more comfort:
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you
The way of our profession is
We are to cure such sorrow
For goodness' sake, conside
How you may hurt yourself
Grow from the king's acqu
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss ot
So much they love it; but to
They swell, and grow as ten
I know, you have a gentle, r
A soul as even as a calm; P
Those we profess, peace-mal
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find i
your virtues

With these weak women's

* Outweigh.

* Served him with superbia.

As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and,
pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd* myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my
prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's
Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUR-
FOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord
CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your com-
plaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sar. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he bath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sar. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sar. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sar. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-
carried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein
was read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o'the divorce: for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My king is tangled in affection to

A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sar. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sar. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts,
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his
physic

After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sar. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
For, I profess, you have it. [lord?]

Sar. Now all my joy

Trace* the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,† and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.‡

Sar. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius.

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you
the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

* Behaved.

† Enforce.

‡ Follow.

† New

‡ Make memorable

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king Does what his anger to him.

Sw. Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter, To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

[It; This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one [up Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string, The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule,* and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated [hour To his own portion! and what expense by the Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords; Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have [motion Stood here observing him: Some strange com- Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight, Springs out into fast gait;† then, stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be; There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I requir'd; And, wot† you, what I found There; on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,— The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will; Some spirit put this paper in the packet, To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid, His thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me! Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which You were now running o'er; you have some time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span, To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that I deem you an ill husband; and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business, which I bear i' the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which, perforce, I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yet together, As I will lead you cause, my doing well With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again; And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:

He said, he did; and with his deed did crown His word upon you. Since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not else Employ'd you where high profits might come home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sw. The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you [with The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say withal, If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces, [could

Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than My studied purposes requite; which went Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours Have ever come too short of my desires, Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For your great grace Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty, Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd; A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: The honour of it Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume, That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

(On you, than any; so your hand, and heart. Your brain, and every function of your power. Should, notwithstanding that your bond of As 'twere in love's particular, be more [duty, To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess.

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.

[to you. Though all the world should crack their duty And throw it from their soul: though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.

s nobly spoken :
ords, he has a loyal breast,
seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.]

is : and then to breakfast, with
you have.

it KING, *frowning upon Cardinal*
OLSEY: *the Nobles throng after*
him, smiling, and whispering.
should this mean?

anger's this? how have I reap'd
ning from me, as if ruin [it?
his eyes: So looks the chafed

ng huntsman that has gall'd him;
him nothing. I must read this

y of his anger.—'Tis so;
undone me:—'Tis the account
rd of wealth I have drawn to-

[dom,
ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
ends in Rome. O negligence,
o fall by! What cross devil
his main secret in the packet
? Is there no way to cure this?
to beat this from his brains?
stir him strongly; Yet I know
ke right, in spite of fortune
off again. What's this—To the

live, with all the business
diness. Nay then, farewell!
d the highest point of all my
ess;
full meridian of my glory,
my setting: I shall fall
xhalation in the evening,
e me more.

ukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK,
URREY, and the Lord CHAMBER-

he king's pleasure, cardinal:
ommands you
ne great seal presently
; and to confine yourself
e,* my lord of Winchester's,
urther from his highness.

ommission, lords? words can-
ry
eighty.

re cross them? [pressly?
ing's will from his mouth ex-
find more than will, or words,

alice,) know, officious lords,
st deny it. Now I feel
metal ye are moulded,—envy.
follow my disgraces,
and how sleek and wanton
very thing may bring my ruin!
vious courses, men of malice;
tian warrant for them, and, no

d their fit rewards. That seal,
uch a violence, the king,
r master,) with his own hand
e:

it, with the place and honours,
; and, to confirm his goodness,
s patents: Now, who'll take it?
g, that gave it.
be himself then.

* *Esher in Surrey*

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound to-
gether,)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your po-
You sent me deputy for Ireland; [liey!
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate* a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
should'st feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? [lords,
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded† by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.‡

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your
goodness, [rious.—

Since you provoke me, shall be most noto-
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardi-
You'll show a little honesty. [nal,

Wol. Speak on, Sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

* Equal.

† Ridden.

‡ A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring
larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth.

KING HENRY VIII.

'd rather want those, than my head.
 Have at you. [ledge,
 at, without the king's assent, or know-
 ought to be a legate; by which power
 im'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
 Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or
 gn princes, *Ego et Rex meus* [else
 I inscrib'd; in which you brought the
 our servant. [king
 Then, that, without the knowledge
 f king or council, when you went
 ador to the emperor, you made bold
 into Flanders the great seal.
 tem, you sent a large commission
 ory de Cassalis, to conclude, [ance,
 the king's will, or the state's allow-
 e between his highness and Ferrara.
 'hat, out of mere ambition, you have
 caus'd
 ly hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
 Then, that you have sent innumerable
 substance, [science,)
 at means got, I leave to your own con-
 sh Rome, and to prepare the ways
 re for dignities; to the mere undoing
 ie kingdom. Many more there are;
 since they are of you, and odious,
 ot taint my mouth with.
 O my lord,
 ot a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
 Its lie open to the laws; let them,
 , correct him. My heart weeps to see
 of his great self. [him
 I forgive him.
 Lord cardinal, the king's further plea-
 sure is,—
 e all those things, you have done of late
 power legatine within this kingdom,
 o the compass of a *præmunire*;—
 efore such a writ be sued against you:
 it all your goods, lands, tenements,
 s, and whatsoever, and to be [charge.
 the king's protection:—This is my
 And so we'll leave you to your medi-
 tations
 live better. For your stubborn answer,
 he giving back the great seal to us,
 g shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
 thank you.
 you well, my little good lord cardinal.
 [Exeunt all but WOLSEY.
 So farewell to the little good you bear
 me.
 ll, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 the state of man; To-day he puts forth
 der leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 ars his blushing honours thick upon
 him:
 rd day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 when he thinks, good easy man, full
 surely
 atness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 en he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 le wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 ny summers in a sea of glory; [pride
 beyond my depth: my high-blown
 th broke under me; and now has left
 me,
 and old with service, to the mercy
 de stream, that must for ever hide me.
 omp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 y heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 poor man, that hangs on princes' fa-
 vours! [to,
 s, betwixt that smile we would aspire
 lute. † As the Pope's legate.
 t incurring a penalty.

That sweet aspect of peace
 More pangs and fears I
 have;
 And when he falls, he fall
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL

Why, how now, Cromwell
 Crom. I have no power
 Wol. What, amaz'd
 At my misfortunes? can I
 A great man should do
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your
 Wol. Why, well;
 Never so truly happy, my
 I know myself now; and
 A peace above all earthly
 A still and quiet consol
 cur'd me,

I humbly thank his gra
 shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out
 A load would sink a nav
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromw
 Too heavy for a man tha

Crom. I am glad, you
 right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have:
 (Out of a fortitude of so
 To endure more miserie
 Than my weak-hearted
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, I
 Is your displeasure with

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, th
 Lord chancellor in your

Wol. That's somewhat
 But he's a learned man
 Long in his highness' fi
 For truth's sake, and I
 bones,

When he has run his
 blessings,

May have a tomb of o
 What more?

Crom. That Cranme
 come,

Install'd lord archbish

Wol. That's news in

Crom. Last, that the
 Whom the king hath in
 This day was view'd in
 Going to chapel; and
 Only about her corona

Wol. There was the
 down. O Cr

The king has gone bey
 In that one woman I h
 No sun shall ever ush
 Or gild again the nobl
 Upon my smiles. Go,
 well;

I am a poor fallen man
 To be thy lord and ma
 That sun, I pray, may
 him

What, and how true t
 Some little memory of
 (I know his noble nat
 Thy hopeful service I
 well,

Neglect him not; mak
 For thine own future

† The chancellor is the g
 † Interest.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my
prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion [thee,

(Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour,—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. [it.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not: [try's,

Get all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy coun-
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
sorrow;

This general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever
forward

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that con-
That paper in your hand? [tains,

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, Sir; had I not known
those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Kath-
arine,

The princess dowager! how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The arch-
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to
which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage* made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then enter

1. Two Judges.
2. The Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him.
3. Choristers singing. [Music.
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his
head, a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on
his head a demi-coronal of gold. With
him, the earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of
silver with the dore, crowned with an earl's
coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coro-
net on his head, bearing a long white wand,
as high-steward. With him, the duke of
Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a
coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports;
under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair
richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On
each side of her, the bishops of London,
and Winchester.
8. The old duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of
gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the
Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain cir-
clets of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I
know;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent. Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that
should be

The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

* The marriage lately considered as valid.

KING HENRY VIII.

as all the Indies in his arms,
and richer, when he strains that
lame his conscience. [lady :
They, that bear
of honour over her, are four barons
que-ports.
Those men are happy ; and so are
ll, are near her.
she that carries up the train,
l noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
It is ; and all the rest are countesses.
Their coronets say so. These are
tars indeed ;
etimes, falling ones.
No more of that.
*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
Trumpets.*

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

you, Sir ! Where have you been
rolling ?
Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where
finger
t be wedg'd in more ; and I am stilled
mere rankness of their joy.
You saw
nony ?
That I did.
How was it ?
Well worth the seeing.
Good Sir, speak it to us.
As well as I am able. The rich
stream
and ladies, having brought the queen
par'd place in the choir, fell off
re from her ; while her grace sat down
while, some half an hour, or so,
chair of state, opposing freely
ty of her person to the people.
ne, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
r lay by man : which when the people
full view of, such a noise arose
brouds make at sea in a still tempest,
and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
is, I think,) flew up ; and had their
faces [joy
se, this day they had been lost. Such
saw before. Great-bellied women,
d not half a week to go, like rams
ld time of war, would shake the press,
ake them reel before them. No man
living [woven
ay, *This is my wife*, there ; all were
gly in one piece.
t. But, 'pray, what follow'd ?
t. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces
o the altar ; where she kneel'd, and,
saint-like, [voutly.
r fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-
se again, and bow'd her to the people :
y the archbishop of Canterbury
l all the royal makings of a queen ;
oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
l, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems
bly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
ll the choicest music of the kingdom,
er sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
ith the same full state pac'd back again
k-place, where the feast is held.
t. Sir, you
o more call it York-place, that is past :
ice the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;
v the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
t. I know it ;
so lately alter'd, that the old name

is fresh about me.
2 Gent. What two reverend
Were those that went on each
3 Gent. Stokesly and Gen
Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the h
The other, London.
2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lovers
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 Gent. All the land know
However, yet there's no g
it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend
2 Gent. Who may that be
3 Gent. Thomas Cromwe
A man in much esteem
A worthy friend.—The kin
Has made him master o'th
And one, already, of the p
2 Gent. He will deserve
3 Gent. Yes, without all
Come, gentlemen, ye shall
Is to the court, and there y
Something I can command
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may commai

SCENE II.—1

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager
GRIFFITH and*

Grif. How does your g
Kath. O, Griffith, sick !
My legs, like loaden bi
Willing to leave their burd
So,—now, methinks, I se
Didst thou not tell me, G
That the great child of h
Was dead ?
Grif. Yes, madam ; bu
Out of the pain you suffe
Kath. Prythee, good
he died :
If well, he stepp'd before
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice
For after the stout earl
Arrested him at York, and
(As a man sorely tainted
He fell sick suddenly, an
He could not sit his mul
Kath. Alas ! poor mar
Grif. At last, with ear
Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ;
With all his convent, hor
To whom he gave these v
An old man, broken with t
Is come to lay his weary b
Give him a little earth for
So went to bed : where
Pursued him still ; and,
About the hour of eight,
Foretold, should be his li
Continual meditations, t
He gave his honours to t
His blessed part to heav
Kath. So may he rest
on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, g
him,
And yet with charity,—
(Of an unbounded stomac
Himself with princes ; o

* Happy.

† By short

Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence*
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
To hear me speak his good now? [ness

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd tot much honour. From his
cradle,

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing
God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other he-
No other speaker of my living actions, [rald,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with
him!—

Patience, he near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six Personages, clad in white robes,
securing on their heads garlands of bays, and
golden rizards on their faces; branches of myrs,
or palm, in their hands. They first congee un-
to her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the
first two hold a spare garland over her head; at
which, the other four make reverend court'sies;
then the two that held the garland, deliver the
same to the other next two, who observe the
same order in their changes, and holding the
garland over her head: which done, they deliver
the same garland to the last two, who likewise
observe the same order: at which, (as it were
by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of

rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven:
and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying
the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are
ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a bless-
ed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, [feel
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
Possess your fancy. [dreams

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[Music ceases.

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, [ness,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted great-
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon; [ing
My haste made me unmannerly: There is stay-
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But
this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exit GRIFFITH and MESSENGER.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not, [peror,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
What is your pleasure with me? [you,

Cap. Noble lady, [next,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
Sends you his princely commendations, [me
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but
How does his highness? [prayers.

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that let-
I caus'd you write, yet sent away? [ter.

* Of the king.

+ Formed for.

† Ipswich

Pat. No, madam. [Giving it to KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to do—
This to my lord the king. [liver

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model* of our chaste loves, his young
daughter:†— [her!—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be; a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall
have them:

The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid
them,

And something over to remember me by;
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me long-
er life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls de-
parted, [king
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me loose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
In all humility unto his highness: [me
Say, his long trouble now is passing [him,
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Fare-
well,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know [me,

I was a chaste wife to my grave:—embalm
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet
like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—

[Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a PAGE
with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us

Image.

† Afterwards Q. Mary.
; Even if he should be.

To waste these times.—Good hour of night,
Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him a
primero*

With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, Sir,
walk

(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The quest's
in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says:
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, Sir, Sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, reli-
gious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
Sleep in their graves. [she,

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,— [he

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made ma-
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary: further,
Sir, [ment,

Stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop

Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who
dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, [tw'd
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this
day,

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd† the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)

A most arch heretic, a pestilence [moved,
That does infect the land: with which they
Have broken§ with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mi-
chiefs [manded,

Our reasons laid before him,) he hath com-
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.¶ He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest
your servant.

[Exeunt GARDINER and PAGE.]

* A game at cards.
† Told their minds.

† Hint.
‡ Summoned.

; Set on.

going out, enter the KING, and Duke of SUFFOLK.

Charles, I will play no more to-

on't, you are too hard for me. I never win of you before.

little, Charles;

When my fancy's on my play.—
From the queen, what is the

not personally deliver to her
anded me, but by her woman
age; who return'd her thanks
humbleness, and desir'd your

pray for her.

say'st thou? ha!

what, is she crying out?

er woman; and that her suf-

made

g a death.

, good lady!

ly quit her of her burden, and

ail, to the gladding of

with an heir!

midnight, Charles,

; and in thy prayers remember

poor queen. Leave me alone;

of that, which company

idly to.

our highness

nd my good mistress will

y prayers.

les, good night.—

[Exit SUFFOLK.]

Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

follows?

ave brought my lord the arch-

ded me.

[bishop,

Canterbury?

good lord.

true: Where is he, Denny?

nds your highness' pleasure.

g him to us. [Exit DENNY.

about that which the bishop

ne hither.

[Aside.

DENNY, with CRANMER.

d the gallery.

[LOVELL seems to stay.

d.—Begone.

[Exit LOVELL and DENNY.

arful:—Wherefore frowns he

f terror. All's not well.

now, my lord? You do desire

t for you.

duty,

highness' pleasure.

y you, arise,

acious lord of Canterbury.

I must walk a turn together;

ell you: Come, come, give me

nd,

nd, I grieve at what I speak,

orry to repeat what follows:

it unwillingly, of late

evous, I do say, my lord,

ints of you; which, being con-

and our council, that you shall

me before us; where, I know,

a such freedom purge yourself,

ther trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us,*

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know;
There's none stands under more calumnious
Than I myself, poor man. [tongues,

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted [up;
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I
look'd

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring toge-
ther [you

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, [not,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weight
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how [world?
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole
Your enemies

Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween's you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer; [to.
They shall no more prevail, than we give way
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us [weeps!
There make before them.—Look, the good man
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[Exit CRANMER.]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old LADY.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean
you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I
bring

* One of the council. † Value. ‡ Always. \ Think.

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless him!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to
the queen. *[Exit King.]*

Lady. A hundred marks! By this light,
I'll have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or send it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else won't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exit Lady.]*

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; SERVANTS, DOOR-KEEPER,
&c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the
gentlemen, *[to me]*
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this?—Hua!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be
call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit Butts.]*

Cran. *[Aside.]* 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,

This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice.)

To quench mine honour: they would shame
to make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many
a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord: *[bury;*

The high promotion of his grace of Canter-
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursui-
Pages, and footboys. *[vants,*

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to sell
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with pain
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close.
We shall hear more anon.— *[Exit.]*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

*Enter the Lord CHANCELLOR, the Duke of
FOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord CHAMBERLAIN,
GARDINER, and CROMWELL.* The Chancellor
places himself at the upper end of the table on
the left hand; a seat being left void above him,
as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. He
rests seat themselves in order on each side
CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary.
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canter-

Ger. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble father?

Ger. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, in his
pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: But we all are men.

In our own natures frail; and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which
frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should
teach us,

Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Ger. Which reformation must be sudden in.

My noble lords: for those, that tame wild
horses,

Pace them not in their hands to make them
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer

(Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness

Farewell, all physic: And what follows that?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbor

hours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, is all the
progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority,

Might go one way, and safely; and the end

Was ever, to do well: nor is there living

(I speak it with a single heart,* my lords.)
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-
 ships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
 more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
 pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I
 thank you, [pass,
 You are always my good friend; if your will
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful: I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me mo-
 dest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
 covers, [ness.
 To men that understand you, words and weak-

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a lit-
 tle,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
 fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It
 stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
 Let some o'the guard be ready there. [some!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
 And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told
 ye all, [ing,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a roll-
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
 The king will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
 How much more is his life in value with him?
 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
 In seeking tales, and informations,
 Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
 And his disciples only envy at,)
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his scat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
 bound to heaven
 In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
 Not only good and wise, but most religious:
 One that, in all obedience, makes the church
 The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,
 His royal self in judgement comes to hear
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden com-
 mendations,
 Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence,
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.
 To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win
 me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
 Good man, [To CRANMER.] sit down. Now let
 me see the proudest
 He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think his place becomes thee
 not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, Sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had had men of some under-
 standing

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly toothboy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
 mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chm. Thus far,
My most dread sovereigns, may it like your
grace [you'd
To let my tongue express all. What was per-
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of
Canterbury.

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
This is, a fair young maid that yet wants hap-
piness,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Crn. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That out a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your speech; * you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess
of Norfolk, [you?

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge
Embrace, and love this man. [you,

Ger. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Crn. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, these joyful tears show
thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified [bury
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Can-
terbury a shroud turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter PORTER and
his MAN.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye ras-
cals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to
the garden.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,
you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch
me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones;
these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch
your heads: You must be seeing christenings?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude
rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much
impossible [cannons,
(Unless we sweep them from the door with
To smother them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir
them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot [in?
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.

* It was an ancient custom for squires to present spoons
to their god-children.

† The four gates on the South-side. ‡ Roaring.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, or
Colbrand,* to mow them down before me: but
If I spared any, that had a head to hit, either
young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-
maker, let me never hope to see a chase again,
and that I would not for a cow. God save us.

[Within.] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, not
master puppy.—Keep the door close, Sarah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock the
down by the dozens? Is this Moorfield
master in? or have we some strange idle
with the great tool come to court, the worse
beings us? Bless me, what a fry of fellows
is at door! On my Christian conscience, to
see christening will begot a thousand to
will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger. Is
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazer by his face, for, as you
recolence, twenty of the dog-days now reign
seen; all that stand about him are under
line, they need no other penance: That in-
drake did I hit three times on the head, at
three times was his nose discharged, and
me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to
blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife
small wit near him, that railed upon me for
her pink'd porridge; fell off her head, in
kindling such a combustion in the state. I
miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman,
who cried out, clink! when I might as well
for some forty truncheoners draw to her re-
cour, which were the hope of the Strand, who
she was quartered. They fell on; I made good
my place, at length they came to the best
staff with me, I defied them still; when sud-
denly a file of boys behind them, leapt out,
delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was
fain to draw mine honour in, and let them on
the work. The devil was amongst them, I feel
surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at
play-house, and fight for bitten apples; but
no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill
or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers
are able to endure. I have some of them
Lime Patrum,† and there they are like to
dance these three days; besides the running
banquet of two headles,‡ that is to come.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Chm. Mercy o'mo, what a multitude we
here! [coming.

They grow still too, from all parts they are
As if we kept a fair here! Where are the
porters,

These lazy knaves!—Ye have made a fine
band, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall
have [indign.

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do.
Not being torn a piece, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Chm. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

* Guy of Warwick, now Colbrand the Danish giant.

† Pink'd cup.

‡ Piece of entertainment.

† The hearse.

‡ A sort of whipping.

Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
 And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,* when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets
 sound;
 They are come already from the christening:
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two
 months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or
 I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail;
 I'll pickt you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Palace.†

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen,
 Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of
 Norfolk, with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of
 Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great stand-
 ing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four
 Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the
 Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the
 child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train
 borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness
 of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies.
 The Troop pass once about the stage, and GAR-
 TER speaks.*

Gart. Heaven from thy endless goodness,
 send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
 the high and mighty princess of England,
 Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace,
 and the good queen,
 My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
 What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[The KING kisses the child.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect
 Into whose hands I give thy life. [thee!]

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
 prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
 When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir, [utter
 For heaven now bids me; and the words I
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
 truth. [her!]

This royal infant, (heaven still move about
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall
 be

(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely
 graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good, [her,
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall
 bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

* Black leather vessels to hold beer.

† At Greenwich.

† Rich.

And hang their heads with sorrow: Good
 grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of hon-
 our, [blood.

And by those claim their greatness, not by
 [Nor* shall this peace sleep with her: But as
 when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir.

As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall
 flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's
 children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
 land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must
 die, [gin,

She must, the saints must have her; yet a vir-
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass [her.
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my
 Maker.—

I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
 lords;— [ye,

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their
 ease,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis
 clear, [city

They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty!
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,

All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we show'd them; If they smile,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

* This and the following seventeen lines were probably
 written by B. Jonson, after the accession of King James

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ing of Troy.			
TROILUS, PARIS,	} His Sons.		THESSITES, a deformed and s
HEIPHOBUS, HELENUS,			ALEXANDER, Servant to Cr
ANTENOR, Trojan Commanders.			Servant to Troilus.—Servan
a Trojan Priest, taking part with			vant to Diomedes.
e Greeks.			
Uncle to Cressida.			HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
ON, a bastard Son of Priam.			ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector
ON, the Grecian General.			CASSANDRA, Daughter to Pri
his Brother.			CRESSIDA, Daughter to Cal
AJAX, ULYSSES,	} Grecian Com-		
ESTOR, DIOMEDES,			Trojan and Greek Soldiers
ATROCLUS,			SCENE, Troy, and the Greci

PROLOGUE.

here lies the scene. From isles of
reece
sorgulous,* their high blood chaf'd,
e port of Athens sent their ships,
with the ministers and instruments
war: Sixty and nine, that wore
vnets regal, from the Athenian bay
toward Phrygia: and their vow is
ade, [mures
k Troy: within whose strong im-
id Helen, Menelaus' queen,
ton Paris sleeps; And that's the
jarrel.
s they come;
eep-drawing barks do there disgorge
like fraughtage:† Now on Dardan
ains
and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
e pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
nd Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
norides, with massy staples,
sponsive and fulfilling bolts,
the sons of Troy.
ctation, tickling skittish spirits,
d other side, Trojan and Greek,
hazard:—And hither am I come
e arm'd,—but not in confidence
's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
ditions as our argument,—
a, fair beholders, that our play
r the vaunt‡ and firstlings of those
oils,
n the middle; starting thence away
ay be digested in a play.
nd fault; do as your pleasures are;
, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy.—Before

Enter TROILUS arm'd,

Tro. Call here my varlet
Why should I war without
That find such cruel battle
Each Trojan, that is maste
Let him to field; Troilus,

Pan. Will this geert ne'

Tro. The Greeks are str
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and
valiant;

But I am weaker than a w
Tamer than sleep, sonder‡
Less valiant than the virgi
And skillless as unpractis'

Pan. Well, I have told
for my part, I'll not medd
ther. He, that will have
wheat, must tarry the grin

Tro. Have I not tarried

Pan. Ay, the grinding;
the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried

Pan. Ay, the bolting;
the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried

Pan. Ay, to the leaven
in the word—hereafter,
making of the cake, the l
and the baking; nay, you
ing too, or you may chanc

Tro. Patience herself,
she be,

Doth lesser blench§ at sufl

† Hateful.

‡ Freight.

§ Shut.

¶ Avaunt, what went before.

* A servant to a knight.

† Shrink

iam's royal table do I sit;
when fair Cressid comes into my
thoughts,—

aitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Well, she looked yesternight fairer
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

I was about to tell thee,—When my
heart,

edged with a sigh, would rive* in twain;
Hector or my father should perceive me,

(as when the sun doth light a storm,)
d this sigh in wrinkle of a smile: (ness,
orrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-

s that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
An her hair were not somewhat dark-

m Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no
comparison between the women,—But,

y part, she is my kinswoman; I would
s they term it, praise her,—But I would

ody had heard her talk yesterday, as I
I will not dispraise your sister Cassan-

wit; but—
O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

I do tell thee, There my hopes lie
drown'd,

not in how many fathoms deep
he indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

mid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice;

yes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
lost in thy discourse, O, that her hand,

one comparison all whites are ink,
ag their own reproach; To whose soft

seizure
rgnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

as the palm of ploughmen! This thou
tell'st me,

est thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
aying, thus, instead of oil and balm,

lay'st in every gash that love hath given
life that made it. [me

I speak no more than truth.
Thou dost not speak so much.

'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her;

be not, she has the mends in her own

Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?
I have had my labour for my travel; ill-

it on of her, and ill-thought on of you:
etween and between, but small thanks

labour.
What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,

with me?
Because she is kin to me, therefore,

ot so fair as Helen: an she were not kin
she would be as fair on Friday, as He-

m Sunday. But what care I? I care
a she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one

Say I, she is not fair?
I do not care whether you do or no.

fool to stay behind her father; let her
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next

see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor
so more in the matter.

Pandarus,—
Not I.

Sweet Pandarus,—
Pray you, speak no more to me; I will

ll as I found it, and there an end.
[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarm.

Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair
When with your blood you daily paint her
I cannot fight upon this argument; [thus.

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plagu-

me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pan-
dar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarm. Enter AENEAS.

Aene. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore
not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's an-
swer sorts,*

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

Aene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Aeneas?

Aene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to
scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.

Aene. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were
may.— [ther?

But to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thi-

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.—A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his ar-

mourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among

the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,†

And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,

sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many

beasts of their particular additions;‡ he is as

valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow

as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath

so crouded humours, that his valour is crush-

ed§ into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:

there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not

a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he

carries some stain of it: he is melancholy

* Split.

* Suits. † By himself. ‡ Characters. § Mixed.

without cause, and merry against the hair :^{*} He hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid : What do you talk of ?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cres. Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too ; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there is Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay ; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself ? Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. ——'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time must friend, or end : Well, Troilus, well, —I would, my heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities ;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece : Helen —'If swore the other day, that Troilus, for

a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a jewel for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd^{*} window, —and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic[†] may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter ?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy !—How came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then :—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing ;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.†

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ;—Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

make no question of that.
 quoth he, and one white:
 father, and all the rest are
 quoth she, which of these
 husband? The forked one,
 and give it him. But,
 ning! and Helen so blush-
 afed, and all the rest so
 ed.^a

; for it has been a great

, I told you a thing yea-

, 'tis true; he will weep
 a horn in April.
 wing up in his tears, an
 st May.

[A Retreat sounded.
 are coming from the field:
 re, and see them, as they
 ' good nieces, do; sweet

unre.
 here's an excellent place;
 ost bravely: I'll tell you
 nes, as they pass by; but
 the rest.

tes over the stage.

load.

as; Is not that a brave-
 e flowers of Troy, I can
 c Troilus; you shall see

R passes over.

ior; he has a shrewd wit,
 he's a man good enough;
 dest judgements in Troy,
 proper man of person.—
 s?—I'll show you Troilus
 you shall see him nod at

you the nod?

e.

rich shall have more.

passes over.

or, that, that, look you,
 w!—Go thy way, Hector;
 an, niece.—() brave Hec-
 looks! there's a counten-
 re man?

aan!

t does a man's heart good
 jacks are on his helmet?
 you see? look you there!
 there's laying on; take't
 say: there be backs!
 th swords?

passes over.

y thing, he cares not: an
 m, it's all one: By god's
 art good.—Yonder comes
 a Paris: look ye yonder,
 ilant man too, is't not?—
 now.—Who said, he came
 he's not hurt: why thus
 t good now. Ha! 'would
 now!—you shall see Troi-

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenna,—I marvel, where
 Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went
 not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indif-
 ferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—
 Hark;—do you not hear the people cry, Troi-
 lus!—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:
 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—
 Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troi-
 lus!—look well upon him, niece; look you,
 how his sword is bloodied, and his helm^b more
 hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and
 how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er
 saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus,
 go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a
 daughter a goddess, he should take his choice.
 O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to
 him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would
 give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran,
 chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could
 live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look,
 ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and
 daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such
 a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all
 Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles;
 a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very
 camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any dis-
 cretion? have you any eyes? Do you know
 what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good
 shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentle-
 ness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,
 the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be
 baked with no date^c in the pye,—for then the
 man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows
 not at what ward^d you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly;
 upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my
 secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask,
 to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all
 these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thou-
 sand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and
 that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I
 cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can
 watch you for telling how I took the blow;
 unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past
 watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak
 with you.

^a Helmet.

^b As if 'twere.
^c At cards called Noddy.

^d Dates were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost
 every kind.
^e Guard.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Where?

At your own house; there he unarms

Good boy, tell him I come: [Exit
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well,

Adieu, uncle.

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

To bring, uncle,—

Ay, a token from Troilus.

By the same token you are a bawd.—

[Exit PANDARUS.

vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sa-

in another's enterprize: [cries,

in Troilus thousand fold I see

the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

I off. Women are angels, wooing:

When are done, joy's soul lies in the do-

ing.

Belov'd knows nought, that knows

not this,—

the thing ungain'd more than it is:

was never yet, that ever knew

so sweet, as when desire did sue:

re this maxim out of love I teach,—

ment is command; ungain'd beseech:

ough my heart's content firm love doth

bear,

of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.

E III.—The Grecian Camp.—Before
Agamemnon's Tent.

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,
ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Princes,

rief hath set the jaundice on your
cheeks!

le proposition, that hope makes

signs begun on earth below,

the promis'd largeness: checks and
disasters

the veins of actions highest rear'd;

s, by the conflix of meeting sup,

the sound pine, and divert his grain

and errant* from his course of growth.

ness, is it matter new to us,

come short of our suppose so far,

ter seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

ry action that hath gone before,

we have record, trial did draw

thwart, not answering the aim,

unbodied figure of the thought

at surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
nk them shames, which are, indeed,

nought else

protractive trials of great Jove.

ersistent constancy in men?

ness of which metal is not found

ne's love: for then, the bold and
coward,

and fool, the artist and unread,

and soft, seem all afflu'd; and kin:

he wind and tempest of her frown,

on, with a broad and powerful fan,

at all, winnows the light away;

at hath mass, or matter, by itself

in virtue, and unmingled.

With due observance of thy godlike
eat,‡

Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

and rambling.

by affinity.

‡ Since.

‡ The throne.

Thy latest words. In thee
Lies the true proof of my
smooth.

How many shallow baubles
Upon her patient breast, in

With those of nobler bulk,
But let the ruffian Boreas

The gentle Thetis,* and, on
The strong ribb'd bark the

tains cut,
Bounding between the two
Like Perseus' horse: What

boat,
Whose weak untimber'd side
Co-rival'd greatness? either

Or made a toast for Neptune
Doth valour's show, and val
In storms of fortune: For

brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance
Than by the tiger: but what

Makes flexible the knees of
And flies fled under shad

thing of courage,
As round with rage, with
And with an accent turn'd

Returns to chiding fortune
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander,
Heart of our numbers, son

In whom the tempers and
Should be shut up,—hear a

Besides the applause and
The which,—most mighty

sway,—
And thou most reverend
life,—

I give to both your spe
such,

As Agamemnon and the
Should hold up high in br

As venerable Nestor, hat
Should with a bond of air

On which heaven rides,) I
ears

To his experienc'd tongue
Thou great,—and wise,

Speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of
less expect;

That matter needless, of i
Divide thy lips; than we

When rank Thersites open
We shall hear music, wit,

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon
down,

And the great Hector's
But for these instances.

The speciality of rule‡ ha
And, look, how many Gri

Hollow upon this plain,
tions.

When that the general is
To whom the foragers sh

What honey is expected
arded,||

The unworthiest shows as
The heavens themselves,

centre,
Observe degree, priority,
Inaisture,‡ course, propo

Office, and custom, in all
And therefore is the glori

In noble eminence enthro

* The daughter of

‡ The god by that things earth

‡ Rights of authority. ¶

med'cinable eye
of planets evil,
mandment of a king,
and bad: But when the

ler wander, [tiny?
at portents? what mu-
shaking of earth?
ds? frights, changes,

and deracinate†
alm of states
O, when degree is

ll high designs,
How could commun-

rotherhoods‡ in cities,
dividable§ shores,
ue of birth,
ns, sceptres, laurels,
authentic place?
untune that string,
d follows! each thing

The bounded waters
higher than the shores,
his solid globe:
of imbecility,
strike his father dead:
or, rather, right and

jar justice resides,)
and so should justice

es itself in power,
o appetite;
al wolf,
h will and power,
niversal prey,
elf. Great Agamem-
e is suffocate, [non,

egree it is,
kward, with a purpose
eneral's disdain'd
he, by the next;
th: so every step,
ce that is sick
o an envious fever
nulation:
eeps Troy on foot,
o end a tale of length,
stands, not in her

ath Ulysses here dis-

ir power¶ is sick.
f the sickness found,
[Ulysses,
illes,—whom opinion

and of our host,—
s airy fame,
th, and in his tent
is: With him, Patro-
elong day [clus,

l awkward action
nitiation calls,) [non,
etime, great Agamem-
he puts on;

ip by the roots.
§ Divided. || Absolute.
lern language, takes us off.

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,*—

Such to-be-pitied and e'er-wrested† seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-
suar'd,‡ [dropp'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud ap-
plause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
As he, being dress'd to some oration. [board,
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife.
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patro-*
clus;—

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a reign, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factions feasts; rails on our state of
Bold as an oracle: and sets 'thersites [war,
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity: [war:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the en-
gine;

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles'
horse

Makes many Thetis' sons. [trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent

* The galleries of the theatre. † Beyond the truth.
‡ Unadapted.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

this
 Agamemnon's tent, I pray?
 Even this.
 Say one, that is a herald, and a
 message to his kingly ears? [prince.
 With surety stronger than Achilles'
 arm [voice
 the Greekish heads, which with one
 Agamemnon head and general.
 fair leave, and large security. How
 far to those most imperial looks [may
 far from eyes of other mortals?
 How?
 Ay;
 that I might waken reverence,
 the cheek be ready with a blush
 in morning when she coldly eyes
 the Phœbus:
 that god in office, guiding men?
 the high and mighty Agamemnon?
 This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
 nonious courtiers. [Troy
 courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 ng angels; that's their fame in peace:
 if they would seem soldiers, they have
 galls,
 ns, strong joints, true swords; and,
 love's accord,
 so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 rojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 hiness of praise distains his worth,
 the prais'd himself bring the praise
 forth:
 the repining enemy commends,
 ath fame follows; that praise, sole
 pure, transcends.
 Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
 Æneas?
 Ay, Greek, that is my name.
 What's your affair, I pray you?
 Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's
 ears.
 He hears nought privately, that comes
 from Troy.
 Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 trumpet to awake his ear; [him:
 s sense on the attentive bent,
 to speak.
 Speak frankly* as the wind;
 Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 u shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 thee so himself.
 Trumpet, blow loud, [tents;—
 / brass voice through all these lazy
 ry Greek of mettle, let him know,
 oy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
 [Trumpet sounds.
 , great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
 his dull and long-continued truce
 grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
 this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
 lords!
 be one among the fair'st of Greece,
 ds his honour higher than his ease;
 ks his praise more than he fears his
 peril;
 ws his valour, and knows not to fear;
 s his mistress more than in confession,
 uant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 e avow her beauty and her worth,
 arms than hers,—to him this chal-
 lenge.
 n view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 ke it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer,
 Than ever Greek did compass
 And will to-morrow with his
 Mid-way between your tents
 To rouse a Grecian that is true
 If any come, Hector shall be
 If none, he'll say in Troy, who
 The Grecian dames are sun
 worth
 The splinter of a lance. Ev
 Agam. This shall be told
 Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in
 We left them all at home: B
 And may that soldier a man
 That means not, hath not, o
 If then one is, or hath, or m
 That one meets Hector; if:
 Nest. Tell him of Nestor
 man
 When Hector's grandsire
 But if there be not in our
 One noble man, that hath
 To answer for his love, Tel
 I'll hide my silver beard in
 And in my vantbrace* put
 And meeting him, will tel
 Was fairer than his grand
 As may be in the world:
 I'll prove this truth with
 blood
 Æne. Now heavens for
 youth!
 Ulyss. Amen!
 Agam. Fair lord Ænea
 To our pavilion shall I le
 Achilles shall have word
 So shall each lord of Gre
 Yourself shall feast with
 And find the welcome of
 [Exeunt all but
 Ulyss. Nestor,—
 Nest. What says Ulys
 Ulyss. I have a you
 brain,
 Be you my time to bring
 Nest. What is't?
 Ulyss. This 'tis:
 Blunt wedges rive har
 That hath to this maturi
 In rank Achilles, must c
 Or, shedding, breed a n
 To overbulk us all.
 Nest. Well, and how?
 Ulyss. This challenge
 tor sends,
 However it is spread in
 Relates in purpose only
 Nest. The purpose is
 substance,
 Whose grossness little c
 And, in the publication
 But that Achilles, were
 As banks of Libya,—th
 'Tis dry enough,—will,
 of judgement,
 Ay, with celerity, find I
 Pointing on him.
 Ulyss. And wake hi
 you?
 Nest. Yes,
 It is most meet; Whom
 That can from Hector I
 If not Achilles? Though
 Yet in the trial much o

* Freely.

* An armour for the arm.

ojans taste our dear'st reputa
st palate: And trust to me,
shall be oddly pois'd
ion: for the success,
cular, shall give a scantling*
unto the general;
dexes, although small prickst
uent volumes, there is seen
of the giant mass
ne at large. It is suppos'd,
Hector, issues from our choice:
ng mutual, act of all our souls,
r election; and doth boil,
forth us all, a man distill'd
ies; Who miscarrying,
eives from hence a conquering

g opinion to themselves?
d, limbs are his instruments,
ing, than are swords and bows
limbs.
pardon to my speech;—
meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
chants, show our foulest wares,
chance, they'll sell; if not,
e better shall exceed,
worse first. Do not consent,
or and Achilles meet;
mour and our shame, in this,
h two strange followers.
em not with my old eyes; what
y?

glory our Achilles shares from
oud, we all should share with

is too insolent;
etter parch in Afric sun,
le and salt scorn of his eyes,
e Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
lid our main opinion† crush
est man. No, make a lottery;
let blockish Ajax draw
ht with Hector: Among our-

ance for the better man,
ysic the great Myrmidon,
oud applause; and make him

prouder than blue Iris bends.
less Ajax come safe off,
up in voices: If he fail,
r our opinion|| still
etter men. But, hit or miss,
e this shape of sense assumes—
plucks down Achilles' plumes.

relish thy advice;
a taste of it forthwith
: go we to him straight.
tame each other; Pride alone
e mastiffs on, as 'twere their
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

other part of the Grecian Camp.
AJAX and THERSITES.

es,——
nnon—how if he had boils? full,
lly?
es,——
ose boils did run?—Say so,—

† Small points compared with the
timation or character. ‡ Lot.
‡ Provoke.

did not the general run then? were not that a
botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,
speak: I will beat thee into handsemeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner
con an oration, than thou learn a prayer with-
out book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a
red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers
itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsome scab in Greece.
When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour
on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's
beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun* thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an assinegot may tutor thee: Thou
scurvy valiant ass; thou art here put to thrash
Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among
those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If
thou use† to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,
and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of
no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do,
camel; do, do. [Beating him.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do
you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him:
for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit
he utters! his evasions have ears thus long.
I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat

* Pound.

† As a cant term for a foolish fellow.

‡ Continue.

my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny and his pie mater^a is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.†

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so!—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach† bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.]
Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare

Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Fare-
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troy.—A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PANDARUS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks; Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—Who knows what follows?

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,*

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merits in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counter The past-proportion of his infinite? [see] And buckle-in a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father [see] Bear the great sway of his affairs with reason? Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm; You know, a sword employ'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm: Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels; And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fit their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect Make livers pale, and lustihood defect.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

* The membrane that protects the brain.

† Voluntarily.

‡ Bitch, hound.

* Tenths.

† Caution.

Hect. But value dwells not in particular
It holds his estimate and dignity [will;
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench* from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,†
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service: he touch'd the ports de-
And, for an old aunt,‡ whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness [ing.

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morn-
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—Go, go,)

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,

And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.

Hect. Now youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste* the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.† For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince‡ of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation§ is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to
Now to deliver her possession up, [me,

On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this, [soms?

Should once set footing in your generous bosom?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,

When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,||—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,

* Shrink, or fly off.

† Basket.

‡ Priam's sister, Hecione.

* Corrupt, change to a worse state.

† Convict.

‡ Defence.

§ To set it off.

|| Commented

Thus wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their humbled wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong.
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's*
opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet notwithstanding,
My spritely brethren, I propound to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Wert it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy
Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes,

And hence, in time to come, canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amendment to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. *[Exit.*

**SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.—Before
ACHILLES' Tent.**

Enter THESSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him:
O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were other-
wise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed
at me: 'Bfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise
devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful
execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare
engraver. If Troy be not taken till these two
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter
of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king
of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine
craft of thy Caduceus; if ye take not that little
little less-than-little wit from them that they
have, which short-armed ignorance itself
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in cir-
cumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without
drawing their massy irons, and cutting the
web. After this, the vengeance on the whole
camp! or, rather, the bone-ache for that, mo-
thinks, is the curse dependent on those that
war for a placket. I have said my prayers;
and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my
lord Achilles!

o Through. † Inclines to, as a question of honour.
‡ Muttering. § Envy.
|| The wand of Mercury which is wreathed with serpents.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good! The-
ssites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a
counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out
of my contemplation: but it is no matter. Thy-
self upon thyself! The common curse of man-
kind, folly and ignorance, be thine in good
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy heart
be thy direction till thy death! then if she, the
lays thee out, says—thou art a fair cove, I'll
be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shew'd
any butlers. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? what's thy
prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come?
Why, my chere, my digestion, why hast thou
not served thyself in to my table so many
meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell
me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I
pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me,
Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Ag-
amemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my
lord, I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus
is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Peace,
Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a
fool, Thersites is a fool; and, as aforeaid,
Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com-
mand Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be com-
manded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to
serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool
positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It
suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes
here!

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—
Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
and such knavery! all the argument is a
cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to
draw emulous factions, and bleed to death
upon. Now the dry arryges on the subject
and war, and lechery, confound all! *[Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but till dispos'd, my
lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are
here.

He shent[†] our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments,† visiting of him:

o Partook, natural disposition. † Legions sent.
‡ Envious. § Tetter, scab. || Scolded, and
¶ Appertainments of rank or dignity.

old so; lest, perchance, he think
move the question of our place,
what we are.

all say so to him. [Exit.
saw him at the opening of his
not sick.

, lion-sick, sick of proud heart:
it melancholy, if you will favour
it, by my head, 'tis pride: But
et him show us a cause.—A word,

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.
it moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
illes hath inveigled his fool from

? Thersites?

i will Ajax lack matter, if he have
ment.*

you see, he is his argument, that
nent; Achilles.

he better; their fraction is more
an their faction: But it was a
sure, a fool could disunite.

amity, that wisdom knits not,
ily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Achilles with him.

elephant hath joints, but none
his legs are legs for necessity,
e.

les bids me say—he is much sorry,
more than your sport and pleasure
or greatness, and this noble state,
him; he hopes, it is no other,
health and your digestion sake,
aner's breath.†

ar you, Patroclus;—

, well acquainted with these
ers:

on, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
our apprehensions.

te he hath; and much the reason
ibe it to him: yet all his virtues,—

y on his own part beheld,—
es, begin to lose their gloss;

fruit in an unwholesome dish,
it untasted. Go and tell him,

speak with him: And you shall
in,

—we think him over-proud,
onest; in self-assumption greater,

ote of judgement; and worthier
himself

e savage strangeness he puts on;
holy strength of their command,

ite in an observing kind
s predominance; yea, watch

ines,† his ebbs, his flows, as if
and whole carriage of this action

ide. Go, tell him this; and add,
erhold his price so much.

him; but let him, like an engine
lie under this report—

hither, this cannot go to war:
warf we do allowance** give

ping giant:—Tell him so.
all; and bring his answer pre-

second voice, we'll not be satisfied,
speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[Exit ULYSSES.
it is he more than another?

more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and
say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong,
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats
up himself: pride is his own glass, his own
trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
praises itself but in the deed, devours the
deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not
strange? [Aside.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair re-
quest,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only, [greatness;

He makes important: Possess'd he is with
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot dis-
course,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of
Cry—No recovery. [it

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;*
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer,† when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.†

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of
him. [Aside.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause! [Aside.

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll
pash‡ him

Over the face.

* Fat. † The sign in the zodiac into which the sun
enters June 21.

** And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze.† Thomas.
‡ Strike.

† Exercise. ‡ Attend. § Shyness.
§. ¶ Fits of lunacy. ** Approbation.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
 Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze* his pride:
 Let me go to him.
 Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
 Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—
 Nest. How he describes Himself! [Aside.
 Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
 Ulyss. The raven Chides blackness. [Aside.
 Ajax. I will let his humours blood.
 Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient. [Aside.
 Ajax. An all men Were o' my mind,—
 Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.
 Ajax. He should not bear it so, He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?
 Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.
 Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [Aside.
 Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—
 Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: forget him with praises:
 Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.
 Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [To AGAMEMNON.
 Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
 Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
 Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
 Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
 I will be silent.
 Nest. Wherefore should you so?
 He is not emulous,† as Achilles is.
 Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
 Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter‡ thus with us!
 I would, he were a Trojan!
 Nest. What a vice
 Were it in Ajax now—
 Ulyss. If he were proud?
 Dio. Or covetous of praise?
 Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
 Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
 Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure; [suck:
 Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee
 Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
 Thrice-fam'd beyond all erudition:
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition|| yield [dom,
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wis-
 Which, like a bourn,¶ a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,
 Instructed by the antiquary times, [tor,—
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.
 Ajax. Shall I call you father?
 Nest. Ay, my good son.
 Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
 Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
 Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulls draw deep. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy.—A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?
 Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.
 Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
 Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
 Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.
 Serv. The lord be praised!
 Pan. You know me, do you not?
 Serv. 'Faith, Sir, superficially.
 Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.
 Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.
 Pan. I do desire it.
 Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Music within.
 Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?
 Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is new in parts.
 Pan. Know you the musicians?
 Serv. Wholly, Sir.
 Pan. Who play they to?
 Serv. To the hearers, Sir.
 Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
 Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.
 Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
 Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?
 Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?
 Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir: Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—
 Pan. Who, my cousin, Cressida?
 Serv. No, Sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?
 Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.*
 Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all the fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!
 Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
 Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—

* Comb or curry † Stiff. ‡ Envious.
 § Trifle. || Titles ¶ Stream, rivulet.

* Boils.

Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.*

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—

My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;† come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

*For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.*

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love,

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen,—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

[A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, [touch'd,

With these your white enchanting fingers Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more

Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Give us more palm in beauty than we have;

Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit SERVANT.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds,

* Parts of a song.

† Wide of your mark.

Proper'd for the destroyer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creusa!

Pan. Walk here to the orchard; I'll bring her
straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whisks me
The imaginary relish is so sweet [round.
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear
me;

Sweeping destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, too'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come
straight: you must be witty now. She does
so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if
she were frayed with a spite: I'll fetch her.
It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her
breath as short as a new-born sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my
bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing here,
Like vassalage at unwearied encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush!
Shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the
oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.
—What, are you gone again? you must be
watched ere you be made tame, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; as you
draw backward, we'll put you in the bills.*—
Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw
this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas
the day, how loath you are to offend daylight!
as 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so;
rub on, and kiss the mistress.† How now, a
kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the
air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts
out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tassel,‡
for all the ducks in the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds:
but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she
call your activity in question. What, billing
again? Here's—In witness whereof the parties
interchangeably—Come in, come in; I'll go get
a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished
me thus?

Cres. Wished my lord?—The gods grant!—
O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes
this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg
espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our
love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears
have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they
never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads,

* Shifts of a carriage.

† The allusion is to howling; what is now called the
jack was formerly termed the mistress.

‡ The tassel is the male and the falcon the female hawk.

finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling
without fear: To fear the worst, oft proves the
worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in
all Cupid's pagant there is presented no
monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; who
we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat nails,
tame tigers, thinking it harder for our ut-
ters to devise imposition enough, than firm
to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is
the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will
is infinite, and the execution confined; that
the desire is boundless, and the act a short
limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers strain-mange-
formances than they are able; and yet assume
an ability that they never perform; saying
more than the perfection of ten, and disap-
pointing less than the tenth part of one. They do
have the voice of lions, and the act of lambs,
are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we:
Praise us as we are rated, allow ourselves;
our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no
perfection in reversion shall have a prize in
present: we will not name desert, before its
birth; and, being born, his addition shall be
humble. Few words to fair truth: Truth
shall be such to Cressida, as what says on
say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;—and
what truth one speak truest, not true the
Troians.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not
done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I count, I
dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get
boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my
lord: if he pinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; my
uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for his too.
our kindred, though they be long ere they be
wooded, they are constant, being won: they
are bars, I can tell you; they'll stick when
they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and helps
me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressida then so hard to
win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won
my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, as much.
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie.
My thoughts were like unbridled children
grown

Too headstrong for their mother: See, now
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not.
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man.
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

a Troian

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, [draws
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye * her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince
That my integrity and truth to you [me,—
Might be affronted † with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, ‡
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up § the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said
—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

* Ever.

† Met with and equalled.

‡ Comparison.

§ Conclude it.

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false—
As false as Cressid. [hood,

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,

Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
(Oft have you, (often have you thanks there-fore,)

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,

I know, is such a wrest * in their affairs.
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes, [sence

And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, [have
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [den

[Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

* An instrument for tuning harps, &c

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely^{[him,} by
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why 'such unplausive eyes are bent, why
turn'd on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and
put on

A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he ought
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were
us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd^{[is,}
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings, but to the sun^{[mer;}
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those hon-
ours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery
standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,

find out
Something not worth in me such rich behold-^{[ing}

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever part-^{[ed,}
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange
at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance,† expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much co-
sisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem.
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,^{[do,}
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even al-
ready

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds
forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,^{[back,}
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to
hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail ^{[way;}
In monumental mockery. Take the instant

* Shyly.

* Excellently endowed.

+ Detail of argument.

avel in a strait so narrow,
 out goes abreast: keep then the
 bath a thousand sons, [path;
 ne pursue: If you give way,
 le from the direct forthright,
 ter'd tide, they all rush by,
 u hindmost;—

lant horse fallen in first rank,
 pavement to the abject rear,
 trampled on: Then what they do
 sent, [yours:

han yours in past, must o'ertop
 re a fashionable host,
 shakes his parting guest by the
 ; [fly,

arms out-stretch'd, as he would
 comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 goes out sighing. O, let not
 seek

for the thing it was;

it,
 igour of bone, desert in service,
 hip, charity, are subjects all
 d calumniating time. [kin,—

nature makes the whole world
 h one consent, praise new-born
 s,* [past;

are made and moulded of things
 lust, that is a little gilt,
 in gilt o'er-dusted.

ye praises the present object:
 not, thou great and complete man,
 ereeks begin to worship Ajax;
 n motion sooner catch the eye,
 ot stirs. The cry went once on

ight; and yet it may again,
 st not entomb thyself alive,
 reputation in thy tent; [late,
 us deeds, but in these fields of
 is missionst 'mongst the gods
 selves,

eat Mars to faction.

is my privacy

reasons.

'gainst your privacy
 re more potent and heroical:
 Achilles, that you are in love
 'riam's daughters.†

known?

at a wonder?

ce that's in a watchful state,
 t every grain of Plutus' gold;
 in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 with thought, and almost, like the

s unveil in their dumb cradles.
 stery (with whom relation
 eddle) in the soul of state;
 n operation more divine,
 or pen, can give expressure to:
 erce that you have had with Troy,
 s ours, as yours, my lord;
 ould it fit Achilles much,
 n Hector, than Polyxena:
 ieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 shall in our islands sound her
 p;

reekish girls shall tripping sing,—
 s sister did Achilles win;

Ajax bravely beat down him.

lord: I as your lover‡ speak;
 les o'er the ice that you should

[Exit.

'd toys.
 ver side

† The descent of the dieties
 * Polyxena. Friend.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
 A woman impudent and mannish grown [you:
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
 Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air,

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much hon-
 our by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
 Omission to do what is necessary [selves:
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
 clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's
 An appetite that I am sick withal, [longing,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, ask-
 ing for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
 Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an
 heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying
 nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
 peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates,
 like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her
 brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip
 with a politic regard, as who should say—there
 were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so
 there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in
 a flint, which will not show without knocking.
 The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break
 not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself
 in vainglory. He knows not me: I said,
 Good-morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks,
 Agamemnon. What think you of this man,
 that takes me for the general? He is grown a
 very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A
 plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both
 sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
 Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody;
 he professes not answering; speaking is for
 beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I
 will put on his presence; let Patroclus make
 demands to me, you shall see the pageant of
 Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I
 humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the
 most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my
 tent; and to procure safe conduct for his per-
 son, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious,
 six-or-seven-times-honoured captain general
 of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I come from the worthy Achilles,—
Ha!
Who most humbly desires you, to in-
tor to his tent!—
Humph!
And to procure safe conduct from
non?
Agamemnon?
Ay, my lord.
Ha!
What say you to't?
God be wi' you, with all my heart.
Your answer, Sir.
If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
t will go one way or other; howsoever,
pay for me ere he has me.
Your answer, Sir.
Fare you well, with all my heart.
Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
No, but he's out o'tune thus. What
ll be in him when Hector has knocked
brains, I know not: But, I am sure,
less the fiddler Apollo get his sinews
catlings* on.
Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him

Let me bear another to his horse; for
e more capablet creature.
My mind is troubled, like a fountain
stirr'd;
yself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.
'Would the fountain of your mind were
ain, that I might water an ass at it! I
er be a tick in a sheep, than such a
gnorance. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy.—A Street.

*At one side, ÆNEAS and SERVANT, with a
; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-
, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*
See, ho! who's that there?
Tis the lord Æneas.
Is the prince there in person?—
o good occasion to lie long,
, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
business
rob my bed-mate of my company.
That's my mind too.—Good morrow,
lord Æneas.
A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
s the process of your speech, wherein
d—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
int you in the field.
Health to you, valiant Sir,
all question† of the gentle truce:
en I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
t can think, or courage execute.
The one and other Diomed embraces.
oods are now in calm; and, so long,
health:
en contention and occasion meet,
s, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
I my force, pursuit, and policy.
And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will
fly
is face backward.—In humane gentle-
se to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
is indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
i alive can love, in such a sort,
ng he means to kill more excellently.
We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
y sword his fate be not the glory,

* strings made of catgut. † Intelligent.
‡ Conversation.

A thousand compleats of
But, in mine emulous
With every joint a war
row!

Æne. We know each
Dio. We do; and let
worse.

Par. This is the most d
ing,

The noblest hateful love
What business, lord, so

Æne. I was sent for t
know not.

Par. His purpose mee
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and
For the enfréed Antenor
Let's have your compan
Haste there before us:]
(Or, rather, call my th
ledge,)

My brother Troilus lodg
Rouse him, and give him
With the whole quality
We shall be much unwe

Æne. That I assure y
Troilus had rather Troy
Than Cressid borne from

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of
Will have it so. On, lo

Æne. Good morrow, a

Par. And tell me, nob
me true,

Even in the soul of soun
Who, in your thoughts, i
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have
(Not making any scrupl
With such a hell of pain,
And you as well to keep
(Not palating the taste c
With such a costly loss
He, like a puling cuckol
The lees and dregs of a
You, like a lecher, out o
Are pleas'd to breed out
Both merits pois'd, each
more;

But he as he, the heavie
Par. You are too bitt
man.

Dio. She's bitter to h
Paris,—

For every false drop in l
A Grecian's life hath su
Of her contaminated cau
A Trojan hath been al
She hath not given so ma
As for her Greeks and T

Par. Fair Diomed, yo
Dispraise the thing that
But we in silence hold t
We'll not commend wha
Here lies our way.

SCENE II.—The sea House of P

Enter TROILUS

Tro. Dear, trouble no
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet m
uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gat
Tro. Trouble him not

ed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
soft attachment to thy senses,
empty of all thought!
d morrow then.
thee now, to bed.
you awearry of me?
essida! but that the busy day,
the lark, hath rous'd the ribalds,
ng night will hide our joys no long-
from thee. [er,
ht hath been too brief.
rew the witch! with venomous
hts she stays, [love,
y as hell; but flies the grasps of
s more momentary-swift than
ch cold, and curse me. [thought.
thee, tarry;—
ll never tarry.—
essid!—I might have still held off,
ou would have tarried. Hark!
e's one up.
his.] What, are all the doors open
your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

estilence on him! now will he be
king:
such a life,—
now, how now? how go maiden-
re, you maid! where's my cousin
ang yourself, you naughty mock-
uncle! [too.
ne to do,† and then you flout me
o what? to do what?—let her say
have I brought you to do?
ie, come; beshrew† your heart!
ll ne'er be good,
hers.
ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor ca-
ast not slept to-night? would he
hty man, let it sleep? a bugbear
[Knocking.
I not tell you?—'would he were
ck'd o'the head!—
t door? good uncle, go and see.—
ne you again into my chamber:
nd mock me, as if I meant naught-

a!
e, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
thing.— [Knocking.
ly they knock!—pray you, come

for half Troy have you seen here.
[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.
ing to the door.] Who's there?
matter? will you beat down the
now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

l morrow, lord, good morrow.
s there? my lord Æneas? By my
v you not: what news with you
t prince Troilus here?
! what should he do here?
e, he is here, my lord, do not deny
rt him much, to speak with me.
here, say you? 'tis more than I
w.

I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in
What should he do here? [late:

Æne. Who!—nay, then:— [ware:
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hi-
Go. [ther;

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to sa-
lute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of
Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [nature
[Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will
go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would,
they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who
was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's
my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou
had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st
be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague
upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my
knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must
be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou
must to thy father, and begone from Troilus;
'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he can-
not bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my fa-
I know no touch† of consanguinity; [ther;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-
hood, [death,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth, [weep;—
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and
Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praised cheeks, [heart
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from
Troy. [Exeunt.

† To do is here used in a wanton sense.
‡ An Italian word for poor fool!

* Hasty.

† Sense or feeling of relationship.

SCENE III.—*The same.—Before PANDARUS' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIONEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-Of her delivery to this valiant Greek [Æx'd Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same.—A Room in PANDARUS' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross: No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

———O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lams?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents [vows Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of our. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as he stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd^{*} him to He fumbles up into a loose adieu; [Æx'd And scants us with a single flourish'd kin, Distasted with the salt of broken time.

Æne. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to my ill wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root! [Exit PANDARUS.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the many When shall we see again? [Goes!]

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be then but true heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked dream is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly. For it is parting from us:

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee; For I will throw my glove to death himself, That there's no maculation[†] in thy heart: But be thou true, say I, to fashion in My sequent[‡] protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love; The Grecian youths are full of quality;† They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise; How novelty may move, and parts with person. Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,) Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt,^{**} nor sweeten talk. Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discouraging devil, That tempts most cunningly: but be not trust- ed.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will at: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeable potency.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

* Scaled.

† Surmise.

‡ Highly accomplished.

† Interrupted

Spot.

|| Following.

** A dance

brother, come you hither;
 Ensa, and the Grecian, with you.
 Lord, will you be true?
 I! alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 a flash with craft for great opinion,
 truth catch mere simplicity;
 with cunning gold their copper
 ens, and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 truth; the moral of my wit
 ad true,—there's all the reach of it.

2, PARIS, ANTEOR, DRIPHOBUS,
 and DIOMEDES.

is Diomed! here is the lady,
 Antenor we deliver you:
 "lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 way, possesset thee what she is.
 fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 stand at mercy of my sword,
 id, and thy life shall be as safe
 in Ilion.

lady Cressid, [pects:
 u, save the thanks this prince ex-
 your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 fair usage; and to Diomed [ly.
 mistress and command him whol-
 am, thou dost not use me courte-
 y,

seal of my petition to thee,
 ur: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 worthy to be call'd her servant.
 use her well, even for my charge;
 dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 roat.

not mov'd, prince Troilus:
 ivleg'd by my place, and message,
 ker free; when I am hence,
 o my lust: And know you, lord,
 lo on charge: To her own worth
 prix'd; but that you say—be't so
 in my spirit and honour,—no.
 , to the port.—I'll tell thee, Dio-

shall oft make thee to bide thy
 re your hand; and, as we walk,
 selves bend we our needful talk.
 TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.

[Trumpet heard.
 ! Hector's trumpet.

have we spent this morning!
 ust think me tardy and remiss,
 o ride before him to the field.
 rollus' fault: Come, come, to field
 him.

make ready straight.
 with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 as to tend on Hector's heels:
 our Troy doth this day lie,
 outh and single chivalry.

[Exeunt.
 —The Grecian Camp.—Lists set
 out.

armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
 , MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,

re art thou in appointment? fresh
 fair,
 time with starting courage.
 trumpet a loud note to Troy,

will Inform.
 Preparation.

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him thither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
 Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spent
 blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.
 Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
 daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dis. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
 sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
 kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
 Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
 fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Petr. But that's no argument for kissing
 now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
 And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
 scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
 Petr. The first was Menelaus' kiss—this,
 Patroclus kisses you. [mine:

Men. O, this is trim!

Petr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir:—Lady, by your
 leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Petr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
 for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
 none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis
 true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You flipp me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
 his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me
 a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
 due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss on
 you.

Dis. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your
 father. [Diomed leads out CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick senses.

Ulyss. Fix, fix upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
At every joint and motive* of her body. [Exit
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a conquering welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what
shall be done [pause]

To him that victory commands? Or do you par-
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bids ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely
done.

A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, what's'er,
know this:—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excels themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Halfheart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blooded knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle
knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath;† the combatants being kin,
Half stints‡ their strife before their strokes
begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks
so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless§ in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he
shows;

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair'd thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes¶

* Motion.

† Breathing, exercise.

‡ Stops.

§ He tempts.

¶ Unstable to his character.

¶ Yield, given way.

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate* him to me.

[ALARUM. HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—Come,
Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets enter.]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's mother's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were they commixtion Greek and Trojan,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Greek*
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this war [Exit
All Greek, and this all Troy, my mother's hand
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinews
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not hear from me a Greekish
member

Wherein my sword had not impressure seal'd
Of our rank feud: But the just gods game,
Than any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal soul
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him that
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus? so admirable
[On whose bright crest Fame with her leaf's
O yes

Cries, *This is he*,) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both to
What further you will do. [Exit]

Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
[As said** I have the chance,] I would claim
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and get
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus hither:
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part; [Exit
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my son,
I will go eat with thee, and see your knight.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly sin.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as
That would be rid of such an enemy; [Exit
But that's no welcome: Understand me
clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is shew'd
with books

* Explain his character.

† Left.

‡ Title.

§ Ready.

¶ Achilles.

‡ Right.

¶ as before.

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious* Aga-
memnon.

Agam. My well fam'd lord of Troy, no less
to you. [To TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gaunt-
let, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded† oath;
Your quondam‡ wife swears still by Venus'
glove: [you.

She's well, but bade me not commend her to
Men. Name her not now, Sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [oft,
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;§
That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen‖ thee pause, and take thy
breath, [in,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,||
And once fought with him: he was a soldier
good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chroni-
cle, [time:—
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

[row.
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-mor-
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the
time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
n Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
Must kiss their own feet. [clouds,

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;

And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it. [come.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses
thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted* joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body [there?

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or
That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, hea-
vens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate† in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well; [there;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor
But, by the forge that stithied‡ Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach;§ the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting|| wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece go to
my tent;

There in the full convive¶ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines,** let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus:

* Imperial. † Singular, not common. ‡ Heretofore.
§ Fallen. || Lacedaemon.

* Observed. † Forename.
‡ Stithy, is a smith's shop § Inclination. || Petty.
¶ Feast. ** Small drums

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

Tro. O, Sir, to such as boasting show their
scorn,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp.—Before
ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Petr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem-
est, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a let-
ter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou fall dish of fool, from Troy.

Petr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound.

Petr. Well said, Adversity!* and what need
these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent, boy; I profit not by
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male
variet.

Petr. Male variet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculinise whore. Now the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back,
lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-
sible humours, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incur-
able bone-ache, and the rivalled fee-simple of the
tetter; take and take again such preposterous
discoveries!

Petr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Petr. Why, no, you rascous butt; you whore-
son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate,
thou idle immaterial skein of silken silk, thou
green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel
of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor
world is pestered with such water-flies, di-
minutives of nature!

Petr. Out, gall!

Ther. Pinch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted
quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep [it:
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break
Fall, Greeks; fall, fame; honour, or go, or
stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent.
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.

[Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little
brain, these two may run mad; but if with too
much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll
be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,
—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
quails;† but he has not so much brain as ear-
wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupi-
ter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive
statue, and oblique memorial of cuckoldry; a
thrifty sheeving-horn in a chain, hanging at his
brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice
forced; with wit, turn him to? To an ass,
were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox
were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a
dog, a mule, a cat, a stitchew,‡ a toad, a lizard,
an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,
I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I
would conspire against destiny. Ask me not
what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for
I care not to be the loose of a leazar,§ so I were
not Menelaus.—Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES,
with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome,
princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid
good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks'
general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught:¶ Sweet, quoth 'a!
sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Dio-
Keep Hector company an hour or two. [med,

Die. I cannot, lord; I have important busi-
ness, [Hector.

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS
following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and
NESTOR.]

* Harlots.

† Follies.

‡ Menelaus.

§ A diamond beggar.

¶ Stuffed.

‡ Priety.

* Contumely.

† Came, unwrought.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabier the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,* there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.—Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THESBITES.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;† she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulys. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulys. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulys. Now, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hall, and all hall's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.*

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulys. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together? Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench!—Giv't me again.

Dio. Who was't?

Cres. No matter, now I hav't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, [me; As I kiss thee,—Nay, do not snatch it from

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Who's was it?

* Fortuitous, ominous.

† Key.

• Shullo.

† Knowledge.

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*
And by herself, I will not tell you where.

Dis. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wert'st on thy
It should be challenged. [horn.]

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And
yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dis. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak
a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dis. I do not like this fooling.

Tro. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes
not you, pleases me best.

Dis. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd

Dis. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I prythee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then, conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

Tro. A proof of strength she could not pub-
lish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Both; yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation** hath no taste of
madness.

Ulyss. Normine, my lord: Cressid was here
but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!††
Think, we had mothers; do not give advan-
tage

To stubborn critics;‡—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
sell our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were
she.

Tro. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

Tro. This she! no, this is Diomed's Cressid.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she; [aside:]
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bifold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and less name all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken web, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of hem-

yon:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,

and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express!

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged
In characters as red as Mars his heart [well]

inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy*

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid here,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a conquest compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful

spout,

Which shimmers do the hurricane call
Constring'd; in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dixy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Tro. He'll tickle it for his concupiscence.†

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false,
false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS.

Aes. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My court-
maiden [lord salutes]

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exit TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Tro. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Dio-
med! I would croak like a raven; I would

bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me
any thing for the intelligence of this whore:

the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery,

lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else
holds fashion: A burning devil take them!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Troy.—Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

* The stars.

† Relief.

‡ Denial.

† Remembrance.

‡ Hope.

†† For the sake of.

† Hec.

‡ Testimony.

†† Consequence.

* Love.

† Helmet.

‡ Consequence.

I train me to offend you; get you
verlasting gods, I'll go. [in:
dreams will, sure, prove ominous
the day.
more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Is he my brother Hector?
O sister; arm'd, and bloody in in-
;:
me in loud and dear petition,
him on knees; for I have dream'd
turbulence, and this whole night
ing been but shapes and forms of
fighter.
is true.
! bid my trumpet sound!
notes of sally, for the heavens,
et brother.
gone, I say: the gods have heard
swear.
gods are deaf to hot and peevish*
rs;
luted offerings, more abhorr'd
d livers in the sacrifice.
be persuaded: Do not count it
/ being just: it is as lawful,
ld give much, to use violent thefts,
the behalf of charity.
the purpose that makes strong the
r;
o every purpose, must not hold:
et Hector.
ld you still, I say;
r keeps the weather of my fate:
nan holds dear; but the dear man
our far more precious-dear† than
—

Enter TROILUS.

Young man? mean'st thou to fight
lay?
Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[Exit CASSANDRA.
, 'faith, young Troilus; doff† thy
ness, youth,
i'the vein of chivalry:
y sinews till their knots be strong,
not yet the brushes of the war.
, go; and doubt thou not, brave
,
o-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
her, you have a vice of mercy in
er fits a lion than a man. [you,
at vice is that, good Troilus? chide
for it.
en many times the captive Grecians
,
'fan and wind of your fair sword,
m rise, and live.
'tis fair play.
's play, by heaven, Hector.
w now? how now?
the love of all the gods,
the hermit pity with our mother;
we have our armours buckled on,
d vengeance ride upon our swords;
to ruthless work, rein them from
h.]]
, savage, fie!
tor, then 'tis wars.

* Valuable.
ful, woeful

† Put off.
|| Mercy.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamas and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
Makes all these bodements. [girl

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye
turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours
forth!

Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O
Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take
my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim: [fight;
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
about thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear
Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

The
Go,

isick, a whorson rascal
me, and the foolish
d what one thing, what
leave you one o'these
sum in mine eyes too;
y bones, that, unless a
snout tell what to think
here?
mere words, no matter
[Tearing the letter.
; another way.—
re turn and change toge-

In and errors still she feeds;
— with her deeds.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; Ill go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee,—live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter DIOMEDES and a SERVANT.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her!
Tell her, I have chaatis'd the amorous
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit S.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Pel
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Men
Hath Doreus prisoner:

And stands colossus-wise, waving his
Upon the pushed corpses of the kings,
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes
Amphimachus, and Thoas, dead; and
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palam
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful
Appals our numbers; haste we, Di
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm
There is a thousand Hectors in the
Now here he fights on Galathea his
And there lacks work; anon, he's the
And there they fly, or die, like scaled
Before the belching whale; then is he
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for
Fall down before him, like the mower
Here, there, and every where, he
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. O, courage, courage, prize
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing
Patroclus' wounds have round his
blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons
That noseless, handless, hack'd and
come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a
And foams at mouth, and he is arm
at it,

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done
Mad and fantastic execution;

Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forced
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show
Know what it is to meet Achilles and
Hector! where's Hector? I will none
for.

SCENE VI.—Another part of the

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

* * * † Bruised, crushed ; S

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptinick, a whoreson rascally ptinick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [Tearing the letter.] The effect doth operate another way.—Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.]

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Thr. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; Ill go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

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Di. Thou dost miscall retire: I do not fly; but advantageous care Withdrew me from the odds of multitude: Have at thee!

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[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]

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Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Thr. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit.]

Thr. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—The same.

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Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the unsex'd Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit SERVANT.]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The flames Polydorus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Menegeus Hath downy poison'd;

And stands column-wise, waving his helm,* Upon the pashed corns of the kings; Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenus is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoon, dromedary hunt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagarus Appeals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, And there lacks work, anon, he's there shot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled scuttles Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and dexterly so obeying appetite, [Exit.] That what he will, he does; and does to such, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. O, courage, courage, prison! gnat Achilles [groans:] Is arming, weeping, cuning, vowing vengeance: Patroclus' wounds have roas'd his downy blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, headless, hack'd and chipp'd come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.]

Di. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face, Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Di. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Di. I would correct him.

* Lance.
† Rider

† Bruised, crushed.

‡ Shoal of fish.

the general, thou should'st
office, [Troilus!
ion:—Troilus, I say! what,

Enter TROILUS.

Diomed!—turn thy false face,
tor,
thou ow'st me for my horse!
hou there?
with him alone: stand, Dio-

prize, I will not look upon.*
th, you cogging† Greeks;
ou both. [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter HECTOR.

oilus? O, well fought, my
brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

I see thee: Ha!—Have at
ctor.
if thou wilt.

lisdain thy courtesy, proud

y arms are out of use:
igence befriend thee now,
alt hear of me again;
k thy fortune. [Exit.
e well:—

in much more a fresher man,
hee.—How now, my brother?

Enter TROILUS.

ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
of yonder glorious heaven,
y † him; I'll be taken too,
:—Fate, hear me what I say!
h I end my life to-day. [Exit.

in sumptuous Armour.

land, thou Greek; thou art a
ark:—

ot?—I like thy armour well;
unlock the rivets all,
r of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,

, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[Exeunt.

E VII.—The same.

ILLES, with Myrmidons.

ere about me, you my Myr-

.—Attend me where I wheel:
oke, but keep yourselves in

e the bloody Hector found,
your weapons round about;
execute ‡ your arms.

and my proceedings eye:
ector the great must die.
[Exeunt.

E VIII.—The same.

s and PARIS, fighting: then
THERSITES.

kold, and the cuckold-maker
bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
ouble-henned sparrow! 'Loo,

Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware
horns, ho! [Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing ille-
gitimate. One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the
quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement:
Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath: [death!

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,*
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man
I seek. [HECTOR falls

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink
down; [bone.—

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler† like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly ‡ would
have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheaths his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NES-
TOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts
within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit § is—Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be,
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

looker-on.
ver.

† Lying.
‡ Care.
§ Employ

* Take not this advantage
† An arbitrator at athletic games.
‡ Fustian
§ Noise, rumour.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended. [Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE XI.—Another part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS and TROJANS.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
field:
Never go home; here starts we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's
horse's tail, [field.—
as beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed! [Troy!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the
host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl eye* be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou,
great-sin'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

* Ever.

† Pitched, fixed.

I'll haunt thee like a wren's conscience till,
That mouldeth goblins swift as busy
thoughts.— [go:

Strike a free march to Troy!—with conduct
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[Exeunt ÆNEAS and TROJANS]

As TROILUS is going out, enter from the other
side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignominy* and
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye† with thy name!
[Exit TROILUS.]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching
bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the
poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds,
how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill
requited! Why should our endeavour be so
loved, and the performance so loathed? what
verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me
see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths.†

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groan,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my wall shall here be
made;

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cress;
And, at that time, bequeath you my distress.
[Exit.]

* Ignominy.

† Ever.

† Canvas hangings set, drawn, painted with pictures
and notions.

CORIO LANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIO LANUS, a noble Roman.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Vol-
 COMINIUS, } scians.
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the people.
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
 A ROMAN HERALD.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
 LIEUTENANT to Aufidius.
 CONSPIRATORS with Aufidius.
 A CITIZEN of Antium.
 TWO VOLSCIAN GUARDS.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
 VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
 VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
 GENTLEWOMAN, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians,
 Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messen-
 gers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Atten-
 dants.

SCENE; partly in Rome, and partly in the
 Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Street.

*Enter a Company of mutinous CITIZENS, with
 Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear
 me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than
 to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief
 enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn
 at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done:
 away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the
 patricians, good: What authority surfeits on,
 would relieve us; If they would yield us but
 the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we
 might guess, they relieved us humanely; but
 they think, we are too dear: the leanness that
 afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an in-
 ventory to particularize their abundance; our
 sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge
 this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:† for
 the gods know, I speak this in hunger for
 bread, not in thirst for revenge.

1 Cit. Would you proceed especially against
 Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to
 the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has
 done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to

give him good report for't, but that he pays
 himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done
 famously, he did it to that end: though soft
 conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was
 for his country, he did it to please his mother,
 and to be partly proud; which he is, even to
 the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,
 you account a vice in him: You must in no
 way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of
 accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to
 tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What
 shouts are these? The other side o'the city is
 risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capi-
 tol!

Cit. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that
 hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all
 the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
 Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I
 pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the
 senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight,
 what we intend to do, which now we'll show
 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have
 strong breaths; they shall know, we have
 strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine
 honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone al-
 ready.

4 N

* Rich.

† Thin as rakes.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift
them

Against the Roman state; whose course will
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack,
You are transported by calamity [slander
Thither where more attends you; and you
The helms o' the state, who care for you like
When you curse them as enemies. [slanders,

1 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They
ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and
their store-houses crammed with grain; make
edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal
daily any wholesome act established against
the rich; and provide more piercing statutes
daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the
wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, Sir; yet you must
not think to fob off our disgraces with a tale:
but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's
members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other
instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the
belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of
smile, [thus,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt; even so most flily
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer: What?
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then?
what then?

1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be re-
strain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cit. The former agents, if they did com-
What could the belly answer? [plain,

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have
little,)

Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's an-
1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, growth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that oft it may,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,)

mark me,—

1 Cit. Ay, Sir; well, well.

Men. Though oft it may
Set what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my credit up, that oft,
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you
this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly,

And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their courses; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common? you shall
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
think?

You the great toe of this assembly?

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bail: Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Men. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dis-
sentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Men. He that will give good words to thee,
will ~~kill~~

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
The other makes you proud. He that trusts
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

(Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

* Should be.
; Whence.

† Harshly.
; Exactly.

* Windings.

† Rome.

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's
grain enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,*
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry†
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
As I could pick; my lance. [high

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech
What says the other troop? [you,

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs;— [eat;

That hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
That meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they throw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the
Shouting their emulation.‡ [moon,

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city;
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater
For insurrection's arguing.¶ [themes

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the Volces are in
arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have
means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SE-
NATORS; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VE-
LUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have late-
ly told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius; [other,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,
I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.*

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[To the CITIZENS.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats
thither, [neers,
To gnaw their garners:†—Worshipful muti-
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Exit SENATORS, COM. MAR. TIT. and
MENEN. CITIZENS steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Mar-
cius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird‡
the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is
Too proud to be so valiant. [grown

Sic. Such a nature, [dow
Tickled with good success, disdains the sha-
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd.—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well;
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits¶ rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

* Right worthy of precedence.

† Shows itself.

‡ Demerits and merits had anciently the same meaning.

† Granaries.
§ Sincer.

* Pity, compassion. † Heap of dead. ‡ Pitch.
§ Faction. ¶ For insurgents to debate upon.

Str. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fa-
More than in singularity, he goes [shion,
Upon his present action.
Bra. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Corioli.—The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain SENATORS.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! * 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The death is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in† many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your hands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.
2 Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [Exeunt.

**SCENE III.—Rome.—An Apartment in
MARCUS' House.**

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down
on two low stools, and sew.

Val. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in
that absence wherein he won honour, than in
the embracements of his bed, where he would
show most love. When yet he was but tender-
bodied, and the only son of my womb; when
youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his
way;‡ when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a
mother should not sell him an hour from her
beholding; I,—considering how honour would
become such a person; that it was no better

than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek
danger where he was like to find fame. To a
cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daugh-
ter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hear-
ing he was a man-child, than now in first see-
ing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam!
how then?

Val. Then his good report should have been
my son; I therein would have found issue.
Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen
sons,—each in my love alike, and none less
dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had
rather had eleven die nobly for their country,
than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to
visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire
myself.

Val. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear the Volscians shunning
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Val. Away, you fool! it more becomes a
man,

Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth
blood

At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit GENT.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Val. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his
And tread upon his neck. [Knock,

Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, with VALERIA and her
USHER.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Val. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest
house-keepers. What, are you sewing here!
A fine spot,† in good faith.—How does your
little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Val. He had rather see the swords, and hear
a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll
swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I
looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour
together: he has such a confirmed countenance.
I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and
when he caught it, he let it go again; and after
it again; and over and over he comes, and up
again; caught it again: or whether his fall
enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his
teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he man-
mocked‡ it!

Val. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed so, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,§ madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must

* Pre-occupation. † To subdue.
‡ Attracted attention.

* Withdraw. † Of work. ‡ Tore. § Boy.

die huswife with me this afternoon; I will not out of doors! he shall.

by your patience: I will hold, till my lord return from

confiner yourself most unreasonable; you must go visit the good

her speedy strength, and prayers; but I cannot go this

you? have labour, nor that I want

be another Penelope: yet, when she spun, in Ulysses' abithaca full of moths. Come; but were sensible as your heart leave pricking it for pity. with us.

adam, pardon me; indeed,

, go with me; and I'll tell of your husband.

lam, there can be none yet. do not jest with you; there in last night.

dam?

it's true; I heard a senator is:—The Volces have an whom Cominius the general one part of our Roman and Titus Lartius, are set city Corioli; they nothing and to make it brief wars. the honour; and so, I pray,

cuse, good madam; I will hither hereafter.

ie, lady; as she is now, she better mirth.

ink, she would:—Fare you good sweet lady.—Pr'ythe solemnness out o'door, us.

ord, madam; indeed, I must uch mirth.

farewell. [Exeunt.

V.—Before Corioli

and Colours, MARCIUS, Titus Lartius and Soldiers. To them

ness news:—A wager, they o yours, no.

ir general met the enemy? view; but have not spoke

d horse is mine.

of you.

r sell, nor give him: lend will,

years.—Summon the town. lie the armies?

s mile and half.

we hear their larum, and

hee make us quick in work:

That we with smoking swords may march from hence, [blast

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy

They sound a parley.—Enter, on the walls, some SENATORS, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [Alarums afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [Other Alarums.

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The VOLCES enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. [fight

Now put your shields before your hearts, and With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt ROMANS and VOLCES, fighting. The ROMANS are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you. [plagues

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Hoils and Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run [hell!

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on; [wives,

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The VOLCES and ROMANS re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The VOLCES retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him. [Alarum continues.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the flers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Japp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible,* outdrews his senseless sword,
And, when it bows,† stands up! Then art
left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Then wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thin enemies shake, as if the
Were feverous and did tremble. [world

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, attended by the
enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off; or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—Within the town.—A Street.

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils.

1 Rom. This I will carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarm continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize
their hours [spoils,
At a crack'd drucken! Coshions, London
Irons of dolt, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down
with them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—
To him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus,
take

Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
To help Cominius. [haste

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not: [well.
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms [man,

Misguide thy opposer's swords! Bold gentle-
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought,
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stunk,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sir,
We shall be charg'd again. Whilst we have
struck, [hand

By interims, and conveying guests, we have
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gals,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a MESSENGER.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news.

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have intent,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile command^c an hour.
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscs
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were lay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Beforetime seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tubor, [trumpet

More than I know the sound of Marcius'
From every manner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
But mantled in your own. [others,

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was dour,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, [trenches?
Which told me they had beat you to your
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone, [me.
He did inform the truth: But for our gentle-
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for
them!) [budge

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think— [fold!

Where is the enemy? Are you lords e'er
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

* Starting sensation, feeling. † When it is bent.
‡ A Roman coin.

c Exeunt.

Marcus,
award* are the Antiates,†
o'er them Aufidius,
hope.

you,
herein we have fought,
we shed together, by the
[rectly
adure friends, that you di-
dius, and his Antiates :
lay the present ;‡ but,
words advanc'd, and darts,
hour.

uld wish
l to a gentle bath,
to you, yet dare I never
take your choice of those
our action.

ey
g :—If any such be here,
doubt,) that love this paint-

smear'd ; if any fear
an ill report ;
death outweighs bad life,
's dearer than himself ;
many, so minded,
his hand.] to express his

id wave their swords ; take
rms, and cast up their caps.
you a sword of me ?
t outward, which of you
None of you but is
the great Aufidius
his. A certain number,
l, must I select : the rest
ess in some other fight,
y'd. Please you to march ;
ly draw out my command,
inclin'd.

y fellows :
ntation, and you shall
s. [Exeunt.

-The Gates of Corioli.

ng set a guard upon Corioli,
and trumpet toward Co-
s MARCIUS, enters with a
ty of soldiers, and a scout.

ports§ be guarded : keep
own. If I do send, despatch
our aid ; the rest will serve
If we lose the field,
town.

care, Sir.
shut your gates upon us.—
o the Roman camp conduct
[Exeunt.

field of battle between the
he Volcian Camps.

MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

h none but thee ; for I do
se-breaker.

e ;
repent, I abhor
and envy : Fix thy foot.
t budger¶ die the other's
him after ! [slave,

of Antium. † Present time.
s of a hundred men. ¶ Stirrer.

Ans. If I fly, Marcus,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd ; 'Tis not my
blood, [venge,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy re-
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Ans. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip* of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Volces come to the
aid of AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd
In your condemned seconds.† [me

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—The Roman camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter
at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans ; at the
other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf,
and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I the end, admire ; where ladies shall be
frighted,

And, gladly quak'd,‡ hear more ; where the
dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine ho-
nours, [gods,
Shall say, against their hearts—We thank the
Our Rome hath such a soldier !—
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power,§ from the
pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter|| to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done,

As you have done ; that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
ment,

To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech
(In sign of what you are, not to reward [you,
What you have done,) before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,

* Boast, crack.

† In sending such help.

‡ Thrown into grateful trepidation.

§ Forces.

|| Privilege.

Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcia! Marcia!* cast up their caps and lances: *COMINIUS* and *LARTIUS* stand here.

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane, [shall]
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
I the field prove satterers, let courts and cities
be [grows

Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bleed,
Or fill'd some debile^e wretch,—which, with-

out note,
Here's many else have done,—you about me
In exclamations hyperbolical; [forth
As if I loved my little should be dicted
In praises stuc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
you

[*Like one that means his proper harm,*] in
manacles, [known,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the
which

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applauses and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus]

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank
you:—

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest[†] your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best,‡ with whom we may articulate,§
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that
now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request
To give my poor host freedom. [you

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forget:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is thr'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage drives: 'tis thus
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—The Camp of Volus.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS ANTONIUS,
Noble, with two or three Soldiers.*

Ant. The town is taken!

I Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good con-
dition.

Ant. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsc, be that I am.—Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
beat me; [comes

And would'st do so, I think, should we do
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had, for whom[¶]
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch[‡] at him with
Or wrath, or craft, may get him. [way;

I Sol. He's the devil.

Ant. Bolder, though not so subtle: My val-
our's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctity,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifices,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, wash
At home, upon my brother's guard; even
there

Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
the city;

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that
Be hostages for Rome. [murmur

I Sol. Will not you go?

Ant. I am attended[§] at the cypress grove:
I pray you [ther

(Tis south the city mills,) bring me word th'
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

I Sol. I shall, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BAURUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have
news to-night.

Bur. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the peo-
ple, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius.

Bur. He's a lamb indeed, that bears like a
bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a
lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing
that I shall ask you.

^e Weak, foolish. [†] Own. [‡] Add more by doing his best.
[§] Chief man. ^{||} Enter into articles.

^a Whomsoever. [†] Felt, push.
[‡] My brother posted to protect him. [§] Waiting for.

Both Trib. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sir. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right hand side? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride. O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes^a of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a trace of unmeriting, proud, violent, tasty magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any to Rome.

Sir. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tybalt in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tender-like, upon too trivial motion one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals;—men as you are, (I cannot call you Lyrurgues^b) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those that say you are revered grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,^c follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your blazon^d conspectives glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs,^e you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a sunset-oriller; and then re-journ the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the choice, you make faces like mummings, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in rearing for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter glutton for the table, than a necessary boucher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass' pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the hardiness of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Bru.* and *Sir.* retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter VOLUNUS, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the mean, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous appuraisers.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee;—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. You, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician. the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricistie, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket!—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oak leaf garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: as he had staid by him, I would not have been so abused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed^f of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yea, yes, you: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! paw, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true:—

^a Nape. ^b Water of the Tiber. ^c Figure.
^d Whole man. ^e Sifted. ^f Obscured.

^g Truly victorious.

Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [To the Tribunes, who come forward.]
 Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A Shout, and Flourish.]
 Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves Death, that dark spirit, in's nerry arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A. Sennet.* Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland: with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd. What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife,——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: A curse begin at very root of his heart,

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war: We call a nettle, but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[To his Wife and Mother.]
 Here in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have received not only greetings, But with these changes of honours.

Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy: only there Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but Our Rings will cost upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[Flourish. Cornets. Enter an edict, as before. The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights

Are spectacles to see him: Your prating wife Into a rapture lets her baby cry, While she chats him: the kitchen maids sing Her richest lockram bout her trencher's neck. Chambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bells, windows,

Are another'd up, heads studd, and ridges heard With variable complexions; all agreeing In earnestness to see him: selling shows famous

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff To win a vulgar station:—our val'd dames Commit the war of white and damask, in Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother, As if that whatsoever god, who lends him, Were slyly crept into his human powers, And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours

From where he should begin, and end; but Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;

Which that he'll give them, make as little quest-As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility; Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds

To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better, Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out To him, or our authorities. For an end,

* Fl. † Maid ‡ Best linen § Dressed with
 sweat and smoke. ¶ Scoldom. † Prisms.

** Common standing-place. †† Adorned.
 ‡ Turned into.

* Flourish on cornets.

† Gracious.

We must suggest* the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders,
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,

(Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand†

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the
blind

To hear him speak: The matrons flung their
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
chiefs,

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and
I never saw the like. [shouts:

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.—The Capitol.

Enter two OFFICERS, to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here:
How many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-
geance proud, and loves not the common peo-
ple.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many greatmen
that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved
them; and there be many that they have loved,
they know not wherefore: so that, if they love
they know not why, they hate upon no better
a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to
care whether they love or hate him, manifests
the true knowledge he has in their disposition;
and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them
plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks
their hate with greater devotion than they can
render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that
may fully discover him their opposite.† Now,
to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of
the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes,
to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his coun-
try: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees
as those, who, having been supple and cour-
teous to the people, bonnetted,‡ without any
further deed to heave them at all into their es-
timation and report: but he hath so planted

his honours in their eyes, and his actions in
their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent,
and not confess so much, were a kind of in-
grateful injury; to report otherwise were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would
pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that
heard it.

1 Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with LICTORS before them, Co-
MINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS,
many other SENATORS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.
The SENATORS take their places; the TRIBUNES
take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think,

Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the
people,

We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are contented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off,*
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your
place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, Sir: yet oft, [words.
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, you
I love them as they weigh. [people.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i'the sun,
When the alarm were struck,† than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,

* Inform.
; Adversary

† Provender.
; Take off caps

* Nothing to the purpose.

† Remembrance to battle.

(That's thousand to one good one,) when you
now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than die of his own to hear it?—Proceed, Co-
rinius.

Cor. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Cori-
olanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is hold,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the liver:—If it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he

slight
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrode
An o'erpress'd Roman, and the consul's view
Saw three opponents: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's

fight,
When he might not the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man I like said, and for his

deeds
Was brow-beat with the oak. His pupil eye
Men-our'd then, he waxed like a sun;
And, in the heat of seventeen battles since,
He lov'd't all swords o'the garland. For this
Shame and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the

flow;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stomach,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death)
Where it did mark, it took; from knee to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he en-
ter'd

The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shrewd destiny, and lions came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready senses: then straight his doubled

spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigued;†
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the
Which we devise him. [honour

Cor. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery;‡ itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

o. Forward. † Without a beard. ‡ Banded.
§ Smooth-faced enough to eat a woman's part.
|| Stood. ¶ Wen. oo. Surber.
||| Withstand. ||| Went. ||| Answer.

Men. Is then coming,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erstep that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat

them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Men. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they let
One jot of courtesy.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your staff.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall break in eating, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Men. Mark you that!
Cor. To bring unto them,—Then I did, and

thus;—
Show them the unmaking scars which I should
As if I had received them for the like [sake,
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't:—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
With all joy and honour.

Men. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[Flourish. Then cannot I answer.

Men. You see how he intends to use the peo-
ple.

Men. May they perceive his intent! He that
will require them,

As if he did custom what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Men. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [March.

SCENE III.—The same.—The Forum.

Enter several CITIZENS.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it,
but it is a power that we have no power to do:
for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
deeds, we are to put our tongues into these
wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us
his noble deeds, we must also tell him our vo-
luntary acceptance of them. Ingratitude is man-
nious: and for the multitude to be ingrateful,
were to make a monster of the multitude; of
the which, we, being members, should bring
ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of,
a little help will serve: for once, when we
stood up about the corn, he himself stuck out
to call us the many-headed multitude.

2 Cit. We have been called so of many; not
that our heads are some brown, some black,
some anburn, some bald, but that our wits are
so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all
our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
would fly east, west, north, south; and their
consent of one direct way should be at once
to all the points o'the compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you
judge, my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in
a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould
go, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

3 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

Men. O, Sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring my tongue to such a pace:—Look, Sir;—

my wounds;—I got them in my country's service, when some certain of your brethren rear'd, and ran from the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! *[them]*

You must not speak of that; you must desire to think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, in wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Enter two CITIZENS.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace,

You know the cause, Sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir:

'Twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any We hope to gain by you. *[thing.]*

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, Sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, Sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. *[Exeunt two CITIZENS.]*

Enter two other CITIZENS.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

2 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

2 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! *[Exeunt.]*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches: Custom calls me to't:— *[do't:]*

What custom wills, in all things should, we The dust on antique time would lie unwept, And unsunsplendoured error be too highly heap'd For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it let the high office and the honour go *[so,]* To one that would do thus.—I am half through; The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other CITIZENS.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought; Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six, I have seen and have heard of; for your voices, Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! *[Exeunt CITIZENS.]*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains, That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

a Overlook.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have dishonour'd:

The people do admit you; and are wonten'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Sic. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exit CORIOL. and SENECA.]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
Is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

3 Cit. Not one amongst us save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em. [Secretly speak.]

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't! Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power, But was a petty servant to the state, He was your enemy; ever spake against Your liberties, and the charters that you bear I the body of the weal: and now, arriving A place of potency, and sway o' the state, If he should still malignantly remain Fast foe to the plebeii,* your voices might Be curses to yourselves! You should have said, That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature Would think upon you for your voices, and Translate his malice towards you into love, Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd

* Plebeians, common people.

Either his gracious position, which you might, As cause had call'd you up, have held him, Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to sleep, You should have ta'en the advantage of his And pass'd him unelected. [Exit.]

Bru. Did you perceive, He did solicit you in free contempt, [Think] When he did need your loves; and do you That his contempt shall not be bruising tryon, When he hath power to crush? Why, had you bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to Against the rectorship of judgement? [Exit]

Sic. Have you, Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again, On him, that did not ask, but mock, have You said-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their flesh to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell these friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them Their liberties; make them off no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking, As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble; And, on a safer judgement, all revoke Your ignorant election: Enforce* his will, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not With what contempt he wore the humble weed, How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves, Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance,† Which glibly, ungravelly he did fashion After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him More after our commandment, than as guided By your own true affections: and that, your minds

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country, How long continued: and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son, Who, after great Hostilius, here was king: Of the same house Publius and Quintus were, That our best water brought by conduits hither, And Censorinus, darling of the people, And nobly nam'd so, being Censor twice, Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Scaling‡ his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't, (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:‡

* Object. † Carriage. ‡ Weighing. § Incitation.

And presently, when you have drawn your
Repair to the Capitol, [number,

Cit. We will so: almost all [Several speak.
Repent in their election. [Exeunt CITIZENS.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage* of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol: [people;
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded† onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, SENATORS, and PATRICIANS.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was,
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
Upon us again. [road

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard‡ he came to me; and
did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his
fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[To LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do de-
spise them;

For they do prank§ them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on; no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them
now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What
are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not
their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by
To curb the will of the nobility:— [plot,

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you re-
pin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people;
call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire
your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—
This palt'ring*

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely†
I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler
I crave their pardons:— [friends,

For the mutable, rank-scented many,‡ let
Regard me as I do not flatter, and [them

Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our se-
nate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd

and scatter'd, [ber;

By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those
meazels§

Which we disdain should tetter|| us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

* Advantage.
‡ With a guard.

† Driven.
§ Flume, deck.

* Shuffling.
‡ Lepers.

† Treacherously.

‡ Populace.
|| Scab.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark
His absolute shall? [you

Com. 'Twas from the canon.†

Cor. Shall!

O good, but meet unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you
thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have
power,

Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are
plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest
taste [gistrate;

Most palates theirs. They choose their man—
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove him-
self,

It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more
absolute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Br. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know,
the corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind
of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they
show'd [tion

Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusa-
Which they have often made against the
senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the native||
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words:—We did re-
quest it;

We are the greater gill,* and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debate
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time
break ope

The locks o' the senate, and being in the more
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Br. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more: [men,

What may be sworn by, both divine and ho-
seal what I end withal!—This double wor-
ship,— [other

Where one part does disdain with cause, the
Insult without all reason; where gentry, like,
wisdom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must enail
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose no har'd, it
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, be-
seech you,—

You that will be less fearful than distrust;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change o' it; that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick,
The sweet which is their poison: your dis-
honour [state

Mangles true judgement, and berews the
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Br. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be,
was law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Br. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Br. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be appre-
hended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit BRUTUS.] in
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the ÆDILES, and a
Rabble of CITIZENS.

Men. On both sides more respect.

* Small fish.

† According to law.

‡ Careless.

§ Pass through.

|| Motive, no doubt was Shakespeare's word.

* Number.

† Fear

‡ Risk.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus; citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of
breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tri-
bunes, to the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were estab-
lish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruins.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him; [thence
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian,* and from
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

'Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, [ous
That seem like prudent helps, are very poison-
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon
And bear him to the rock. [him,

Cor. No; I'll die here. [Drawing his Sword.
There's some among you have beheld me fight-
ing; [me.

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes,
withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help.

You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this Mutiny, the TRIBUNES, the ÆDILES,
and the People are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
All will be naught else. [away,

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us, [you.
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech
Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they
are,

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as
they are not,

Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag* return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
With cloth of any colour. [patch'd

Com. Nay, come away.

[Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth: [vent;

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where's this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall sure on't.†

[Several speak together.

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc,‡ where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

* From whence criminal: were thrown, and dashed to
pieces.

† The lowest of the populace, tag, rag, and outcast.
‡ Be sure on't. † The signal for slaughter.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people, I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two; The which shall turn you to no further harm, Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory, to despatch This viperous traitor: to eject him hence, Were but one danger; and, to keep him here, Our certain death; therefore it is decreed, He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved* children is enroll'd In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease; Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy. What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost, (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

[try: By many an ounce,] he dropp'd it for his country. And, what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it, A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.†

Brn. Merely; awry: when he did love his It honour'd him. [country,

Men. The service of the foot Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was?

Brn. We'll hear no more:— Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence; Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscann'd‡ swiftness, will, too late,

[process; Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by Lost parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brn. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our Ediles smote! ourselves resisted!— Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i'the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In boulded|| language; meal and bran together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, (In peace) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes, It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody; and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius, Be you then as the people's officer: Masters, lay down your weapons.

Brn. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there. Where, if you bring not Marcia, we'll proceed In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:— Let me desire your company. [To the SENATORS.] He must come, Or what is worst will follow.

I Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS' House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and PATRICIUS.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heads; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight, yet will I still Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,* my mother Does not approve me further, who was wont To call them woollen vassals, things created To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads

[det, In congregations, to yawn, be still, and when one but of my ordinances stood up To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you, [To VOLUMNIA.

Why did you wish me sulder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Vol. O, Sir, Sir, Sir, I would have had you put your power well on, Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if You had not show'd them how you were ~~de-~~ Ere they lack'd power to cross you. [you'd

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and SENATORS.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough; You must return, and mend it.

I Sen. There's no remedy, Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd: I have a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger, To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman: [that Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic For the whole state, I would put mine armour Which I can scarcely bear. [on

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repeat what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods, Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble, But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, I'the war do grow together. Grant that, and tell me,

In peace, what each of them by th'other lose, That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

* Deserving. † Quite awry. ‡ Absolutely. § Inconsiderate haste. || Fluctuating when.

* Wonder

† Rank.

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best
ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force* you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by our own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you to,

But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syl-
lables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in† a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where,
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowta†
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
them, [guard

For the inheritance of their loves, and safe-
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve
so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such busi-
ness [rant

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the igno-
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry, [them,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-
fess,

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt
frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
yours:

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou
hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, [nius.
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Comi-

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and,
Sir, tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Prythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
sconce? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it, [place:—

And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
You have put me now to such a part, which
I shall discharge to the life. [never

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prythee now, sweet son; as thou
hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent† in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears
take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
But owe† thy pride thyself. [me;

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves, [belov'd
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us
Let them accuse me by invention, I [go;
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.—The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he invade us there,
Enforce him with his envy‡ to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an ÆDILE.

What, will he come?

* Unshaven head.

† Dwell.

‡ Own.

Object his hatred.

* Urge.

† Subdue.

‡ Common clowns.

Ed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?

Ed. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
If I say, *fine*, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Ed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for
this hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—*[Exit Ed.]*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been so
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he
cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which
With us to break his neck. *[looks*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
SENATORS, and PATRICIANS.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece
Will bear the knave* by the volume.—The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among
us! *[peace,*

Throng our large temples with the shows of
And not our streets with war!

I Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter EDILE, with CITIZENS.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which
Like graves i'the holy churchyard. *[show*

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious words,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy* you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell sold in the

people's

their traitor.—Thou injurious tribune!

Thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

quids clutch'd; as many millions, in

thy tongue both numbers, I would say,

set, unto thee, with voice as free

as I, pray the gods.

Dark you this, people?

To the rock with him; to the rock with

him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him

speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even

So criminal, and in such capital kind, *[this,*

Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, slaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the

presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it; In the name o'the peo-

ple,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name

I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so.

It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,

And so it shall be.

* Will bear being called a knave.

* Injures. † Of long-standing. ‡ Grudge.
§ That only.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from^{*} Rome, Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love My country's good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, than mine own life, My dear wife's estimate,† her womb's increase, And treasure of my loins; then if I would, Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country: It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry† of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek‡ o'the rotten fens, whose love I prize As the dead carcasses of unburied men That do corrupt my air, I banish you; And here remain with your uncertainty! Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes, Fan you into despair! Have the power still To banish your defenders; till, at length, Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) Making not reservation of yourselves,

Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most Abated|| captives, to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising, For you, the city, thus I turn my back:

There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, SENATORS, and PATRICIANS.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite; Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.—Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young PATRICIANS.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast¶ [ther,

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mo— Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd To say, extremity was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear; That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wound- ed, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pry'thee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

[mother, I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius, Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,

'Tis fond* to wail inevitable strokes, [well, As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught With cautelous‡ baits and practice.

Vol. My first‡ son, Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee a while: Determine on some course, More than a wild exposure§ to each chance, That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee [us,

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world, to seek a single man; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

[full Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch,|| when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall Hear from me still; and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.—A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an ÆDILE.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no farther.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done, Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit ÆDILE*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

* For. † Value. ‡ Pack. § Vapour. ¶ Subdued. ¶ The government of the people.

* Foolish. † Insidious. ‡ Exposure

† Noblest. || True metal.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The boarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be
gone? [To BASTUS.

Sir, You shall stay too: [To SICIN] I would,
I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool, is that a shame!—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship?
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words,

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—
Yet go.—

Nay but thou shalt stay too:—I would my
son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Sir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his coun-
As he began, and not unknit himself [try,
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd
the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
hear this

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,) Whom
you have banish'd, does exceed you
all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[Exeunt TRIBUNES.

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come let's
go:

Leave this faint pining, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[Exeunt.

* Men coming.

SCENE III.—A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLCE, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know
me: your name I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is, so, Sir, truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw
you; but your favour* is well appeared by your
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a
note from the Volcian state, to find you at
there: You have well saved me a day's jour-
ney

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange re-
surrection, the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Over-
think not so; they are in a most warlike pre-
pare and hope to come upon them to the
heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a
small thing would make it flame again. For
the nobles receive so to heart the banishment
of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a
ripe aptness, to take all power from the peo-
ple, and to pluck from them their tribunes for-
ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is
almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelli-
gence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a
man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her
husband. Your noble Tullius Aufidius will
appear well in these wars, his great opponent,
Coriolanus, being now in no request of his
country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you: You have
eased my business, and I will merrily accom-
pany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
you most strange things from Rome; all tend-
ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you
an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in
the entertainment,† and to be on foot at an
hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,
and am the man, I think, that shall set them
in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met,
and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir; I have
the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Antium.—Before ANTONIUS' House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, shagreened
and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an hear-
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars [not;
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

* Countenance.

† In pay.

CITIZEN.

.—Save you, Sir.

Do your will,
lies: Is he in Antium?
the nobles of the state,

use, beseech you?
e you.

farewell.

[Exit CITIZEN.
turns! Friends now fast

seem to wear one heart,
bed, whose meal, and

twin, as 'twere, in love
him this hour,
it,* break out
o, fellest foes,
whose plots have broke

ier, by some chance,
n egg, shall grow dear

ies. So with me:—
and my love's upon
enter: if he slay me,
he give me way,
ice. [Exit.

—A Hall in AUFIDIUS'
use.

Enter a SERVANT.

wine! What service is
vs are asleep. [Exit.

r SERVANT.

s! my master calls for
[Exit.

CORIOLANUS.

se: The feast smells

t.

First SERVANT.

nd you have, friend?
re's no place for you:

'd no better entertain-
[ment,

nd SERVANT.

you, Sir? Has the por-
that he gives entrance
Pray, get you out.

you away.

oublesome.

brave? I'll have you

. The first meets him.

s this?

e as ever I looked on:
o'the house: Pr'ythee,

you to do here, fellow?
use.

nd; I will not hurt your

a?

all coin.

from Corioli. † Fellows.

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station; here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten* on cold bits. [Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell
my master what a strange guest he has here.

3 Serv. And I shall. [Exit.

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I'the city of kites and crows!—
What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with
daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, Sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy
treacher, hence! [Beats him away.

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second SERVANT.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst
thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost
Think me for the man I am, necessity [not
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [SERVANTS retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians'
And harsh in sound to thine. [ears,

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's
torn, [name?

Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,†
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name
remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of
hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak* in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop these
mainnet

Of shame seen through thy country, speed
these straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the underf fends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn thus of blood out of thy country's breast;
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Ans. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath wooed from
my heart

A rest of ancient envy. If Jupiter [say,
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
'Tis true: I'd not believe them more than thee,
All nobles Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I
clip]

The anvil of my sword; and do contest,
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,||
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me
out!

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; ** and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Ans. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine
own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand!
Most welcome!

[Enter CORIOLANUS and ANTONIUS.]

1 Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange situa-
tion!

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of
him.

1 Serv. What an arm he had! He told
me about with his finger and his thumb, now
would not my a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I know by his face that there
was something in him: He had, Sir, a kind of
face, methought,—I cannot tell how to think

1 Serv. He had so: looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there
was more in him than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is surely
the rarest man i'the world.

1 Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier
than he, you wot' one.

2 Serv. Who? my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six of him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him
to be the greater soldier.

2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that: for the defence of a town, or
general is excellent.

1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third SERVANT.

3 Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals.

1. 2. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all na-
tions; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?

3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our general;
but he was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends:
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard
him say so himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to
say the truth on't: before Coriolani, he smothered
him and notched him like a carbuncle.†

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at up-
per end o'the table: no question asked him by
any of the senators, but they stand bald before
him: Our general himself makes a mistress of
him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns
up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But
the bottom of the news is, our general is cut
i'the middle, and but one half of what he was
yesterday; for the other has half, by the co-
treaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go,
he says, and sowle† the porter of Rome gates
by the ears: He will mow down all before
him, and leave his passage polled.‡

2 Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man
I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do't? he will do't: For, look you,
Sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which
friends, Sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you,
Sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his
friends, whilst he's in directitude.

* Repentment. † Injuries. ‡ Infernal. § Embrace.
¶ Arm. ¶ Full. ** Years of age.

* Know. † Pull. ‡ Most cut across to be trusted.
§ Cut clear.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,* they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel† of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent;‡ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy: muffled,§ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians; They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome.—A public Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends [had,

Blush, that the world goes well; who rather
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than
see [going

Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he. 'tis he: O, he is grown most
Of late.—Hail, Sir! [kind

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, Sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four CITIZENS.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you
all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children,
on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish
Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell,

[Exeunt CITIZENS.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely
time,

Than when these fellows ran about the street
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking
Self-loving,— [in]

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.*

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Sits safe and still without him. [Rom]

Enter ÆDILE.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood
for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot
be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason; with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this
Lest you should chance to whip your informant,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me;

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are
going

All to the senate house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his railing
Nothing but his report! [in]

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The youngest and the oldest thing.

* Vigour.
† Softened

‡ Part
§ Softened

* Suffrage.
† Talk.

‡ Stood up in its debt
§ Changed

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,*
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
What lay before them. [took

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your
noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement;
and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.†

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—
Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work.
You, and your apron men; you that stood so
Upon the voice of occupation,‡ and [much
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made
fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt;§ and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends,
if they [even
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made
fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

* Unite.

† A small round hole, an augre is a carpenter's tool.

‡ Mechanics.

§ Revolt with pleasure.

Com. You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts, [then,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clamour—
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many cock-
combs,

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down.
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal.
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: That we did, we did
for the best: and though we willingly consent-
ed to his banishment, yet it was against our
will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!*—Shall us to
the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd;

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go
And show no sign of fear. [home.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, mas-
ters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the
wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt CITIZENS.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half
my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—A Camp, at a small distance
from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his LIEUTENANT.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat.
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

* Pack, alluding to a pack of hounds.

Ant. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I leave the first
Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier

Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his manner
Is that's so changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Ant. I understand thee well; and he then
ours,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things
fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volsians
Fight's dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard
Where'er we come to our account. (mine)

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome?

Ant. All places yield to him ere he sits
And the nobility of Rome are his: (down;
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to
Rome,

As is the cypress* to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honour even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casquet to the cushion,; but com-
manding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,;
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights foul'd, strengths by strengths
do fall. (thine)

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. (Rome)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICIPIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he
hath said, (him
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
In a most dear particular. He call'd me,
father:

* An eagle that preys on fish. † Misnomer.
‡ The chair of civil authority.
§ Metaphor for his fallaciousness.

But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he say'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have shed together. Cominius
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless.
Till he had forg'd himself a name 't' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of trivies that have rack'd^d for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to
pardon

When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of nonsense, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to see the effluence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of these; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are
the grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the mean: We must be burnt for you.

Sir. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse
your aid

In this so never-headed help, yet do not (you
Uphold us with our distress. But, sure, if
Would be your country's plunder, your good
tongue,

Mere than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sir. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Sir. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? Say't he so?

Sir. Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhear's me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, the blood is cold, and then
We post upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
Those pipes and those conveyances of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
watch him

Till he be distill'd to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Sir. You know the very road into his mind,
And cannot loose your way. (noise)

* Contaminated with things. † Unheard by without.
‡ Misnomer.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have
knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he
would do, [not,
He sent in writing after me; what he could
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him [hence,
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian
Camp, before Rome. The GUARD at their Sta-
tions.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well; But,
by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return:
our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots* to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Mene-
nius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
Is not here passable. [name]

Men. I tell thee, fellow.
Thy general is my lover:† I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified‡ my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that
verity§ [times,

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, some-
Like to a bowl upon a subtle|| ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his
praise

Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:¶ There-
fore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies
in his behalf, as you have uttered words in
your own, you should not pass here: no, though
it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely.
Therefore, go back.

Men. Prythee, fellow, remember my name
is Menenius, always factionary on the party of
your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass. There-
fore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell! for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have pushed out
your gates the very defender of them, and, in
a violent popular ignorance, given your ene-
my your shield, think to front his revenges
with the easy groans of old women, the virgi-
nal palms of your daughters, or with the pi-
sied intercession of such a decayed datan† as
you seem to be? Can you think to blow out
the intended fire your city is ready to flame in
with such weak breath as this? No, you are
deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution: you are condemned.
our general has sworn you out of reprieve and
pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were
here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back.
I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of
blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your hav-
ing:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion,† I'll say an er-
rand for you; you shall know now that I am
in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack:
guardant cannot office me from my son Corio-
lanus: guess, but by my entertainment with
him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging,
or of some death more long in spectatorship,
and crueller in suffering; behold now presen-
tly, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—
The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about my
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse
than thy old father Menenius does! O, my
son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us:
look thee, here's water to quench it. I was
hardly moved to come to thee; but being as-
sured, none but myself could move thee, I have
been blown out of your gates with sighs: and
conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy peti-
tionary countrymen. The good gods assuage
thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this
varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath de-
nied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been fa-
miliar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be
gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake.

[Gives a Letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Me-
nenius, [dies.]

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Auf-
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

* Prize.
† Truth.

‡ Friend.
§ Deceitful.

¶ Provoked to.
‡ Lie

* Notation. † Fellow. ‡ Jack-in-office § Because

1 G. Now, Sir, is your name Menenius.

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power :
You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent* for
keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general: for such things as you, I can scarce
think there's any, you are so slight. He that
hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from
another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are, long; and your misery
increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He
is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how
I have borne this business. [plainly†

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, [Rome,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[Shout within.
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and AT-
TENDANTS.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affec-
tion!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.— [eyes,
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves'
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and
am not [bows:

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*,—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling‡ to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus
Makes you think so. [chang'd,

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full di grace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! [kiss
Now by the jealous queen* of heaven, that
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth;
[Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,†
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, Sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
Are suitors to you. [self,

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may
never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame [us.
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for
we'll [request?

Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment,

And state of bodies would bewray‡ what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self,

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight which
should

* Remanded.

† Openly.

‡ A young goose.

* Juno.

† Gull, worm.

‡ Mew.

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
with conflicts,
Constrain them weep, and shake with fear
and sorrow;

Making thy mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine country's most capital: then bar't us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Where we are bound; together with thy
victory,

Where we are bound? Alack! or we must
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy per-
son,

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had {thou
Our wish, which else should win: for either
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till {son,
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no more
March to assault thy country, than to tread,
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. {womb,

Vr. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
Living to time. {name

Son. He shall not tread on me; {fight.
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's shoe to see.
I have sat too long. {Rising.

Vol. Nay go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Voices whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Voices
May say, This mercy we have show'd; the Ro-
mans,

This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, Be bless'd
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great
son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ,—The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroyed his country; and his name remains
To the coming age, abhor'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
you: {boy:

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou,
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world {prate

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me

Like one i'the stocks. Then hast never a thy
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy. {thou
When she poor hen') fond of so scant
brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaded with honour. Say, my request's un-
just,

And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns aw-
Down, ladies, let us shame him with our
knees.

To his surname Coriolanus Tongs more press
Than pity to our prayers. Down, an end
This is the last,—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, to
hold us:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason out petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Lies in my arms.—Yet give us our de-
I am hush'd until our city be afire. {prate
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
{Holding VOLUNNIA by the Hand, silent.
What have you done? Behold, the heavens
do weep,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-
fidius, {hand

Were you in my stead, nay, would you have
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, Sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me; for my
part, {you,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. {And.

{The ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by,

{To VOLUNNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.
But we will drink together; and you shall
bear

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. {Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome.—A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol:
yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the

adies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope m't; our throats are sentenced, and stay* upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a coralet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,† as a thing made‡ for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals; and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[Shouting again.

Men. This is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full: of tribunes, such as you, [day; A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to— This morning, for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and Music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

* Stay but for it. † Chair of state. ‡ To resemble

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them, And help the joy.

[Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by SENATORS, PATRICIANS, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius, Repeal* him with the welcome of his mother; Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!

Welcome!

[A flourish with Drums and Trumpets.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antium.—A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here: Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, The city port† by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Enter Three or Four CONSPIRATORS of AUFIDIUS' Faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so, As with a man by his own alms empoison'd, And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of Makes the survivor heir of all. [either

Auf. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd [ten'd,

Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heigh He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing so my friends: and, to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping,——

Auf. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for't he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments

In mine own person; holp‡ to reap the same, Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,

* Recall.

† Gates.

‡ Helped.

I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,* as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum,† which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the People.]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a
post,

And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here comes the lords.

Enter the LORDS of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to
end,

Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge;‡ making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a
Croud of CITIZENS with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your sol-
dier;

No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made
peace,

With no less honour to the Antiates,§
Than shame to the Romans: And we here de-
liver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; but
thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli!—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt,* your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tear
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of hear:
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.†

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O
slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notice
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and
lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [Several speak at once.
Cit. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son:—
my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus:—
He killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame tells in
This orb o'the earth.‡ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Auf.
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe.
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the CONSPIRATORS draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat val-
our will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all,
be quiet;
Put up your swords.

* Thought me rewarded with good looks. † Tears.
‡ Rewarding us with our own expenses
§ People of Antium.

* Drops of tears. † No more than a box of tears.
‡ His fame overspreads the world. § Judicial.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
this rage,
provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great dan-
ger
which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
joice
that he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
call me to your senate, I'll deliver
myself your loyal servant, or endure
your heaviest censure.
Lord. Bear from hence his body,
and mourn you for him: let him be regarded
as the most noble corse, that ever herald
did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.*—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLA-
NUS. A dead March sounded.*]

* Memorial.

JULIUS CESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CESAR.

OCTAVIUS CESAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } **Triumvirs, after the**
 } **Death of Julius**
 } **Cesar.**

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, **Senators.**

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIVS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } **Conspirators against**
 } **Julius Cesar.**

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, **Tribunes.**

ARTEMIDORUS, **a Sophist of Cnidos.**

A SOOTHSAYER.

CINNA, a Poet,—Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young Cato,
and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and
Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LECTI,
DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cesar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at
Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Phi-
lippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of
CITIZENS.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get
you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art
thou?

1 Cit. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, Sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly.

2 Cit. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir,
a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty
knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out
with me: yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend
you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend
me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's mat-
ters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I
am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when

they are in great danger, I recover them. As
proper men as ever trod upon seats-leather,
have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-
day? [streets?]

Why dost thou lead these men about the
2 Cit. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to
get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir,
we make holiday to see Cesar, and to rejoice
in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than sense-
less things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;*
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your
Into the channel, till the lowest stream [tears
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

See, whe'r† their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.‡

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cesar's

wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*—*A public Place.*

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.

Ces. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cesar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Ces. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Ces. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.§—Antonius.

Ant. Cesar, my lord.

Ces. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cesar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Ces. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cesar.

Ces. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Ces. Who is it in the press,|| that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cesar: Speak; Cesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Ces. What man is that!

Brn. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Ces. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cesar.

Ces. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Ces. He is a dreamer: let us leave him;—pass.

[*Scenet.*] *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brn. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Brn. I am not gamesome: I do lack some
(Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. [part

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brn. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my beha-

viours: [griev'd;

But let not therefore my good friends be
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion,*

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brn. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cesar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brn. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale† with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Brn. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people

Choose Cesar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brn. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,

* The nature of your feelings.

† Abuse.

* Rank.

† Whether.

‡ Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

§ A ceremony observed at the feast of Lupercalia.

|| Crowd.

¶ Flourish of instruments.

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty^a day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cesar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cesar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cesar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did
shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Ro-
mans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the nar-
row world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cesar: What should be in that
Cesar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cesar.

[*Shout.*]

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

[*man?*]

But it was fam'd with more than with one
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

[*man?*]

That her wide walks encompass'd but one
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus^b once, that would not
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome.
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

[*am.*]

What you would work me to, I have seen.
How I have thought of this, and of these
times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present
I would not, so with love I might entreat you.
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such big
things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew^c upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CESAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cesar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve;

And he will after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret^d and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Ces. Antonius.

Ant. Cesar.

Ces. Let me have men about me that are
fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cesar, he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

[*low.*]

Ces. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads
He is a great observer, and he looks [much]
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves to
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit:
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease.
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CESAR and his Train. CASCA
stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day.

^a Windy.

[†] Temperament, constitution.

^b Lucius Junius Brutus.

^c Chew.

^d Ruminant.

^e A ferret has red eyes.

That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Br. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Br. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Br. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Br. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time, he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Br. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tagging people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true^a man.

Br. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—As I had been a man of any occupation,† if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their workshops to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Br. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, as I tell you that, I'll no'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both.

[Exit CASCA.]

Br. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Br. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd^a: Therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd? Caesar doth bear me hard;† but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at the windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so? Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven;

^a Dispos'd to. † Was an unwelcome opinion of me.
; Capito. † Did you attend Caesar's words?

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well
by sight,) [burn

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
'Transformed with their fear; who swore they
saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Upon the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean* from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Comes Cesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-mor-
row.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed
Is not to walk in. [sky

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus embraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks
of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding
ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordi-
nance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality; why, you shall find.
That heaven hath infus'd them with these
spirits, [mc.

To make them instruments of fear, and warn-
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,

Casca, [night:

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
As doth the lion in the Capitol: [roars

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious* grows,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cesar that you mean: Is it not
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors:
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-mor-
Mean to establish Cesar as a king: [roar
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides.
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cesar be a tyrant
then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf.
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds:
Those that with haste will make a mighty lion,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is
Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak
this

Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd.
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a
man,

That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold'st my hand:
Be factious|| for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

* Entirely.

+ Bold.

|| Why they deviate from quality and nature.

* Potentous.

+ Muscles.

: Derr.

|| Here: my hand.

* Active.

|| Miserable.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait; * He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this? [sighs.]

There's two or three of us have seen strange

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window: set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day, See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already; and the man entire, Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:

And that, which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchymy, Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go, For it is after midnight; and, ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.—BRUTUS' Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars, Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!— I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.— When, Lucius, when? † Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd:— How that might change his nature, there's the question,

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking. Crown him?— That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse* from power: And, to speak truth of Cesar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, †

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face: But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees; By which he did ascend: So Cesar may; Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these, and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, § grow mischievous; And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure, It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air, Give so much light, that I may read by them. [Opens the Letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out; Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cesar, I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, || or a hideous dream: The genius, and the mortal instruments, Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

* Pity, tenderness.
† Nature.

† Experience.

‡ Low stage.
§ Voluntary.

* Air of walking. † An exclamation of impatience.

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, [sick!

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot; And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth, That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in CESAR'S Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CESAR, in his Night-gown.

Ces. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, *Help, ho! they murder Cesar!*—Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Ces. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Ces. Cesar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me, [see

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall The face of Cesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cesar, I never stood on ceremonies,* Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

The noise of battle hurl'd† in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

And ghosts did shriek, and squeal‡ about the streets,

* Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

† Encountered.

‡ Cry with pain.

(O Cesar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Ces. What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods? Yet Cesar shall go forth: for these predictions Are to the world in general, as to Cesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Ces. Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should

Seeing that death, a necessary end, [fear:

Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They will not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast.

Ces. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Cesar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cesar shall not: Danger knows full well

That Cesar is more dangerous than he.

We were two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible;

And Cesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:

Let me upon my knee, prevail in this.

Ces. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well.

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cesar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Ces. And you are come in very happy time.

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, false;

I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Ces. Shall Cesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth!

Decius, go tell them, Cesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Ces. The cause is in my will, I will not come.

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings, portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics,* and cognizance.†
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Ces. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cesar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cesar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.‡

Ces. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cesar.

Ces. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow. Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cesar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you
What is't o'clock? [*lean.*—

Brut. Cesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Ces. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cesar.

Ces. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebo-
I have an hour's talk in store for you; [*nus!*
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cesar, I will:—and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been
farther. [*Aside.*

Ces. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
gether.

Brut. That every like is not the same, O Ce-
sar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*—A Street near the
Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus
Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou
hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one
mind in all these men, and it is bent against Ce-

sar. *If thou be'st not immortal, look about you:
Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty
gods defend thee! Thy lover,**

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.‡

If thou read this, O Cesar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*—Another part of the
same Street before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prythee, boy, run to the senate-
house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again, [*there.*—

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prythee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth,‡ madam, I hear nothing.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [*stand,*

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cesar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
To be so good to Cesar, as to hear me, [*Cesar*
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance. [*row:*

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is nar-
The throng that follows Cesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a
The heart of women is! O Brutus! [*thing*
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cesar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

* As to a saint. for reliques.
Lichens.

† As to a prince for
Grievous.

* Friend.

† Envy.

: Really.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.—The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Ces. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
[*Cesar,*
That touches Cesar nearer: Read it, great

Ces. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cesar; read it instantly.

Ces. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Ces. What, urge you your petitions in the Come to the Capitol.
[*street?*

CESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the SENATORS rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to CESAR.*

Br. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might I fear, our purpose is discovered.
[*thrive.*

Br. Look, how he makes to Cesar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Br. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CESAR and the SENATORS take their Seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him And presently prefer his suit to Cesar.
[*go,*

Br. He is address'd:* press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Ces. Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Cesar, and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart:—
[*Kneeling.*

Ces. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree, Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Cesar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
[*ing.*

Low-crook'd-curt'sies, and base spaniel fawn—Thy brother by decree is banished; If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

* Ready.

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cesar doth not wrong; nor without Will he be satisfied.
[*cause.*

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cesar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Br. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cesar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Ces. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cesar; Cesar pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Ces. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality, There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks. They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place: So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
[*give;*

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehen— Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,* Unshak'd of motion:† and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this; [*ish'd,*
That I was constant, Cimber should be ban—

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cesar,—

Ces. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cesar,—

Ces. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CESAR in the Neck. CESAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

Ces. Et tu, Brutus?—Then, fall, Cesar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement! [*out.*

Br. People, and senators! be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Br. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cesar's

Should chance—

Br. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, [*chief.*

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis—

Br. Do so;—and let no man abide this But we the doers.
[*deed,*

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

* Intelligent. † Continues to hold it. ‡ Solicitation.
§ Unsuccessfully. || And thou, Brutus?

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
As it were doomsday. [run,

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That, we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.* How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cesar bleed in
sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of An-
tony's.

Serr. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cesar, honour'd him, and lov'd
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony [him.
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master An-
tony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Ro-
man; I never thought him worse. [man;
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serr. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit SERV.

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee
well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

* In Cesar's blood.

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:—
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cesar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords,
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)

Hath done this deed on Cesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reve-
rence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
In the disposing of new dignities. [man's,

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca,
yours;— [Trebonius.

Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit
Either a coward or a flatterer.— [me,

That I did love thee, Cesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart; [stand,

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

* Grown too high for the public safety.

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed, [Cesar.]
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Friends as I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cesar was dangerous.

Br. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony the son of Cesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Br. You shall, Mark Antony.

Ces. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter? [Aside.]

Br. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cesar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Ces. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Br. Mark Antony, here, take you Cesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cesar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Br. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[Exeunt all but ANTONY.]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide* of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— [lips,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Here, here*; and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cesar!— [Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him
[Exit with Cesar's body.]

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while:
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with CESAR'S BODY.]

SCENE II.—The same.—The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Br. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.— [here,
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cesar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons.

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS.]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Br. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—hear me
for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear
believe me for mine honour; and have respect
to mine honour, that you may believe: censure
me in your wisdom; and awake your senses,
that you may the better judge. If there be any
in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar's, to
him I say, that Brutus' love to Cesar was no
less than his. If then that friend demand,
why Brutus rose against Cesar, thus is my answer,—
Not that I loved Cesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cesar
were dead, to live all free men? As Cesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it, as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune, honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[Several speaking at once.]

Br. Then none have I offended. I have

* Courtes.

† The signal for giving no quarter.

‡ To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakespeare's time.

done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CESAR's Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover* for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Cesar.

4 Cit. Cesar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Br. My countrymen,—

2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Br. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cesar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *[Exit.*

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Cit. This Cesar was a tyrant.

3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome.

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cesar seem ambitious? *[wept:*

When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

* Friend.

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown, *[tion?*

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for

him?

O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with

me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cu. Methinks, there is much reason in his

sayings.

2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cesar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not

take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide

it.

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire

with weeping.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome,

than Antony.

4 Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to

speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cesar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he

there,

And none so poor* to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cesar's

wounds,

And dip their napkins† in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark

Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cesar's

will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must

not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but

men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, An-

tony;

You shall read us the will; Cesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a

while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to

Cesar. † Handkerchiefs.

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lar. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
And when you do them— *[wrongs ;*

Bru. Cassius, be content, *[well :—*

Speak your griefs* softly,—I do know you
Before the eyes of both our armies here, *[us,*
Which should perceive nothing but love from
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Within the tent of BRUTUS.—
LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nicest offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world.
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large houses
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay* the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ;† I am a soldier, I
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.‡

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure
all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : Fret till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vanishing true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. *[par.]*

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong
me, Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cesar liv'd he durst not thus
have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon me ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for. *[love.]*

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats :
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas,§ than to
wring *[trash.]*

From the hard hands of peasants their vile
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, *[Cassius']*
Which you denied me : Was that done like
Should I have answer'd Cains Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

* Grievances.

† Triumfing.

* Bait, bark at.

† Limit my authority.

‡ Terms, fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

§ Coins

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd* my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius! [come,
For Cassius is weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother:
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults ob-
serv'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and cons'd by
To cast unto my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth,

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cesar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worse, thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour, which my mother
gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so. [Noise within.

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the gene-
rals;

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not
They be alone. [meet

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter Port.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do
you mean? [be;

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

* Hated.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time:

What should the wars do with the jiggling fools?
Companion,* hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Port.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you

Immediately to us. [Exit Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia
is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd
you so!—

O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark An-
tony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with
her death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a
bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,†

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mess. Myself have letters of the self-same
tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mess. That by proscription, and bills of out-
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, [lawry,

Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

* Fellow.

† Force.

Cæs. Cicero one?

Mess. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of prescription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brut. No, Messala.

Mess. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brut. Nothing, Messala.

Mess. That, methinks, is strange.

Brut. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mess. No, my lord.

Brut. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me
true.

Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange man-
ner.

Brut. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,*
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cæs. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brut. Well, to our work alive. What do you
Of marching to Philippi presently? [think]

Cæs. I do not think it good.

Brut. Your reason?

Cæs. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brut. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour-
ag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cæs. Hear me, good brother.

Brut. Under your pardon.—You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cæs. Then, with your will, go on; [lippi.
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Phi-
Brut. The deep of night is crept upon our
And nature must obey necessity; [talk,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cæs. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Brut. Lucius, my gown. [Exit LUCIUS.] Fare-
well, good Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cæs. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brut. Every thing is well.

Cæs. Good night, my lord.

Brut. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mss. Good night, lord Brutus.

Brut. Farewell, every one.

[About Cæs. Tit. and Mss.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Brut. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Brut. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and
sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and
watch your pleasure.

Brut. I will not have it so: lie down, good
Sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so—
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give
it me.

Brut. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, as it please you.

Brut. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy
night;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brut. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song.
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace* upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

Enter the GHOST of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
Speak to me, what thou art. [stare?]

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brut. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

* At some time.

* Theory.

* Sceptre.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*GHOST vanishes.*]
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, a-
Claudius! [*wake!*—
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instru-
Lucius, awake. [*ment.*—
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so cry'dst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see
any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Clau-
Fellow thou! awake. [*dins!*
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your
sleep?
Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn* us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-
But 'tis not so. [*age;*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
'pon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Ar-
my; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

Ant. No, Cesar, we will answer on their
charge. [*words.*

Make forth, the generals would have some
Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, country-
men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you
do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cesar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cesar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds, [*feet;*

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cesar's
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cesar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank your-
self:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up a-
gain?—

Never, till Cesar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cesar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more hon-
ourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl* we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their
Army.*

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow;
and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day [*sala:*
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former^a ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldier's hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted; us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and
kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncer-
tain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose the battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life.—arming myself with pa-
tience,

To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the idea of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Bru-
tus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man
might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—The Field of Battle.

Alarum.—Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give
these bills;
Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud Alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

^a Foremost.

[†] Accompanied.

[‡] Directions for the officers.

SCENE III.—The same.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villain fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Ti-
tinus;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the light
To-day? They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me, [him,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.—Surreh, what
news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now come 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's
ta'en;—and, hark! [Shout]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, Sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hills;
And when my face is cover'd as tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art re-
veng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds
 are done!
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done
 this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O error, soon con-
 ceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
 darus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
 [Exit MESSALA.
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear
 their shouts?
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
 [Dies.
Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
 young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCI-
 LIUS.
Br. Where, where, Messala, doth his body
 lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Br. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Br. O Julius Cesar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums.
Cato. Brave Titinius! [sings!
 Look, wher' he have not crown'd dead Cas-
Br. Are yet two Romans living such as
 these?—
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome [tears
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
 To this dead man, than thou shalt see me
 pay.—
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet e'er night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum.—Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both
 Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and
 others.

Br. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
 heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
 with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the Enemy.

Br. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for
 Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is
 overpowered, and falls.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou
 down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
 And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
 [Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is
 ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
 general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I as-
 sure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see wher' Brutus be alive, or dead:
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
 and VOLUMNIUS.

Br. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
 this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but,
 my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Br. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the
 word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
 [Whispering.

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the
 world.

Br. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Br. Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him.

Der. I do such a deed?

Cl. O, Dardanius!

Der. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to
 thee?

Des. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Br. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Br. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Br. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Then know'st, that we two went to school together;
Then know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. *[Alarm still.]*

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Br. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countryman,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: *[rest,*
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarm. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Br. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold thou my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Br. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now he still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword and dies.]

Alarm. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus.

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.*

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them
All the conspirators, save only he, *[all:]*

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made use of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*

* Receive into my service.

† Recommend.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CESAR, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, SEXTUS POMPEIUS. DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, MECENAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, MENAS, MENEKRATES, VARRIUS,	} } Triumvirs. } } Friends of Antony. } } Friends to Cesar. } Friends of Pompey.	TAURUS, Lieutenant-general to Cesar. CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-general to Antony. SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius' Army. EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from Antony to Cesar. ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, Attendants on Cleopatra. A SOOTHSAYER.—A CLOWN. CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt. OCTAVIA, Sister to Cesar, and Wife to Antony. CHARMIAN, } Attendants on Cleopatra. IRAS, } Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants. SCENE, dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.
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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria.—A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phil. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
(O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,
now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges* all tem-
per;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they
come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains; EUNUCHS fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn† how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates* me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take int that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cesar; therefore hear it, An-
tony.—

Where's Fulvia's process!‡ Cesar's, I would
say!—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's
queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of
thine [shame,
Is Cesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[Embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind

* Renounces.

† Bound or limit.

* Offends.

‡ Subdue, conquer.

‡ Summons.

(On pain of punishment, the world to weet,*
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falsehood!
Why did we marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound† the time with conference
harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-
night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets,
and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cesar with Antonius priz'd so
slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,‡ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.—Another Room.

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a SOOTH-
SAYER.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen? O, that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must change his horns with
garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, Sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
Cleopatra's health to drink. [enough,

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than be-
loved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drink-
ing.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon,
and widow them all: let me have a child at
fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do ho-

mage: find me to marry me with Octavius Ce-
sar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better
than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer
former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have
no names:‡ Pr'ythee, how many boys and
wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-
night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus pre-
sageth famine.

Irás. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—
Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how? give me particu-
lars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of fortune better than
she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of for-
tune better than I, where would you choose it?

Irás. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend!
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—†, let him marry a woman that cannot go. sweet
Isis,‡ I beseech thee! And let her die too, and
give him a worse! and let worse follow worse,
till the worst of all follow him laughing to his
grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear
me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter
of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Irás. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking
to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a
deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuck-
olded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum,
and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to
make me a cuckold, they would make them-
selves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the
sudden [bus,—

A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobar-*
Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My
lord approaches.

* Know.

† Consume.

‡ Fame.

* Shall be bastards.

† An Egyptian goddess.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exit CLEOPATRA, ENOBABBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, SOUTHSAYER, and Attendants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst
Cesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—Tis
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian
Extended* Asia from Euphrates; [force,
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the ge-
neral tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my
faults

With such full licence, as both truth and ma-
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds† lie still; and our ills
told us,

Is as our earring.‡ Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak
there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such
a one?

2 Att. He stays§ upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another MESSENGER.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [serious
[Gives a letter.]

Ant. Forbear me.— [Exit MESSENGER.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire
What our contempts do often hurl from us, [it:
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's gone, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobar-
bus!

Enter ENOBABBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women:
We see how mortal an unkindness is to them;
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let wo-
men die: It were pity to cast them away for
nothing; though, between them and a great
cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleo-
patra, catching but the least noise of this, dies
instantly; I have seen her die twenty times
upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is
mettle in death, which commits some loving
act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dy-
ing.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We
cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and
tears; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacks can report: this cannot be
cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower
of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, Sir, you had then left unseen a won-
derful piece of work; which not to have been
blessed withal, would have discredited your
travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful
sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to
take the wife of a man from him, it shows to
man the tailors of the earth; comforting there-
in, that when old robes are worn out, there are
members to make new. If there were no more
women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut,
and the case to be lamented: this grief is
crowned with consolation; your old smock
brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed,
the tears live in an onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
Cannot endure my absence. [state,

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that of
Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our offi-
cers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience* to the queen,
And get her lover† to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cesar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is
breeding, [life,
Which, like the courser's‡ hair, hath yet but
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,

* Seized. † In some editions *minis*.

‡ Tilling, plowing; prepares us to produce grain: and.
§ Wait.

* Expedition.

† Leave.

‡ Move.

To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eas. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love
him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him
in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to
lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish for-
bear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall
fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to
come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine,
and true, [gods,
Though you in swearing shake the thronged
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-
ness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going, [ing,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued stay-
Then was the time for words: No going
then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; [poor,
Bliss in our brows' bent;† none our parts so
But was a race‡ of heaven: They are so still,
(Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou
shouldst know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'erwith civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port* of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown
to strength, [Pompey.

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threat-
en; [purge-

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would
By any desperate change: My more parti-
cular,

And that which most with you should safe-
my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?!

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd;§ at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the
fire,

That quickens Nilus' slime,|| I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which
An honourable trial. [stands

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I prythee turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:¶ Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prythee,
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.**

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it.
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion†† is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me;

* Gate. † Render my going not dangerous
; Can Fulvia be dead? ‡ The commotion she occasioned
§ Mud of the river Nile ¶ To me, the Queen of Egypt
** Heat. †† Oblivion memory

* Look as if I did not send you.

† The arch of our eye-brow.

‡ Smack or flavour

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Rome.*—An apartment in CESAR'S House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CESAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Ces. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cesar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: * from Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy *[or]*
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; † what he cannot
Than what he chooses. *[change,*

Ces. You are too indulgent: let us grant, it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this be-
comes him,

*(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,)* yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. ‡ If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him § for't: but, to confound || such
time, *[loud]*

That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge, *[sure,*

Pawn their experience to their present plea-
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,
Most noble Cesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cesar: to the ports
The discontents ¶ repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love,

* Associate or partner. † Procured by his own fault.
‡ Levy. § Visit him. || Consume. ¶ Discontented

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.* This com-
mon body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them: which they ear† and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood‡ to think on't, and flush§ youth re-
volt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes
Than could his war resisted. *[more,*

Ces. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. || When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st
against, *[more]*

Though daintily brought up, with patience
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale¶ of horses, and the gilded puddle**
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets, *[Alps]*

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall
know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.

Ces. Doubt not, Sir;
I knew it for my bond. †† *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria.*—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora. ††

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away. *[time,*

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

* Endear'd by being missed. † Plough. ‡ Turn pale.
§ Ruddy. || Feastings; in the old copy it is wassails.
¶ c. vassals. ¶ Urine. ** Stagnant, dirty water.
†† My bounden duty. †† A noisy person.

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught a eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd,* thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonett of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
Cesar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With his looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony?

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
With his tinct gilded thee:—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my
heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will place
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he needn'd,
And soberly did mount a terracottæ steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
Was beastly dumb'd by him. [Exit Alex.]

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was ner sad, ner merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
note him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance
lay

In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messen-
gers: why do you send so thick? [Exit Alex.]

Cleo. Who's been that day
When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper. Char-
mian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cesar so?

Char. O that brave Cesar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cesar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cesar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgement:—^[blood] Cold is
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt:
[Exit Char.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina.—A Room in Pompey's
house.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall us-
The deeds of justest men. [Exit Men.]

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throes,
The thing we sue for. [Exit Mene.]

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves, ^[powers]
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine:
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cesar gets money
where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome
together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of law,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy warr'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, ^[b]
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may procure his ^[time]
hour,
Even till a Lethe'd dullness.—How now, Var-
[Exit Men.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I stand del-
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome ^[var]
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd; ^[time]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our starr'd
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

* Declined, faded.

† Down on; i. e. put on.

‡ To.

§ Helmet.

Men. I cannot hope,
 Cesar and Antony shall well greet together:
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cesar;
 His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square* between
 themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome.—A Room in the house of
 LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your
 To soft and gentle speech. [captain]

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: If Cesar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cesar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give
 way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cesar.

Enter CESAR, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
 Hark you, Ventidius.

Ces. I do not know,
 Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
 That which combin'd us was most great, and
 let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard: When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble part-
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,) [ners,
 'Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
 Nor curstness; grow to the matter. [terms,

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Ces. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
 not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Ces. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you
 Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I
 should

Once name you derogately, when to sound
 your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cesar.

What was't to you?

Ces. No more than my residing here at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
 Did practise* on my state, your being in Egypt
 Might be my question.†

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
 intent, [brother,

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and
 Made wars upon me, and their contestation
 Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my
 brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
 And have my learning from some true reports,‡
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not
 rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
 quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Ces. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me; but
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
 fought,

Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
 Which 'fronted§ mine own peace. As for my
 wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:
 The third o'the world is yours; which with a
 snaffle||

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the
 men might go to wars with the women'

Ant. So much incurable, her garboils,¶ Ce-
 sar,

Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
 Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
 But say, I could not help it.

Ces. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive** out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i'the morning; but, next day,
 I told him of myself; which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this follow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
 Out of our question†† wipe him.

Ces. You have broken
 The article of your oath; which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cesar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak,
 The honour's sacred which he talks on now,

* Use bad arts or stratagems.

† Subject of conversation.

‡ Reports.

§ Fronted.

|| Snaffle.

** Missive.

†† Question.

¶ Garboils.

§ Fronted.

|| Snaffle.

** Missive.

†† Question.

* Quarrel. † Agree. ‡ Let not ill-humour be allowed.

§ Reports.

|| Snaffle.

** Missive.

†† Question.

Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cesar;
The article of my oath,—

Ces. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; [up]
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs* between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone† you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions;†
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch,‡ from edge to edge

O'the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cesar,—

Ces. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Ces. Say not so, Agrippa;
if Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers, [tales,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,

Would, each to other, and all loves to both.
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cesar speak?

Ces. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, Agrippa, be it so,
To make this good?

Ces. The power of Cesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows.
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves.
And sway our great designs!

Ces. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and
Fly off our loves again! [re-ter

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Ces. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Ces. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame. [it.
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. Exeunt CESAR, ANTONY, & LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cesar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agri. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters
are so well digested. You staid well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is
this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we
had much more monstrous matter of feast,
which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square* to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
pursued up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver; [made

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water, which they beat, to follow faster.
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

* Grievances. † Reconcile. ‡ Dispositions. § Firm

* Suits with her merits.

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
And they undid, did.*

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,

That rarely framed the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cesar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she's riggish.†

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery‡ to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Room in CESAR'S
House.

Enter CESAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
ATTENDANTS, and a SOOTHSAYER.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Ces. Good night.

[Exeunt CESAR and OCTAVIA.]

Ant. Now, Sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cesar's, or
mine?

Sooth. Cesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cesar's is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; there—
Make space enough between you. [fore

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:

[Exit SOOTHSAYER.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails* ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,† at odds. I will to
Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.—

I'the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ven-
tidius,

You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
you, hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress.

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount‡
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. *Agr.* Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

* Added to the warmth they were intended to diminish.
† Readily perform. ‡ Wanton. § Allotment.

* The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.
† Inclosed. ‡ Mount Mithras.

SCENE V.—*Alexandria.*—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody*
Of us that trade in love. [food
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with
me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though
it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle.—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fan'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, Sirrah,
mark; We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour?
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with
Not like a formal man.‡ [snakes,

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cesar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet madam,—

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence;* as upon but yet:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with
Cesar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such re-
He's bound unto Octavia. [part:

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i'the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[She hails him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and strew'd
in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give
thee, [hail

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Draws a Dagger.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no
fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
The man is innocent. [yourself:

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thun-
derbolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither,
Sir.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd,† and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;

* Melancholy.

‡ So sour a countenance.

† Head dress.

§ A man in his senses.

* Preceding.

† Whelmed under water.

† Recompense.

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do, [via.
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octa-

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome, [hand,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy And be undone by 'em! [Exit MESSENGER.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature* of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.— [Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas [To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me,

Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my

chamber. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CESAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

Ces. Most meet, [we
That first we come to words; and therefore have
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd let us know
It 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall† youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,†
There saw you labouring for him. What was it, [what

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful
Cast on my noble father. [Rome

Ces. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear‡ us, Pompey, with thy sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,*) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Ces. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Ces. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our target undinted.

Ces. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cesar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks
to you, [ther;

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hi-
For I have gain'd by it.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not [face;
What counts‡ harsh fortune casts upon my
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed:

I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part;
and let us

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
(Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there. [Cesar

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cesar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

* Beauty
‡ Haunted.

† Brave.
‡ Afright.

* Present subject. † Target, shield. ‡ Score, marks

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd
you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as
much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Ces. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, Sir.

Pom. Come.

[**Exeunt POMPEY, CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.**]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have
known,* Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me: though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety: you have been a great thief by
sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had
authority, how they might take two thieves
kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a
true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh a-
way his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back
again.

Men. You have said, Sir. We looked not
for Mark Antony; Pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra?

Eno. Cesar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, Sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus An-
tonius.

Men. Pray you, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cesar, and he, for ever knit
together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose
made more in the marriage, than the love of
the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the
band that seems to tie their friendship to-
gether, will be the very strangler of their amity:
Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversa-
tion.†

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian
dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia
blow the fire up in Cesar; and, as I said be-
fore, that which is the strength of their amity,
shall prove the immediate author of their vari-
ance. Antony will use his affection where it
is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have need on
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exit.]

**SCENE VII.—On Board POMPEY's Galley,
lying near Misenum.**

Music. Enter two or three SERVANTS, with a
Banquet.*

1 **Serv.** Here they'll be, man: Some o' their
plantet are ill-rooted already, the least wind
i' the world will blow them down.

2 **Serv.** Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 **Serv.** They have made him drink and
drink.

2 **Serv.** As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out, no more; reconciles
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 **Serv.** But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.

2 **Serv.** Why, this is to have a name in great
men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reel
that will do me no service, as a partner; I
could not heave.

1 **Serv.** To be called into a huge sphere, and
not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where
eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the
cheeks.

A **Snout sounded.** Enter CESAR, ANTONY,
POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MENENAS,
ENOBARDUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: [To CESAR.] They
take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,† if
dearth,

Or foison,‡ follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seeds-
man

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of
your mud by the operation of your sun: so is
your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to
Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but
I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me,
you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the
Ptolemies' pyramises§ are very goodly things;
without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [Aside.]

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee,
captain, [Aside.]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, Sir, like itself; and it is
as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high
as it is, and moves with its own organs: it
lives by that which nourisheth it; and the ele-
ments once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

* Desert.

† Feet.

‡ Pike.

§ Middle.

¶ Plenty.

‡ Pyramids.

* Been acquainted.

† Behaviour.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To MENAS *aside.*] Go, hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool. [Aside.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,

Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales,* or sky inclips,† Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,‡

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany; In thee it had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside.

I'll never follow thy pall'd§ fortunes more.— Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis Shall never find it more. [offer'd,

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the ves- Here is to Cesar. [sels,|| ho!

Ces. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Ces. Possess* it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands; [sense Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:— The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing:

The holding† every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can yolley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ‡
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Ces. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother, Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[Exit POMPEY, CESAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!— Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body

Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,§

* Understand.

† Burden, chorus.

‡ Red eyes.

§ Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

• Encompasses.

† Embraces.

‡ Confederates.

† Cloyed.

|| Kettle drums.

Pays this for Marcus Cressus.

St. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, not well,
May make too great an act: For learn this,
Silius;

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cesar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Scævus,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown, [your
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his fa-
Who does it the wars more than his captain

can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

St. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia [ranks,
We have jaded out o'the field.

St. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoeth to Athens: whither with
what haste [unt,
The weight we must convey with us will per-
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass
along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rome.—An Antechamber in
CESAR'S HOUSE.

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he
is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cesar is sad; and Lepi-
dus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troub-
With the green-sickness. [led

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Ce-
sar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cesar? How? the nonpa-
reil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cesar, say,—Cesar;
—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with ex-
cellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cesar best;—Yet he loves
Antony:

His hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
his love

• The Phoenix.

To Antony. But as for ~~Cesar~~
Kneel down, kneel down, and worship.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,* and he shrin-
le. So,— [Triumph

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and
farewell.

Enter CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Ces. You take from me a great part of my-
self;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a will
As my thoughts make thee, and as my in-
most hand†

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue,‡ which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ruin, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Ces. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein cunning,‡ the least mean
For what you seem to fear: No, the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve you
We will have part. [unt

Ces. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare the
well;

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is her
spring, [cheerful

And these the showers to bring it on.—So

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's hour;
and—

Ces. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's
down feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cesar weep? [Aside to AGRIPPA.

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
So is he, being a man. [here.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled
with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound,‡ he wail'd.
Believe it, till I weep too.

Ces. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall
Out-go my thinking on you. [out

Ant. Come, Sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

* Wings.

† Band.

‡ Octavia.

§ Striptious.

¶ Of air and water.

‡ Destroy.

Ces. Farewell, Farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*
Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARNIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, Sir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Alex. Good majesty,
 Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
 But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
 I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
 Through whom I might command it.—Come
 thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
 Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome.
 I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
 Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
 tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
 voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her
 long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue,
 and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
 If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
 Her motion and her station* are as one:
 She shows a body rather than a life;
 A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
 I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
 The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
 She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it
 long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, [colour?
 They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is
 as low

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
 I will employ thee back again; I find thee
 Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
 Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit MESSENGER.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
 That so I harry'd† him. Why, methinks, by
 This creature's no such thing. [him,

Char. O, nothing, madam.

* Stan ling.

† Pulled, lugged.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
 should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else de-
 And serving you so long! [fend,

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
 good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
 Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens.—A Room in ANTONY's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not-only that,—
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more.
 Of semblable import,*—but he hath wag'd
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
 read it

To public ear: [not+

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
 He vented† them; most narrow measure lent
 me: [took't,

When the best hint was given him, he not
 Or did it from his teeth.‡

Oct. O my good lord,
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach|| not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts:

And the good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and hus-
 band!*

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 O, *bless my brother!* Husband win, win bro-
 ther,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, [seeks
 Let your best love draw to that point, which
 Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
 quested, [lady,

Yourselves shall go between us: The mean time,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain¶ your brother; Make your soonest
 So your desires are yours. [haste;

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most
 weak, [be

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain
 Should solder** up the rift.†† [men

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-
 gins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your
 going; [cost

Choose your own company, and command what
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The same.—Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cesar and Lepidus have made wars
 upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?††

* Similar tendency. † Could not help. ‡ Published.
 § Indistinct, through his teeth. || Resent.

¶ Disgrace.

** Cement, close.

†† Opening.

‡‡ What follows?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him* in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him equality;† would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,‡ seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eros. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; [beat,] And throw between them all the food thou They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—there; and spurs [beat,] The rack that lies before him; cries, Feet, Legs—And threats the throat of that his killer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eros. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cesar. More, Demetrius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eros. 'Twill be sought:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Rome.—A Room in CESAR'S House.

Enter CESAR, AGRIPPA, and MACHIAS.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—I'the market place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat Cæsarion whom they call my father's son; And all the unlawful issue, that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the 'establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Ces. I'the common show-place, where they exercise, [kings:]

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She Is the habitments of the goddess Isis [since That day appear'd; and oft before gave audi- As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agg. Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Ces. The people know it; and have now re- His accusations. [ceiv'd]

Agg. Whom does he accuse?

Ces. Cesar: and that, having in Sicily Sexius Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him [me]

His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets, That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agg. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Ces. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone. I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abus'd,

And did deserve his stripes; for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Account, And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Ces. Nor must not that he yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cesar, and my lord! hail, and dear Cesar!

Ces. That ever I should call thee, erst my!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor has you ever.

Ces. Why have you still upon us then? You come not

Like Cesar's sister: The wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach, Long ere she did appear; the trumpet should have borne men; and expectation should

Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come

A market-maid to Rome; and have perused The ostent of our love, which, left unknown, Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you By sea, and land; supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted My grieved ear withal; whereupon, I begg'd His pardon for return.

Ces. Which soon he granted.

Being an obstruct between his love and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Ces. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given to empire

Up to a whore, who now are levying [bid The kings o'the earth for war: He hath seen Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphus, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adalix: King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas, The kings of Mede, and Lycœonia, with a More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends. That do afflict each other!

Ces. Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth: Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart! Be you not troubled with the time, which drives O'er your content these strong necessities; But let determin'd things to destiny Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome. Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,

To do you justice, make them ministers Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort And ever welcome to us. [fort;

* & c. Lepidus.
† Strik, designated.

‡ Equal rank.

§ Accusation.
|| Assigned.

o Show, taken.

† Obstruction.

Agg. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment* to a trull,†
That noises‡ it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Ces. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray
you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S Camp, near the
Promontory of Actium.**

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke§ my being in these
wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why
should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares to-
gether, [bear
The horse were merely|| lost; the mares would
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle An-
tony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time, [ready
What should not then be spar'd. He is al-
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus a eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in¶ Toryne?—You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke, [men,
Which might have well becom'd the best of
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For** he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Phar-
salia, [offers,
Where Cesar fought with Pompey: But these
Which serves not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:

Your mariners are muleteers,* reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress;† in Cesar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey
fought: [grace

Their ships are yare;‡ yours, heavy.§ No dis-
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails,|| Cesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head
of Actium

Beat the approaching Cesar. But if we fail,

Enter a MESSENGER.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is des-
Cesar has taken Toryne. [cried;

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-
sible;

Strange, that his power should be.¶—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to
our ship;

Enter a SOLDIER.

Away, my Thetis!**—How now, worthy sol-
dier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
The sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians,

And the Phoenicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Caelius, are for sea: [Cesar's
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Carries†† beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome, [as
His power‡‡ went out in such distractions,§§
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes||| forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

* Mule drivers. † Pressed in haste. ‡ Ready.
§ Incumbered. || Ships.
¶ Strange that his forces should be there.
** Cleopatra. †† Goes. ‡‡ Forces.
§§ Detachments, separate bodies. ||| Agonises.
4 Y

* Government. † Harlot. ‡ Threatens.
§ Forbid. || Absolutely. ¶ Take, subdue.
** Because.

SCENE VIII.—A plain near Actium.

Enter CESAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Ces. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Ces. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.* [Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the
hill
In eye† of Cesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army
one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the
Lieutenant of CESAR, the other Way. After
their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-
Fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can be-
hold no longer:
The Antoniad,‡ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cattle§ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd|| pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag¶ of
Egypt, [fight,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,**—
The brize†† upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,‡‡
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, [lard,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mal-
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then,
good night

Indeed. [Aside.]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

* Hazard. † Sight. ‡ Name of Cleopatra's ship.
§ Corner. || Spotted.

¶ Lewd, common strumpet.

** Better.

†† The gad-fly that stings cattle.

‡‡ Brought close to the wind.

Can. To Cesar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Alexandria.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and ATTENDANTS.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon't, [ther.
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come in—
I am so lated* in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly.
And make your peace with Cesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends,
be gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they then
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straight-
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command.
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[Sits down.]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Com-
fort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, Sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He,† at Philippi.
kept

His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I.
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,‡ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No
matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied§ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise; the queen ap-
proaches;

* Belated, benighted. † Cesar.

‡ Fought by his officers. § Divested of his faculties.

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her;
Your comfort makes the rescue. (but

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnohle swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou know'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send bumble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I
pleas'd,

Making, and marriog fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them
rates!

All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-
master,

Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—
Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers
blows. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—CESAR'S Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
others.

Ces. Let him appear that's come from An-
Know you him? (tony.—

Dol. Cesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:†
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Ces. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.‡

Ces. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and
earth,

A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle§ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen

* Unless.

† Values.

‡ Euphronius, schoolmaster to Antony's children.

§ As is the dew to the sea. ¶ Diadem, the crown.

Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-dishonour'd friend,*
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Ces. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To THYREUS.

And in our name, what she requires; add
more,

From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning,
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cesar, I go.

Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his
flaw;†

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cesar, I shall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question:‡ 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cesar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the
rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world
should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would
prevail

Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cesar: I dare him there-
To lay his gay comparisons‡ apart, [fore
And answer me declin'd,] sword against
sword,

* Paramour.

† Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.

‡ The only cause of the dispute.

§ Circumstances of splendour. || In age and power

Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exit ANTONY and ERPHRONIUS.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgements
are

A parcel* of their fortunes; and things out-
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cesar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cesar, thou hast sub-
His judgement too. [du'd]

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. A messenger from Cesar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.†
[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cesar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply,‡ are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cesar has;
Or needs not us. If Cesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cesar's.

Thyr. So.— [treats,
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cesar en-
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cesar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not An-
tony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, there-
fore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows [yielded,
What is most right: Mine honour was not
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.
I will ask Antony.—Sir, Sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cesar this, In disputation§
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am
prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to
kneel:

Tell him, from his all-obeying* breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to
My duty on your hand. [lay
[is:]

Cleo. Your Cesar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest§ man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I
cry'd, ho! [forth,

Like boys unto a mass,|| kings would start
And cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,‡ and
whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp.
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! [butaries
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tri-
That do acknowledge Cesar, should I find
them

So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's
her name, [flows,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him. fel-
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exit ATTEND. with THYREUS.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders!***

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard.
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel†† our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cesar's trencher: nay, you were a frag-
ment [hours,

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously‡ pick'd out:—For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should
You know not what it is. [be.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards.
And say, God quit you! be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal.
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

* Are of a piece with them. † Quarrel. ‡ Perhaps.
§ Supposed to be an error for disputation. || Scramble.

* Obeyed. † Grant me the favour.
‡ Most complete and perfect.

† A term of contempt. ** Servants.
‡ Wantonly.

‡ Conquer'd.
|| Scramble.

†† Close up.

The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman
thank
For being yare* about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
To follow Cesar in his triumph, since [sorry
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to
Cesar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me
angry;

And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit† me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exit THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene‡ moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines,§ so
Dissolve my life! The next Cesarion|| smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying¶ of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cesar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,** threat'ning most
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,
breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nicett and lucky, men did ransom lives
(Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy†† night: call to me

All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-
night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exit ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To
be furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge;* and I see
A diminution in our captain's brain [still,
Restores his heart: When valour preys on
reason,

It cats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CESAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CESAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, ME-
CENAS, and others.

Ces. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to per-
sonal combat,

Cesar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot† of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Ces. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor An-
tony! [Exit.

SCENE II.—Alexandria.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of bet-
ter fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight
well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

* Ready, handy.

† Requite.

‡ Earthly.

§ Dissolves.

|| Her son by Julius Cesar.

¶ Melting.

** Float.

†† Trifling.

‡‡ Feasting.

* Ostrich.

† Take advantage.

Enter SERVANTS.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have
serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots [Aside.
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply,* you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield† you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir, [weep;
To give them this discomfort? Look, they
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!†
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper;
come,

And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.—Before the Palace.

Enter two SOLDIERS, to their Guard.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is
the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, Sir, good night.

Enter two other SOLDIERS.

2 Sold. Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their Posts.

4 Sold. Here we: [They take their Posts.]
and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

* Perhaps.

† Reward.

‡ Stop.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i'the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs* well,
Does't not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should the
mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom An-
tony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another Post.

2 Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you
hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis
strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAS,
and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine ar-
mour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not our's to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art [this.
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well; [fellow.

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly,† Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't; for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight‡ at this, than thou: Despatch.—(O
love, [knew'st

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an OFFICER, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; wel-
come: [charge.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warfare
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, Sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish

* Bodes.

† Shortly.

‡ Put off

‡ Handy.

‡ Riveted dress, armour.

OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS.

It is fair.—Good morrow, ge-

neral.

Down, lads.

Is the spirit of a youth
Of note, begins betimes.—
Tell me that: this way; well

me, whate'er becomes of me:
Kiss: rebukable, [Kisses her.]
If I check it were, to stand
A compliment; I'll leave thee
A of steel.—You, that will

I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
ANTONY, ENOS, OFFICERS, and
SOLDIERS.

Enos, retire to your chamber?

[Enos might
faintly. That he and Caesar
met war in single fight!
But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.]

ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and ENOS; a
happy meeting them.

make this a happy day to

you and those thy scars had
all'd
at land!

you done so,
we revolted, and the soldier
leaving left thee, would have
[still
this morning?

Call for Enobarbus,
thee; or from Caesar's camp
hither.
t thou?

ests and treasure

me.

I

to.

send his treasure after; do

charge thee: write to him
entle adieus, and greetings:
e never find more cause
r.—O, my fortunes have
men:—Enos, despatch.
[Exeunt.]

CEASAR'S Camp before Alex-
andria.

CEASAR with AGRIPPA, ENO-
BUS, and others.

agrippa, and begin the fight:
y he took alive;

all. [Exit AGRIPPA.
universal peace is near:
trous day, the three-nook'd
freely. [world

a MESSENGER.

ld.

Agrippa
we revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt CESAR and his Train.]

Enos. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony, there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of CESAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Enos. I give it you.
Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit SOLDIER.]

Enos. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have
My better service, when my turpitude [paid
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows
my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't,
I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st beast
fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the
Camps.

Alarm.—Drums and Trumpets.—Enter AGRIP-
PA, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too
far:
Cesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarm.—Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought in-
deed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them
With clouts about their heads. [Home

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I
have yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter ENOS.

Enos. They are beaten, Sir; and our advan-
tage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thou on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

* Swells

+ Cuts

SCENE VIII.—Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty*-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clapt your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears [kiss
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy
hand; [To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy† I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the
world, [all,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
Through proof of harness‡ to my heart, and
Ride on the pants triumphing. [there

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get gaol for gaol of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
Had our great palace the capacity [them: ||
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;¶
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—CESAR'S Camp.

SENTINELS on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The
night

Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

* Brave.

† Embrace.

‡ Beauty united with power, was the popular character-
istic of fairies. § Armour of proof.

|| As becomes the brave warriors that own them.

¶ Small drums.

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed morn.
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melar-
choly, [re:
The poisonous damp of night disponge* upon
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [Des.

2 Sold. Let's speak

To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things be
May concern Cesar. [speaks

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
as his

Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, Sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, Sir.

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught* him.
Hark, the drums [Drums afar off

Demurely; wake the sleepers. Let us bear
him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Soldiers

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces,
marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our fort
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,

Shall stay with us: order for sea is given:

They have put forth the haven: Further on.

Where their appointment we may best dis-
cover,

And look on their endeavour.‡ [Exeunt

Enter CESAR, with his Forces, marching.

Ces. But|| being charg'd, we will be still by
land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales.

And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder
pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built

* Discharge, as a sponge when squeezed discharges the
moisture it had imbibed.

† Reached.

‡ Solemnly.

|| Discover their numbers, and see their motions.

|| Without.

In Cleopatra's sails their nest: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet have yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!^{*}
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune! and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[†]
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet,[‡] my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[¶]
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy de-
serving, [thee,
And blemish Cesar's triumph. Let him take
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;[¶] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis
well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides,^{**} thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas^{††} on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria.—A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more
mad

* Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cesar, then to An-
tony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

† Deadly piece of witchcraft.

‡ Was the motion for.

¶ Finish.

|| A cheating game, at present named *pricking at the bell*.

¶ For the smallest piece of money to clowns.

** Hercules.

†† The boy that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules.

Than Telamon^{*} for his shield; the boar of
Was never so emboss'd.[†] [Thessaly

Char. To the monument;

There lock yourself, and send him word you
are dead.

The soul and body rive; not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my
death.—

To the monument.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XII.—*The same.—Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish;

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen
these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with
a thought,
The rack[‡] dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave,^{||} Eros, now thy captain
Even such a body: here I am Antony; [in
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had
mine;

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cesar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph.— [glory
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes
With thine entirely. [mingled

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
once;

And that she has discharg'd: What thou
would'st do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is
done,

And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st
hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck
off;— [Exit MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

* Ajax Telamon for the shield of Achilles.

† Foaming at the mouth.

‡ The fleeting clouds.

|| Spoke.

¶ Servant.

The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,*
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.— [Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then,† and all is done.— [me:]

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand, [gaze:]

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back [lack]

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cesar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros, [now]

That, when the exigent should come, (which
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind
The inevitable prosecution of [me]
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros, [see]
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and
Thy master thus with pleach'd‡ arms, bending down

His corrigible§ neck, his face subdued
To penetrative|| shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?¶

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd. [worn]

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship** of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his Sword.]
Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Din.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen
and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his Sword.]
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCEAS and GUARD.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O,
make an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit GUARD.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. [ings.]

This sword but shown to Cesar, with this tid—
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCEAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd* with Cesar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead; [sent:]

But, fearing since how it might work, hath
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I prythee.

Dio. What ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

* I. e. The thing that contains thee.
† Completes a contract.
‡ Penetrating.

† Scaling completed.
‡ Corrected.
** Dignity.

* Settled.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel-
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same.—A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. () Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard hath brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the GUARD.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—dark-
ling* stand
The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cesar ever shall
Be brooch'd† with me; if knife, drugs, ser-
pents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,† shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, An-
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—(), come, come,
come;

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd:

Quickens with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen: [wheel,
Of Cesar seek your honour, with your safety.— [()!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cesar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your
thoughts,

In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the
world,

The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and
girls,

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.*—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but
naught;

Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you
women?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good Sirs, take
heart:— [To the GUARD below.

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt: those above bearing off ANTONY'S
Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CESAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECE-
NAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Ces. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

* Without light.
† Solute determination.

† Ornamented.
‡ Revive.

* Task-work.

Being so frustrate,* tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.†

Dol. Cesar, I shall. [Exit DOLABELLA.]

Enter DERCEBAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Ces. Wherefore is that? and what art thou,
that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Ces. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cesar, Antony is dead.

Ces. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: The round world should
have shook

Lions into civil streets, [Tony
And citizens to their dens:—The death of An-
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cesar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Ces. Look you, sad friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never [us
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give
Some faults to make us men. Cesar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set be-
fore him,
He needs must see himself.

Ces. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine hist thoughts did kindle,—that
our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide [friends,—
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a MESSENGER.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are
you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;

That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Ces. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Ces. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what com-
forts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she
And how you find of her. [says,

Pro. Cesar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.]

Ces. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dola-
bella,

To second Proculeius? [Exit GALLUS.]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Ces. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Alexandria.—A Room in the
Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cesar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,*
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the
The beggar's nurse and Cesar's. [dunc,

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCU-
LEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cesar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
That majesty, to keep decorum, must [him,
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer; [thing:
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear no-
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kind-
Where he for grace is kneel'd to. [ness,

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

* Frustrated.

† He trifles with us

: 12

* Servant.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is piti-
Of him that caus'd it. [ed

Gai. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window, and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*

Guard her till Cesar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death? [queen
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
If idle talk will once be necessary, [Sir;
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cesar what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd* at your master's
court;

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry†
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cesar I will speak what you shall please.

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of
me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or
known. [dreams;

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor An-
tony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and
therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course,
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail* and shake the
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back
above

The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and
islands were

As platest dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be,
such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants
stuff [gine

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to ima-
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam: [it
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might
never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you what Cesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cesar.

*Enter CESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Ces. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Ces. Arise,
You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remem-
ber As things but done by chance. [ber

Cleo. Sole Sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

* Bound, confined.

† Rabble.

* Crush.

† Silver money.

‡ Shape or form.

Ces. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you
shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours: and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall [lord.

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good

Ces. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal* my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be
yours; [mine.

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does [trust
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou
back? thou shalt [eyes,

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless vil-
lian, dog!

O rarely† base!

Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cesar, what a wounding shame is
this;

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel‡ the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern§ friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia|| and Octavia,¶ to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It
smites me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders** of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou
a man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,

We answer others' merits* in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra, [ledg'd,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no,
dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as [sleep:
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Ces. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit CESAR, and his Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whisper CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
And we are for the dark. [dost.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, Sir. [Exit CHARMIAN.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days.
You with your children will be send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cesar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy
lictors† [rhymers

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick‡ comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy§ my greatness
I'the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my ears
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch

* Sew up. † Uncommonly. ‡ Add to. § Common
|| Cesar's wife and ¶ Sister. ** Fire.

* Merits or demerits. † Beadles.
‡ Lively. § Female characters were played by boys

My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chara,* I'll
give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and
Wherefore's this noise? [all.]

[Exit IRAS. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the GUARD.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instru-
ment [Exit GUARD.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter GUARD, with a CLOWN bringing a
Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit GUARD.
Hast thou the pretty worm† of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do
die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remembers't thou any that have died
on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way
of honesty: how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very
good report o'the worm: But he that will be-
lieve all that they say, shall never be saved by
half that they do: But this is most fallible, the
worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [CLOWN sets down the Basket.]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.‡

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that they
make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [Exit.]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip:— [hear
Yare, yare,|| good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I
Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my
lips. [well.]

Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long fare-
[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
may say

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal
wretch,

[To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou
speak!

That I might hear thee call great Cesar, ass
Unpolicied!*

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.
What should I stay—

[Falls on a Bed, and dies.]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee
well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the GUARD, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the Asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Ce-
sar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Ce-
sar;—call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is
this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a prin-
Descended of so many royal kings. [cess
Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cesar!

* Unpolitic, to leave me to myself.

* Job of work.

† Inconstant.

‡ Serpent.

§ Act according to his nature.

|| Make haste.

Enter Caesar, and Attendants.

Del. O, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last:
She leav'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their
I do not see them bleed. *[Deaths.]*

Del. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs;
This was his basket.

Ces. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Caesar, *[spoke:]*
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Ces. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.*

* General appearance.

Del. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blows:
The like's on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an asp's trail: and these
fig-leaves

Have a time upon them, such as the asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She had pursu'd conclusions* infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip: in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army
shall,

In solemn show, attend the funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *[March.]*

* Tried experiments.

† *March.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } Timon's Servants.
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

TWO SERVANTS of VARRO, and the SERVANT of ISIDORE; two of Timon's Creditors.

CUPID, and MASKERS.

Three STRANGERS.

POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, and MERCHANT.

AN OLD ATHENIAN.

A PAGE.

A FOOL.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens.—A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,* as it were,

To an untirable and continuat† goodness: He passes.‡

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the rite,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the Jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes [flint From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,* Let's see your piece. [Sir

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power This eye shoots forth! how big imagination Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the ges- One might interpret. [ture

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife† Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain SENATORS, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

* Inured by constant practice. † For continual.
‡ I. e. Fix'd, or, grow beyond common bounds.

* As soon as my book has been presented to Timon.
† I. e. The contest of art with nature.

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,* but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pein. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tend-
ance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
flatterer†

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pein. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant
hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base
o'the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:‡ amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
her;

[vants
Whose present grace to present slaves and ser-
Translates his rivals.

Pein. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope. [thinks,
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well ex-
In our condition. [press'd

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tend-
ance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings§ in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink¶ the free air.

Pein. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood, [ants,
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his depend-
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pein. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes** have
The foot above the head. [seen

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the
SERVANT of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

* My design does not stop at any particular character.

† Open, explain.

‡ One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.

§ To advance their conditions of life.

¶ Whisperings of officious servility.

§ Inhale.

** I. e. Inferior spectators.

Sen. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is
his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires [him,
To those have shut him up; which falling to
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off [him
My friend when he must need me. I do know
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and
free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send him
ransom; [me:—

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

[Exit.

Enter an old ATHENIAN.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd La-
cilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lacilius!

Enter LACILIUS.

Lac. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pry'thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LACILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Lac. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts
of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in
future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daugh-
ter:

What you bestow, in him I'll accept;
And make him weigh with him.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. †

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old ATHENIAN.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon: [friend?

Go not away.—What have you there, my

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept. [seech

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.* I like your work;

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew† me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated [know,
As those, which sell, would give: But you well
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear
You mend the jewel by wearing it. [lord,

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue.

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; [honest.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,* which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a SERVANT.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, [done,

Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, Sir!

[*They salute.*

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these

sweet knaves, [out
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's breed
Into baboon and monkey.†

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I
Most hungrily on your sight. [feed

Tim. Right welcome, Sir:

* Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.
† To unclew a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

* Alluding to the proverb: plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it beggars.
† Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down to a monkey.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two LORDS.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still
omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine
heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell
twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the
ass. [Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold,

Is but his steward: no meed,* but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.†

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*—A Room of State in
TIMON'S House.

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet
served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then
enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCUL-
LUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Sena-
tors, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then
comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discon-
tentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd
the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from
whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not
dare

To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on
TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

* Meed here means desert. † I. e. All the customary
returns made in discharge of obligations.

Recanting goodness, carry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confes'd
it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confes'd it? hang'd it, have
you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a
humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that ira fever breeds out,*

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Ti-
mon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning out.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an
Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would
have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make
thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,
for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a num-
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness in,
He cheers them up too.†

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without
knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been
if I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's danger-
ous notes;

Great men should drink with harness; on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;‡ and let the health
go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! [mon,

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Ti-
Those healths will make thee, and thy state,
look ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man, but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,||

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot, for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

* Anger is a short madness.

† The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit,
by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they
kill, and the wonder is, that the animal, on which they are
feeding, cheers them to the chase.

‡ Armour.

§ With sincerity.

|| Foolish.

*Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.*

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.† *[Tucket sounded.]*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best sen-

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID.]*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music.—Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of LADIES as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives,
that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The LORDS rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lefty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit CUPID, and LADIES.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour;

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd* then, an he 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.†

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

* I. e. Arrived at the perfection of happiness.

† Endearing.

‡ Much, was formerly an expression of contemptuous admiration.

* Shakespeare plays on the word crossed: alluding to the piece of silver money called a cross.

† For his nobleness of soul.

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel;

Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gift,--

Alas, so are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, [near.]

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear

I pray thee, let us be provided [then:]

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside.]

Enter another SERVANT.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius

Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third SERVANT.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be rewarded without fail reward. [Exit.]

Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great

And all out of an empty coffer.— [gifts.]

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for't; his hand's put to their books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.]

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

3 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;

methinks, I could deal^a kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy glory is amongst the dead; and all the lands thou

lie in a patch'd field. [Exit.]

Alcib. Ay, deified land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so victoriously beaute,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely amiable,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, [Exit.]

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt ALCEBIADES, LUCIUS, &c.]

Aperu. What a coil's here!

Barren of backs, and jutting out of hand!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the stir

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of

drops: [Exit.]

Methinks, false hearts should never have count

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on

court'ans.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not

I'd be good to thee. [Exit.]

Aperu. No, I'll nothing: see,

If I should be bribe'd so, thou wouldst be sure

To rail upon thee: and then thou wouldst rail

the faster,

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper's slanders:

What need these feasts, pageants, and vain

glories?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better aims. [Exit.]

Aperu. So;—

Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not

then, I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that man's ears

should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Room in a SENATOR'S House.

Enter a SENATOR, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and

to Isidore [sum.]

He owes nine thousand; besides my former

Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in mo-

tion

Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog.

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight.

And able horses: No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, Sir; What is your pleasure?

^a I. e. Could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards.

⁺ I. e. All happiness to you. ; Offering assistance.

[†] I. e. He ruined by his securities entered into.

[‡] By his heaven he means good advice; the only thing by which he could be saved.

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
 Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd*
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
 Sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—take the bonds along with
 And have the dates in compt. [you,

Caph. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same.—A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him now he comes from
 hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the SERVANTS of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even,† Varro: What,
 You come for money?

Var. Serr. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serr. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serr. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and LORDS, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
 again,‡

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put
 me off

To the succession of new days this month:
 My master is awak'd by great occasion,
 To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
 In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serr. One Varro's servant, my good
 lord,—

Isid. Serr. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
 wants,—

Var. Serr. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord,
 six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serr. Your steward puts me off, my
 lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and LORDS.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither,
 pray you, [To FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
 The time is unagreeable to this business:
 Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:

See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit TIMON.*

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*

Enter APEMANTUS and a FOOL.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
 Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serr. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serr. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serr. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serr. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[*To the FOOL.*

Isid. Serr. [To VAR. SERR.] There's the fool
 hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not
 on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor
 rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold
 and want!

All Serr. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serr. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and
 do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serr. Gramercies, good fool: How does
 your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald
 such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could
 see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'
 page.

Page. [To the FOOL.] Why, how now, cap-
 tain? what do you in this wise company?—
 How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that
 I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the
 superscription of these letters; I know not
 which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then,
 that day thou art hanged. This is to lord

* Stopped

from noon.

† Good even was the usual salutation

‡ I. e. To hunting; in our author's time
 it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before.

Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a hawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt furnish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit PAGE.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay, 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord: sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirtcen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher. [Exit APEMANTUS and FOOL.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [Exit SERV.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much,* I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close; I did endure

* He does not mean, so great a sum, but a certain sum.

Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have

Prompted you, in the cobb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lord's

lord, [Time,] Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;†

Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or false- Call me before the exactest auditors, [head, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppos'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilt of wine; when every room Hath blas'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cook,‡ And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! [saints,

How many prodigal bits have slaves and poor- This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart; If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use, As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,§

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you [friends.

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other SERVANTS.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

* I. e. As the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

† The apartments allotted to culinary offices, &c.

‡ A pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.

§ If I would, (says Timon,) by borrowing try of what men's hearts are composed, what they have in them, &c.

¶ Dignified, made respectable.

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius; Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them Toward a supply of money: let the request Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? humph! [Aside.]

Tim. Go you, Sir, [To another SERV.] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have [stant Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the in- A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,) To them to use your signet, and your name; But they do shake their heads, and I am here No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,* want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature May catch a wrench—would all were well— 'tis pity—

And so, intending† other serious matters, After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,‡

With certain half-caps,§ and cold moving nods, They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary: Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows; 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind; And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—

Go to Ventidius,—[To a SERV.] Pr'ythee, [To FLAVIUS,] be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously|| I speak,

No blame belongs to thee:—[To SERV.] Ventidius lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd Into a great estate: when he was poor, Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from Bid him suppose, some good necessity [me; Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents:—that had,—[To FLAV.] give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think, [sink.

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;

Being free¶ itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

* I. e. At an ebb.

† Intending, had anciently the same meaning as attending. § Broken hints, abrupt remarks.

|| A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

¶ For ingenuously.

|| Liberal, not parsimonious.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.—A Room in LUCULLUS' House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a SERVANT to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectfully* welcome, Sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit SERVANT.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty† is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a to-wardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, Sirrah.—[To the SERVANT, who goes out.]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; [neer, And we alive, that liv'd?‡ Fly, damned base-To him that worships thee.

[Throwing the money away.]
Lucul. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods

* For respectfully. † Honesty here means liberality.

‡ I. e. And we who were alive then, alive now.

I had my master's property? This slave
 Untill his honour, has my lord's trust in him?
 Why should it thrive, and turn to enrichment,
 When he is turn'd to prison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that
 part of nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but feeling his hour!
 [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.—A public place.*
Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done; and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Pish no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

3 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his, yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweet to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [To Lucius.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well!—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thankest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;

He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord, if his occasion were not virtuous. [Lord.] I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and made a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I

o Nothing, "By his Money arms and pension." L. says.

1. a. His life. ; Acknowledges. ; Commends.

2. "If he did not want it for a good use."

say:—I was willing to let such things away, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope, his honour will conceive the fault of me, because I have no power to be kind; And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, nay, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.— [Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speak.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul, and just of the same piece
 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
 His friend, that dips in the same dish? He, in
 My knowing, Timon hath been this lord's friend,
 And kept his credit with his purse; [Exit.]
 Supported his estate, nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip,
 And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
 He does deny him, in respect of him,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend, yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,*
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same.—A Room in SEMPRONIUS' House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a SERVANT of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
 'Bove all others!

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
 Owe their estates unto him. [Enter]

Serv. O my lord,
 They have all been touch'd,† and found but
 metal, for

They have all denied him!

Sem. How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
 And does he send to me? Three? humph!
 It shows but little love or judgement in him.
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like
 physicians,

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure
 upon me? [Exit.]

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at
 That might have known my place: I see no
 sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him.

* The reason, to get his wealth down in amount as a donation.
 † Tried.

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's
sake;

I had such a courage* to do him good. But
now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my
coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly
villain. The devil knew not what he did,
when he made man politic; he crossed himself
by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the
villanies of man will set him clear. How
fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes
virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that,
under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms
on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his
house.† [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Hall in TIMON'S
House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant
of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and
other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting
his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
(One business does command us all; for mine
is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at
seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed
shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;† but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
Your lord sends now for money. [Event.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
For which I wait for money. [Gift,

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich
And send for money for 'em. [Jewels,

Hor. I am weary of this charge,* the gods
can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than
stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: 'Pray,
is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify
so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows,
you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muf-
fled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, Sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you
not

Your sums and bills, when your false masters
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile,
and fawn

Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do your-
selves but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not
serve.

Flav. If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[Exit.

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head in?
such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his cham-
ber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are
not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

* Ardour, eager desire. † I. e. Keep within doors for
fear of duns. I. e. Like him in blaze and splendour.

* Commission, employment.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, Sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord!
my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail:

The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serr. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serr. Here's mine.

Hor. Serr. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serr. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: * cleave me
to the girdle.

Luc. Serr. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serr. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serr. My lord,—

2 Var. Serr. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall
upon you! [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may
throw their caps at their money; these debts
may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-
man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. He't not in thy care; go.

I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same.—The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die: [fault's
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to
the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,*

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honour in him which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave; his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox;†

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd [long]

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrel

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born;

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe; and make
his wrongs [lessly]

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, care-

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
If I speak like a captain.— [me.]

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? but if there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad?|| why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it; [lon,

And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the se-

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge.

If wisdom be in suffering. (O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;¶

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.**

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair
service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous
wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with
'em, he

Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:

If there were no foes, that were enough alone

To overcome him: in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us.

His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

* I. e. Putting this action of his, which was prede-
mined by fate, out of the question.

† I. e. Passion so subdued that no spectator could note
its operation. 1 Manage, govern.

‡ You undertake a paradox too hard.

|| What have we to do in the field?

¶ For aggravation.

** "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful inter-
pretation of the law is considered justifiable."

* Timon quibbles. They present their written bills;
he catches at the word, and alludes to bills or battle-axes.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alci. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own

time, (you,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no
more, (ther,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or bro-
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alci. Must it be so! it must not be. My
I do beseech you, know me. (lords,

2 Sen. How?

Alci. Call me to your remembrances.

2 Sen. What?

Alci. I cannot think, but your age has for-
got me;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,*
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

*Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alci. Banish me?

Banish your outrage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens can-
tain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not
to swell our spirit,†
He shall be executed presently.

(Exit SENATORS.)

Alci. Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their
foes,

While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banish-
ment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,‡
'Tis honour, with must lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as
gods. (Exit.

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in TIMON'S
House.

Mus. Tables set out: SERVANTS attending.

Enter divers LORDS, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, Sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,§
when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low
with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

* For dishonoured.

† I.e. Not to put ourselves in any turmoil of rage.

‡ We should now say—to lay out for hearts, i.e. the af-
fections of the people.

§ To tire on a thing meant to be fully employed on it.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me
an earnest inviting, which many my near oc-
casions did urge me to put off; but he hath
conjured me beyond them, and I must needs
appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my
important business, but he would not hear
my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to bor-
row of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I un-
derstand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would
he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

2 Lord. He sent to me, Sir.—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—
And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, bearing well of
your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer
more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. (Aside.) Nor more willingly leaves
winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentle-
men, our dinner will not recompense this long
stay: feast your ears with the music awhile;
if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's
sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with
your lordship, that I returned you an empty
messenger.

Tim. O, Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

(The banquet brought in.)

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am so en-
sick of shame, that, when your lordship this
other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours be-
fore,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem-
brance.*—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All cover'd dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

2 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the
season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

2 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you
of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

2 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How! how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

2 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

2 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

2 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur
as he would to the lip of his mistress: your
diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a
city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can
agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods
require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your-
selves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your

* I.e. Your good memory.

deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to the other: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villians: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag* of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!†

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. [be Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the LORDS, with other LORDS and SENATORS.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

3 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, [earth, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and loath Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from a bench,

And minister in their steads! to general filth Convert o'the instant, green virginity! [his Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, but Rather than render back, out with your hairs And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants steal!

Large handed robbers your grave masters in And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed: Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of siren. Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old hump-sire,

With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear. Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth. Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourly Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades. Degrees, observances, customs, and laws. Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incidents! Your potent and infectious fevers heap [as On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scum Cripple our senators, that their limbs may be As lamely as their manners! Inst and habit Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth. That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,

And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains. Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and then cry Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee. But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying beans; Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all, The Athenians both within and out that will And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high, and low Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens.—A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three SERVANTS.

1 Ser. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining? Flar. Alack, my fellows. what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods. I am as poor as you.

1 Serr. Such a house broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone! and so: One friend, to take his fortune by the arm. And go along with him!

2 Serr. As we do turn our backs From our companion, thrown into his grave: So his familiars to his buried fortunes Slink all away; leave their false vows with him. Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self. A dedicated beggar to the air. With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty. Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other SERVANTS.

Flar. All broken implements of a ruin'd house

* Common sewers.

† I. e. Contraries, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.

‡ For libertinism.

* Accumulated curses

* The lowest.

† Flies of a season

‡ Jacks of the clock, like those at St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street.

to our hearts wear Timon's

r faces; we are fellows still,
sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
ates, stand on the dying deck,
res threat: we must all part
ir.

llows all,
wealth I'll share amongst you.
all meet, for Timon's sake,
lows; let's shake our heads,

l unto our master's fortunes,
ter days. Let each take some;
[Giving them money.
your hands. Not one word

h in sorrow, parting poor,
[Exit SERVANTS.
retchedness that glory brings

wish to be from wealth ext-
t to misery and contempt?
k'd with glory? or to live
of friendship? [pounds,
np, and all what state com-
l, like his varnish'd friends?
d, brought low by his own

less! Strange, unusual blood,†
rst sin is, he does too much

to be half so kind again?
t makes gods, does still mar

—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
wretched;—thy great fortunes
chief afflictions. Alas, kind

e from this ungrateful seat
ends: nor has he with him to
r that which can command it.
quire him out:
d with my best will;
ld, I'll be his steward still.
[Exit.

E III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

l breeding sun, draw from the
; below thy sister's orb†
inn'd brothers of one womb,—
on, residence, and birth,
it,—touch them with several
; is the lesser: Not nature,
res lay siege, can bear great
t of nature. [fortune,
gar, and denude that lord;
l bear contempt hereditary,
e honour.
lards the brother's sides,
akes him lean. Who dares,
es,
hood stand upright,
n's a flatterer? if one be,
for every grize of fortune
at below: the learned pate
den fool: All is oblique;
evel in our cursed natures,
y. Therefore, be abhor'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains!
Destruction fang* mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots!

[Digging.
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods, [vens!

I am no idle votarist.† Roots, you clear bea-
Thus much of this, will make black white;
foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; cow-
ard, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you
gods? Why this [sides;

Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [heads:

Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-
curs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd‡ widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices

To the April day again.§ Come, damned
earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha!
a drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Keeping some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in war-
like manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker
knew thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore
of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot re-
To thine own lips again. [turns

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

* Seize, gripe.

† No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not
serve me instead of roots. ‡ Borrowed.

§ I. e. Gold restores her to all the sweetness and fresh-
ness of youth.

† Propensity, disposition.
moon's, this sublunary world.
is here used for without.

But then renew I could not like the men;
There were no ones to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none: If [for

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee.
Then cut a man! If thou dost perform, con-

found thee,

For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy
miseries.

Tim. Then saw'st them, when I had pros-
perity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed
time.

Tim. As time is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world

Voted so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not,
that use thee; [lust.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checked
To the tub-fast, and the diet.* [youth

Timon. Hark thou, woman!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his
wife

'Are drawn'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious hand: I have heard and

griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour
states, [them,—

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee

gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear

Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou

dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a

heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy con-

quest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country. [on;

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one;

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's a usurer: Strike me the counterfeit

It is her habit only that is honest, [matron;

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those

milk-paps,
* Alluding to the cure of the late swarms then in practice.
† Cutting.

That through the window-bars bare at men
Are not within the leaf of pity writ, [eye.

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare us
the babe, [sway.

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust the
Think it a bastard,* whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat will
cut, [object;

And since it sans remorse:† Swear again
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, or
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments blessing,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers;
Make large confusion. and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the

gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, have'st
curse upon thee?

Phr. & Timon. Give us some gold, good
Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forever in
trade, [dust.

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you
Your aprons mountant: You are not mis-
table,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agon,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions:‡ Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert

you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six

months, [cash

Be quite contrary. And thatch your poor sin
With burdens of the dead;—some that were

hang'd,
No matter. wear them, betray with them:

whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face

A pox of wrinkles!
Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold;—What

then?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow [dust.

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's

voice,
That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quilllets§ shrilly: hoar the flatterer,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,

And not believes himself: down with the scot,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make cruel

pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscurr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection.—There's more
gold:—

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave¶ you all!

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more
money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief sent; I
have given you earnest.

* An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. † Without pity.
‡ I. e. Against objects of charity and compassion.

§ Versatile. ¶ Execution. † Exhaust.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens.

Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Enter ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
kindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasureable, and infinite
breast,*

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
puff'd,

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,†
With all the abhorred births below crisp; hea-
ven [shine;

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marbled mansion all above [face
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas; [draughts,

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a
dog [thee!

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch
Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung [place?
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft,

Hug their diseases'd perfumes,§ and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.||

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
strain,

And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth
again, [ness.

Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my like-

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-
self.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-
tures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused
To the conflicting elements expos'd, [trunks,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a cai-
tiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit
on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:*
The one is filling still, never complete; [less,
The other, at high wish: Best state, content-
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath,† that is more mise-
rable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,‡
proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect,§ but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
hate men? [given?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee

* Boundless surface.

† The serpent called the blind-worm. ‡ Bent.

§ I. e. Their diseases'd perfumed mistresses.

|| I. e. Shame not these woods by finding fault.

* I. e. Arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.

† By his voice, sentence. ‡ From infancy.

§ The cold admonitions of cautious prudence.

Poor rogues hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. *[Eating a root.]*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.]

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thine thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach feeds me; or,
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When
thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for
the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou had'st hated medlars sooner,
thou should'st have loved thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that
was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What would'st thou do
with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy
power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion,
the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the
lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, perad-
venture, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee:
and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the
wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness

would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,
pride and wrath would confound thee, and
make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:
wert thou a bear thou would'st be killed by the
horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be
seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard,
thou wert german to the lion, and the spoils of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy
safety were remotion;^a and thy defence, ab-
sence. What beast could'st thou be, that was
not subject to a beast? and what a beast art
thou already, that seest not thy loss is trans-
formation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speak-
ing to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here.
The commonwealth of Athens is become a
forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that
thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter.
The plague of company light upon thee! I
will fear to catch it, and give way. When I
know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a big-
gar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too hot to
curse.

Tim. All villanies, that do stand by thee, are
pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I tame thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could spit thee
off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler doth kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. *[Throws a stone at him.]*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[Apemantus retreats backward, as going.]
I am sick of this false world; and will have
nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death is me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate

wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with

every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

^a For too much fiscal delicacy.

^a Remoteness, the being placed at a distance from the
town. ^b The top, the principal. ^c For touchstone.

Apm. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, then, that gold:
Then will be through'd to shortly.

Tim. Through'd to?

Apm. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pry thee.

Apm. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APMANTUS.*
These things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter THIEVES.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It
is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder. The mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him: if
we care not for't, he will supply us easily; if
he covetously reserve it, how shall we get it?

4 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him,
he hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He, I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much
of meat, [roots;

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why
want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
on beasts, and birds, and fishes. [water,

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes; [coo,

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work
not

In helier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Fill the high fever sooth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
gether;

Be villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with
thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rebs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power [away;

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves:
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut
throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do less it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

2 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in
our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens:
There is no time so miserable, but a man may
be true. [EXEUNT THIEVES.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is you despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's
gaze,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo [do!
Those that would mischief me, than those that
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Shall serve him with my life.—My dearest
master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have for-
got thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve as meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;
—then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleep-
ing:

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
lord, [lasts,

To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and
So comfortable? It almost turns [now
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of wo-
man.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,

* For legal.

† Compost, manure.

* An alteration of honour's an alteration of an honour-
able state to a state of dishonour.

† How supply.

‡ Recommended.

[wise,
art re honest now, than
betraying me,
got another service:
it second masters,
neck. But tell me true,
doubt, though ne'er so sure,
business subtle, covetous,
wing kindness; and as rich men
al gifts,
in return twenty for one?
my most worthy master, in whose
last

Doubt — suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you
did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest
Here take:—the gods out of my misery [man,
Have sent the treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy: [men;*

But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swal-
low them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd
and free:

No'er see thou man, and let me no'er see thee.
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.—Before TIMON's Cave.

Enter POST and PAINTER; TIMON behind, un-
seen.

Post. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Post. What's to be thought of him? Does
the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of
gold?

Post. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phry-
nia and Timandra had gold of him: he like-
wise enriched poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his
steward a mighty sum.

Post. Then this breaking of his has been but
a try for his friends.

Post. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves
to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will
show honesty in us; and is very likely to lead
our purposes with what they travel for, if it be
a just and true report that goes of his having.

Post. What have you now to present unto
him?

our human habitation.

Post. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent peer.

Post. I must serve him so too; tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him.

Post. Good as the best. Promising is the
very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of ex-
pectation: performance is ever the duller for
his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler
kind of people, the deed of saying* is quite
out of use. To promise is most courtly and
fashionable: performance is a kind of wall and
testament, which argues a great sickness in
his judgement that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not
paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Post. I am thinking, what I shall say I have
provided for him: It must be a personating of
himself: a satire against the softness of pro-
perity; with a discovery of the infinite fatu-
ries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in
thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own
faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for
thee.

Post. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Post. True;
When the day serves, before black-corn'd
night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a gift's
gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st
the foam;

Settiest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [Admonish-
ing.]

Post. Hail, worthy Timon!

Post. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest
men?

Post. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'st
off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and in-
fluence [cover
To their whole being! I'm rapt and cannot
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the
better:

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Post. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Post. We are hither come to offer you our
service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requit you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? so.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard
that I have gold;

* The saying of that we said we would do.

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but there—
Came not my friend, nor I. [fore

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit*

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, Sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [To the Poet.

Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish
You take much pains to mend. [I,

Both. Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a
That mightily deceives you. [knave,

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.†

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give
you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a
draught,‡

Confound them by some course, and come to
I'll give you gold enough. [me,

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in
company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

[To the PAINTER.

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not re-
side [To the POET.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold,
ye slaves: [Hence!

You have done work for me, there's payment:
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two SENATORS.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
For he is set so only to himself, [Timon;

That nothing but himself, which looks like
Is friendly with him. [man,

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and
griefs, [hand,

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer
Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him: Bring us to
And chance it as it may. [him,

Flav. Here is his cave.—

[mon!

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Ti-
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athe-

nians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet
Speak to them, noble Timon. [thee:

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—

Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false

Be as a caut'ring to the root o'the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Ti-
mon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them
back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,*

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have
thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body,—which doth sel-

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself [dom

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed
render,†

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the
dram; [wealth,

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy sena-
tors.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd‡ with absolute power, and thy good
name

Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild; [back

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore, I will,
Sir; Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, [Athens.

That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;

Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon
speaks it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot chuse but tell him, that—I care not,

* A portrait was so called.

† A complete, a finished villain.

‡ In a joke.

* With one united voice of affection.

† Confession. ‡ Licensed, uncontrolled.

And let him tak't at worst; for their knives
care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle* in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before † you
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
To the protection of the prosperous gods,†
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health,† and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, [still;
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit‡ doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphs

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-
ness do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,||
From high to low throughout, that whose
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greet-
ing.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth¶
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle,—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [Exit TIMON.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear** peril.

3 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

* A clasp knife.

† I. e. The gods who are the authors of the prosperity of
mankind.

‡ He means—the disease of life begins to promise me a
period. § Report, rumour.

¶ Methodically, from highest to lowest.

§ Swollen froth.

** Dreadful.

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two SENATORS, and a MESSENGER.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; as
his files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend;—

Whom, though in general part we were of,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man
was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which import'd
His fellowship in the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter SENATORS from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

2 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him ex-
pect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful sound
Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Woods.—Timon's Oak, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a SOLDIER, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the
place.

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—What
is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the cha-
racter I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and
Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town
Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter SENATORS on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and
such

As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,* and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,†
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, No more: now breathless wrong.
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And palsy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit.
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear.
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,

* Arms across.

† Nature.

To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they
such,
Than these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd
tenth ;

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square,† to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like
lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy
rage :

Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall,
With those that have offended : like a shep-
herd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile.
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot [ope ;
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove ;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers

Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The SENATORS descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea :
And on his grave-stone, this insculpture ;
which [sion
With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of
wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked
cut-throats left !
Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men
did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay
not here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow,† and those our
droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint
war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.||
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

* I. e. By promising him a competent subsistence.
† Not regular, not equitable.

* Unattacked gates. † Stop. ‡ Reconcile.
‡ I. e. Our tears. || Physician.

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of MORGAN.

GUIDERIUS, } Sons to Cymbeline, disguised
ARVIRAGUS, } under the names of POLYDORE
and CADWAL, supposed Sons
to Belarius.

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.

A ROMAN CAPTAIN. TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

TWO JAILERS.

QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain.—The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers; Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow; though I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen, [tier,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier—
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.*

1 Gent. I do extend him, Sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.†

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,‡ whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and this gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:

Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,

* I.e. You praise him extensively.

† My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

‡ The father of Cymbeline.

* Inclination, natural disposition.

(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:

A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated* them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him [me,
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child. [ing,
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hear-
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I the swathing clothes the other, from their
nursery [knowledge
Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the
queen and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys [mus,
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what pa-
Your wisdom may inform you. [tience

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the
king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[Exit QUEEN.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest
husband, [thing,
I something fear my father's wrath; but no-
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; nor comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in this world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
(O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
Though ink be made of gall. [send,

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move
him [Aside.

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up* my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here
[Putting on the Ring.
While sunset can keep it on! And sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and LORDS.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught† the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
Subdues all pangs, all fears. [rare;

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole|| son of
my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose
an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.¶

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

* Formed their manners.

† Close up. ‡ Sensation § Fill.
¶ A more exquisite feeling. ¶ Only. ¶ A less.

Imo. Almost, Sir: Heaven restore me!—
"Would I were
A neat-herd's* daughter! and my Lamentus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done +
[To the Queen.]

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. "Beseech your patience:—Pence,
Dear lady daughter, pence;—Sweet avenging,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself
some comfort

Out of your best advice.†

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Plo!—you must give way: [news?
Here is your servant.—How now, Sir? What

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes
his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave Sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your
master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer
me

To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave
me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A public Place.

Enter CLOTEA, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt; the violence of action hath made you
reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air
comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome
as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift
it—Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his pa-
tience. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable car-
cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for
steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o'the
backside the town. [Aside.]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Stand you! You had land enough of
your own: but he added to your having; gave
you some ground.

* Cattle-keeper.

† Combination.

2 Lord. As many lashes as you have come:
Duppies! [Aside.]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured
how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow,
and refuse me! [Aside.]

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true choice,
she is damned. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beau-
ty and her brain go not together:—She's a
good sign, but I have seen small reflection of
her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon flesh, but the
reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: "Would she
had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [About]

SCENE IV.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grow'st unto the shore
o'the haven,

And question'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then warr'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier than thou
And that was all? [Aside.]

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
When shall we hear from him? [Pis.]

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.†

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
The shes of Italy should not betray [swear
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him, [sigh]

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
To encounter me with orisons,§ fur then
I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

* Her beauty and sense are not equal.

† To understand the force of this idea, it should be re-
membered that anciently almost every sign had a motto,
or some attempt at a witticism underneath it.

‡ Opportunity. § Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Rome.—An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note,* expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished,† than now he is, with that which makes‡ him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend§ him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone|| my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance¶ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it

is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded* one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.†

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convirce‡ the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me: we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her requi-

* Increasing in fame

† Forms him.

‡ Praise him.

§ Accomplished.

¶ Reconcile.

|| Opportunity, instigation.

* Destroyed.

† Loved.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.

‡ Overcome.

tation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused* in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation† of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation,‡ for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced. (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Britain.*—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers; Make haste: Who has the note of them?

* Deceived.

† Proof.

‡ Recommendation.

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt LADIES.*]
Now, master doctor; have you brought these drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*]
But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds. Which are the movers of a languishing death. But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, [*beat*]
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so. That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet: That I did amplify my judgement in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but more human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness [*hears*]
Shall from this practice but make hard your Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him Will I first work: he's for his master, [*Aside.*]
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended. Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To PISANIO.*]

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She does think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she says, Will stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on rats, and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time. To be more fresh, reviving. She is fond With a most false effect; and I the truer. So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench;† and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work; When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being: Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day, that comes, comes to decay;

* Experiments.

† To change his state.

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[The QUEEN drops a box: PISANIO takes
it up.

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy
labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not
know

What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry thee, take
It is an earnest of a further good [it;
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the
To any shape of thy preferment, such [king
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold [that,
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers* for her sweet; and which she,
after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and LADIES.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well
done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet;—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

[Exit QUEEN and LADIES.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, [band!
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that hus-
My supreme crown of grief! and those re-
peated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-
able

Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most
rich! [Aside.
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest note,
to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Re-
flect upon him accordingly, as you value your
truest

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart [ly.—
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankful-
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and
monkeys, [and
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way,
Contemn with mows* the other: Nor i'the
judgement;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech
you, Sir, desire [To PISANIO.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.†

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces [loves
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly
Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who
By history, report, or his own proof, [knows
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam? with his eyes in flood
with laughter.

To have them in safe stowage; May it please
To take them in protection? [you

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstod my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck!
when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast,* to
be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't:
And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me
up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths
of him, and might not spend them at my plea-
sure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that
broke it, it would have ran all out. [Aside.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his
oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [Aside.] crop the
ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfac-
tion? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [Aside.

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the
earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so
noble as I am; they dare not fight with me,
because of the queen my mother: every jack-
slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that nobody can
match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should un-
dertake every companion† that you give offence
to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should
commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's
come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I know not on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and
knows it not. [Aside.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis
thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

* He is describing his fate at bowls, the jack is the small
bowl at which the others are aimed. † Fellow.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he'
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of
this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is
there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate,* my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore
your issues being foolish, do not derogate.

[Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I
have lost to day at bowls, I'll win to-night of
him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first LORD.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her
son

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
(Of thy dear husband,† than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a LADY attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine
eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly. [Exit LADY.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-la-
bour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,† ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the
taper [lids,

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.‡—But my
design?

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the win-
dow:—Such

* I. e. Degrade yourself.

† It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with
rushes. ‡ I. e. The white skin lac'd with blue veins.

The statement of her body.—The stars,*
[story,—

Why, such, and such :—And the contents of the
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory :
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Time in a chapel lying !—Come off, come
off :— [Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !
The same ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left
breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this se-
cret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been read-
ing late

The tale of Terens ; here the leaf's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night !—that
dawning

May here the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three,—Time, time ! [Clock strikes.

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.

SCENE III.—An Antechamber adjoining
IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship ; You are most
hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into cour-
age : If I could get this foolish Imogen, I
should have gold enough : It's almost morn-
ing, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am
advised to give her music o' mornings ; they
say, it will penetrate.

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too :
If none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never
give o'er. First, a very excellent good-con-
coited thing ; after a wonderful sweet air, with
admirable rich words to it,—and then let her
consider.

SONG.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalced' flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

* Poetry.

† Cyp.

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will
consider your music the better :^a If it do not,
it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hair, and
cats-guts, nor the voice of unpeev'd quacks
best, can never amend. : [Exeunt Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

1 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that
the reason I was up so early : He cannot
choose but take this service I have done
fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and
to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you have the dowry of our son's
daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with words, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;

She hath not yet forgot him : some more she
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who let a go by no advantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make doubts
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dissolution tends.
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? Not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. So like you, Sir, embowom'd has
The one in Caius Lucius. [Exit ;

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must respect
According to the honour of his sender ; [Exit
And towards himself his goodness foregoes
on us

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come,
our queen.

[Exeunt CYM. QUEEN, LORDS, and MESS.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave
ho !— [Knocks

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do lose one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves
the thief ;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true
man : What

Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [Knocks

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more !

^a Will you were for it.

† With solicitations not only proper but well-timed.

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name! or to report of
you

What I shall think is good!—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir: You lay out too
much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with
me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me:
I shall unfold equal discourtesy [ing
To your best kindness; one of your great know-
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:^a and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
nounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had
You felt, than make't my boast. [rather

Clo. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold
dishes,

With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract,
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their
souls

(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,†
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not
The precious note of it with a base slave, [soil
A hidingt for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

^a So verbose, so full of talk.

† In knots of their own tying.

‡ A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance,
than come [ment,

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest gar-
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee.
Were they all made such men.—How now,
Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman bid thee pre-
sently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted^a with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my
woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's:
'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it:

I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, Sir.

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome.—An Apartment in
PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would, I were so
sure

To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain here.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of
time;

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,

I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: and, I
think,

He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)

That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed

In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen

Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

^a Haunted.

† Statistman.

To their approvers,* they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACINTO.

Phi. See! Jackine?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land:

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer
The speediness of your return. [mends]

Jack. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Jack. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Jack. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Jack. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Jack. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second sight of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Jack. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that
Must not continue friends. [we]

Jack. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Jack. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose
strength

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
You need it not. [find]

Post. Proceed.

Jack. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver? the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I won-
der'd,

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

* To those who try them.

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of him, by us,
Or by some other.

Jack. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Jack. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Charles Dix, bathing: never saw I figure
So likely to report themselves: the outer
Was as another nature, dumb; outward her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise say;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Jack. The roof o'the chamber [over]
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her self
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, wisely
Depending on their brands.†

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, [and
praise]

Be given to your remembrance, the deputy
Of what is in her chamber, nothing more
The wager you have laid.

Jack. Then if you can, [Pulling out the breast]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel:
See!—

And now 'tis up again: It must be mended
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Jack. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I saw her yet;
Her pretty action did outdo her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and
She priz'd it once. [mid]

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Jack. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take
this too; [Gives the Ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where sub-
blance; love [are]

Where there's another man: The vows of we-
Of no more bondage be, to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is no-
O, above measure false! [thing:—]

Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being cur-
Hath stolen it from her. [rapt.]

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Jack. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears. [sure.]

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance† of her incontinency

* Ornamented iron bars which support wood burned in
chimneys. † Torch in the hands of Cupid.

† The badge, the token.

as this,—she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.—

There, take thy hire : and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't ;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the
Once, and a million ! [turns ;

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal !

I will go there, and do't ; i'the court ; before
Her father :—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same.—Another Room in the
same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, ven-
geance !

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency* so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I
thought her [devils !—

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ;
but,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find
out [tion

The woman's part in me ! For there's no mo-
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving,
hers ; [dain,

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
Nice longings, slanders, mutability, [knows,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
Why hers in part, or all ; but, rather, all :

* Modesty.

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against
them,

Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.
[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain.—A Room of State in
CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS,
at one Door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cesar
with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cesar (whose remem-
brance yet [tongues,
Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Bri-
tain,

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee
Is left untender'd. [lately

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, [sume
Which then they had to take from us, to re-
We have again.—Remember, Sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors ; together with
The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies'
boats, [conquest

But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
Cesar made here ; but made not here his brag
(Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was car-
ried [ping,
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his ship-
(Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot* fortune !) to master Cesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that
time ; and, as I said, there is no more such
Cesars : other of them may have crooked noses ;
but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe
as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ;
but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should
we pay tribute ? If Cesar can hide the sun
from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his
pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else,
Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort

* Strumpet.

This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's ambition, [stretch
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost
The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmetina, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of
Caesar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and
franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmetina,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Lac. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Caesar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confu-

sion,
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
Thou fery not to be resisted:—Thus dail'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Cains.
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance;* I am perfect,<†
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons
So Caesar shall not find them. [cold:

Lac. Let proof speak.

Cla. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall
find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us
out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adven-
ture, our crowns shall fare the better for you;
and there's an end.

Lac. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:

All the remain is, welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Whence write
you not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian

(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,) hath
prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in; some virtue.—O, my mas-

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were [ter

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her

blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted servicable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? Do't: The

letter [Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O darest paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Some-
times baffle,

Art thou a feedery* for this net, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Ah, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Imo-
genus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You, good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good woe, thy love:—

Bless'd be, [Love,
You bees, that make these looks of counsel!
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good you,
gods! [Bless

Justice, and your father's wrath, should be
take me in his decision, could not be so cruel to
me, as you, O the descent of creatures, would not
even renew me with your eyes. Fair notice, that
I am in Caubria, at Milford-Haven. What
your own love will, out of this, advise you, Al-

low. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
mains loyal to his own, and your, increasing in
love,
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,

Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who

long'st,— [long'st,—

O, let me hate,—but not like me:—yet

But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;

For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak

thick,† [ing,

(Love's counsellor should fill the borus of hear-

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is

To this same blessed Milford: And, by the

way,

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as

To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,

How we may steal from hence; and, for the

gap, [going,

That we shall make in time, from our hence-

And our return, to excuse:—but first, how

get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride

'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution,

man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of rid-

ing wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the

sands

* At the extremity of defiance. † Well-informed.

‡ To look in a town, is to conquer it.

a Confederate.

† Crowd one word on another, so that no words.

That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say, She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit A franklin's^a housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee; Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales.—A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet† through And keep their impious turbands on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arr. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens, and sets off. And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see:

And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded‡ beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe; Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.§

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best, If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known; well correspond- With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is [ing

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed; A prison for a debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit.¶

Arr. What should we speak of, When we are old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how, In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;

Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat: Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage We make a quire, as doth the prison bird, And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries, And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court, As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb Is certain falling, or so slippery, that [war, The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the A pain that only seems to seek out danger I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, As record of fair act; nay, many times, Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse, Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story

The world may read in me: My body's mark'd With Roman swords: and my report was once First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my name Was not far off: Then was I as a tree, Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my And left me bare to weather. [leaves,

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,) [vail'd

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre- Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate with the Romans: so, Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years, [world:

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid More pious debts to heaven, than in all The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast; To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt Gui. and Arr.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little, they are sons to the king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly [hit

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,

In simple and low things to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out

Into my story: say,—Thus mine enemy fell; And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture [Cadwal,

That acts my words. The younger brother, (Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure, Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more [rous'd!—

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,

^a A freeholder.

† Strut, walk proudly.

‡ Scaly-winged.

§ I. e. Compared with ours.

¶ To overpass his bound

Then didst unjustly banish me: whereas,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st at me of my lands. Early-born,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMMOGH.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
hence, the place
Was near at hand: No'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio!
Man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? O, but painted
Would be interpreted a thing purpl'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour' of less fear, ere witness
Vanquish my staid reason. What's the
matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Suckle to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My hus-
band's hand!

That drag-damn'd Italy hath out-craft'd him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man;
thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most diddain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimony
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of
weak surmises; from-proof as strong as my grief,
and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith
be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine
own hands take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my
letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art
the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me
disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maid, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—
Iachimo,

o For behaviour.

Thou didst accuse him of immorality;
Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now, no
thinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—Some joy 'o' that,
Whose mother was her painting;† both betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the wall,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All go
seeming.

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, whose't goes;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being banish'd, like his
[weeping]
Eneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and shall
Did scandal many a body tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, then, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fall.—Come, follow, to the
best:

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou art
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and bid
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against all
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's
my heart;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll so de-
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may you
fools

Believe false teachers: Though those that are
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prythee, de-
spatch:

The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd

o False, in Italian, signifies both a joy and a where.

† Iachimo.

‡ The writings.

§ Cowards.

¶ Trust not or you're on.

So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent: whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak. [wound,

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, [live?
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
(Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then? [night,
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's
volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty; and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it's pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;* and forget

* The sun.

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lu-
cius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,* (which you'll make
him know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's hon-
ourable, [abroad

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
You have met, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to,† and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell:

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of [tress,
Your carriage from the court. My noble mis-
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and LORDS.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, Sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;

The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
I wear it as your enemy. [forth

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[Exeunt LUCIUS and LORDS.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it
honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

* I. e. Wherein you are accomplished.

† As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.
‡ Equal to.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripe,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:

The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
His war for Britain. *[moves]*

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an ATTENDANT.]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer *[make]*

That will be given to the lord'st of noise we
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit
her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
Made me to blame in memory. *[court]*

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which
I fear,
Prove false! *[Exit.]*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old ser-
I have not seen these two days. *[vant.]*

Queen. Go, look after.— *[Exit CLOTEN.]*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath
seiz'd her; *[flown]*

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's
To her dear'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and
royal; *[quite]*
And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore, But,

* Than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

Disdaining me, and throwing scorn on
The low Posthumus, standless as her judg-
ment, *[just]*
That what's else rare, is check'd; and, in the
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when she

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you peering
Sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious peeper! Where
Is thy lady? Is a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the flocks.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. *[aside]* *[villain]*
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or do
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many wretches of baseness on
A dram of worth be drawn. *[but]*

Pis. Alas, my lord, *[miser]*
How can she be with him? When was he
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, Sir? Come answer;
No further halting: satisfy me hence,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain! *[aside]*
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word.—No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *[Presenting a letter.]*

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns } *Ask*
by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! *[Ask.]*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—
Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but
do me true service; undergo those employ-
ments, wherein I should have cause to see
thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what
villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it di-
rectly and truly,—I would think thee an hon-
est man: thou shouldest neither want my
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy pre-
ferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patient-
ly and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare
fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst
not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent
follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the
same suit he wore when he took leave of my
lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou doest me, fetch
that suit hither: let it be thy first service
go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forget

to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—
Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill
thee.—I would these garments were come.
She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I
now belch from my heart,) that she held the
very garment of Posthumus in more respect
than my noble and natural person, together
with the adornment of my qualities. With
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her:
First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she
see my valour, which will then be a torment to
her contempt. He on the ground, my speech
of insultment ended on his dead body,—and
when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to
vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she
so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back,
toss her home again. She hath despised me
rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISSANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Cl. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Cl. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that
is the second thing that I have commanded
thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a volun-
tary mute to my design. Be but dutiful, and
true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—
My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had
wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to
thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find out her whom thou pursu'st. *[Exit.*
Flow. You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's
He cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of BELARIUS.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights toge-
ther *[sick,*
Have made the ground my bed. I should be
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pissanio show'd
thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations by the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in
falseness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear
lord! *[then,*
Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on
My hunger's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet fa-
mine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness
ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll
enter.

Hast draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
Such a foe, good heavens! *[on't.*
[She goes into the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man,* and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our
match:†

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our
stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can score upon the flint, when restive sloth
Picks the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be
Poor house, that keep'st thyself! *[here,*

Gwi. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in
appetite.

Gwi. There's cold meat i'the cave; we'll
browne on that.

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: *[Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gwi. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No silder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found *[meat:*
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gwi. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, Sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom bring going, almost spent with him
I am fallen in; this offence. *[ger,*

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no charls; nor measure our good
minds *[ter'd!*

By this rude place we live in. Well recoun-
Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat
Boys, bid him welcome. *[it.—*

Gwi. Were you a woman, youth, *[honesty,*
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—Is
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel-
come!

Be uprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

* Best hunter. † Agreement. ‡ Ye, you, when

If brothers?—'Would it had been so,
that they
Had been my father's sons! then had
my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballast-
To thee, Posthumus. [ing] } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the vir-
tue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (lay-
ing by
That nothing gift of differing* multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
come in: [supp'd,

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter two SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
writ;

That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cesar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly.
How fit his garments serve me! Why should
his mistress, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving re-
verence of the word) fort 'tis said, a woman's
fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the
workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is
not vainglory, for a man and his glass to con-
fer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of
my body are as well drawn as his; no less
young, more strong, not beneath him in for-

tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in sin-
gle oppositions:† yet this imperseverant thing
loves him in my despite. What mortality is
Posthumus, thy head, which is now grow-
ing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour
be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments
cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done,
spurn her home to her father: who may, haply,
be a little angry for my so rough usage: but
my mother, having power of his testamen-
tary, shall turn all into my commendations. My
horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a
sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand!
This is the very description of their meeting-
place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [To IMOGEN.] remain
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr. Brother, stay here: [To IMOGEN.]
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as [me:]
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave
Stick to your journal† course: the breach of
custom [me]

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick, [here:]
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much.
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I joke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!
(O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and
grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.— [Aside.]
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health.—So please you, Sir.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report! [dish.]
The imperious† seas breed monsters; for the
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

* Unsteady.

† I. e. Because.

* In single combat.

† Keep your daily course.

‡ Imperial

Gwi. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle,* but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arr. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-
I might know more. [after
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arr. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shalt be ever. [Exit IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
Good ancestors. [had
Arr. How angel-like he sings!
Gwi. But his neat cookery! He eat our roots
in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as June had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gwi. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs† together.
Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that vil-
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint. [lain
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some am-
bush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—
Hence.
Gwi. He is but one: You and my brother
search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gwi. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gwi. To who? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gwi. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gwi. Hence then, and thank [fool;
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gwi. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gwi. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name, [spider,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gwi. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gwi. Those that I reverence, those I fear;
the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Dis the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your
heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Exit, fighting.

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arr. None in the world: You did mistake
him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw
him, [favour*
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
Which then he wore; the snatches in his
voice, [solite,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am ab-
Twas very Cloten.
Arr. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gwi. This Cloten was a fool; an empty
purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gwi. I am perfect,† what: cut off one Clo-
ten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and
swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,†
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gwi. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be ten-
der,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,

* Countenance.

† Conquer, subdue.

† I am well-informed what.

† For, for defence.

* Well-born.

† Spurs are the roots of trees.

He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation,* ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frowny, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet it's not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
If we do fear this body hath a tail [Enter,
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods forsook it: however'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.†

Gen. With his own sword, [Enter
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, [Enter
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son. Cle-
That's all I rock.‡ [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't!
though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would,
revenge,
That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:— [Enter
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for deer:
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our
rock;

You and Fidele play the cocks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain'st his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blasse'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head, and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the red'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis won-
derful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIO.

Gen. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn Music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what means
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gen. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gen. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The noise?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIADEUS, bearing LANCELOT, and
in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much of. I had rather
Have shipp'd from sixteen years of age's
sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping time into a snail,
Than have seen this.

Gen. O sweetest, sweetest! My! [Enter
My brother wears thee not the one half of
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? And
The cone, to show what coast thy slough
cravat

Might enfoldest harbour in?—Thou should'st
Jove know what man thou might'st not
made; but I, [Enter
Thou didst, a most sure boy, of melancholy

How found you him?

Arv. Stark; as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: he might
Reposing on a cushion. [Exit

Gen. Where?

Arv. O the floor;
His arms thus long'd: I thought, he slept;
and put [re-enters

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gen. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor

The asur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the reddest
would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-aching
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
To winter-ground thy corse. [sings,

Gen. Prythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gen. By good Eriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

* Change, alteration.
; Gen.

† Did make my walk tedious.
; Engage, detain.

‡ Thides. † A slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel. ; S.M.
; These played with him. ; The red-breast.
; Including a corrupt reading, viz. wither round thy arms.

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal, [thee:
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid* for that: Though mean and
mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinc-
tion [princely;

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, be-
gin. [Exit BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign't to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!†

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come,
lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about mid-
night more: [night,
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their
faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you
strew.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them
again;

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exit BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, Sir, to Milford-Ha-
ven; Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush!—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down
and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods, and god-
desses! [Seeing the Body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the
world; [dream;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt† of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very
eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.

Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man!—The garments of Posthú-
mus!

I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial‡
face— [anio,

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pis-
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular‡ devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and
read,

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pis-
anio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant!‡ [cious

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was pre-
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it
home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a CAPTAIN, and other OFFICERS,
and a SOOTHAYER.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gal-
lia, [ing

After your will, have cross'd the sea: attend-
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come

* This diminutive adjuration is derived from God's my pity.

† An arrow.

‡ A face like Jove's.

§ Lawless, licentious.

¶ I. e. 'Tis a ready, opposite conclusion.

• Punished. † Judgement. ‡ Seal the same contract.
§ See W. Collins' song at the end of the Play.

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers [Sir,
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's
purpose?

Seoth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision: [Thus:—
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which por-
tends,

(Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, [here,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
time

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, ra-
ther:

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
That, otherwise than noble nature did, [he,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my mas-
A very valiant Briton, and a good, [ter,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wan-
der

From east to occident,* cry out for service.
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth! [than
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining.
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[Aside.

They'll pardon it.—Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same: [name.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's let-
ters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with
me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please
the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes† can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have
strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and say.
And, leaving so his service, follow you.
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let's
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is per-
ferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd.
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe the
eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[Exit

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, and PISANUS.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how he
with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imagine
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone.
So needful for this present: It strikes a
past

The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow.
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, [then
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech you
Hold me your loyal servant. [highly

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him.
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend. [To PISANUS

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn.
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and
queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter.*

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront† no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers‡ in motion.
That long to move. [Exit

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not.
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exit

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I

* The west.

† Her fingers

• Confounded by a variety of business.
† Encounter.

‡ Forces

Cloten; but remain
The heavens still must work;
so, I am honest; not true, to
[try,
rs shall find I love my coun-
:" o'the king, or I'll fall in
by time let them be clear'd:
n some boats, that are not
[Exit.

IV.—Before the Cave.

GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.
is round about us.
n it.

sure, Sir, and we in life, to

adventure?
I hope
g us? this way, the Romans
is slay us, or receive us
I unnatural revolt;
and slay us after.

mountains; there secure us.
y there's no going; newness
(we being not known, not

) may drive us to a render;
v'd; and 'so extort from us
'e done, whose answer would

rture.
r, a doubt,
thing becoming you,

kely,
ear the Roman horses neigh,
rter'd fires, have both their
I importantly as now. [eyes
to their time upon our note,
ence we are.

town
my: many years,
en but young, you see, not
[king
brance. And, besides, the
my service, nor your loves;
ile the want of breeding,
is hard life; aye hopeless
ay your cradle promis'd,
summer's tankings, and
res of winter.

'be. Pray, Sir, to the army:
re not known; yourself,
and thereto so o'ergrown,
a'd.

that shines,
thing is it, that I never
scarcely ever look'd on blood,
I hares, hot goats, and veni-

ree, save one, that had
f, who ne'er wore rowel
el? I am ashamed
soly sun, to have
deas'd beams remaining
nown.

s, I'll go:
ie, Sir, and give me leave,
care; but if you will not,
re due fall on me, by
ans!

Are. So say I; Amen.

Bet. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with
you, boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [Aside.
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Field between the British and
Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Past. Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for
I wish'd [ones,

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
If each of you would take this course, how
many [selves,

Must murder wives much better than them-
For wrying* but a little!—O, Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put out this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack, [love,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ill with ill, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress;
peace! [heavens,

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.

Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
Roman Army; at the other side, the British
Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it,
like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,
IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he conquers and
disarms IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. This heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or could this carl,†
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession! Knighthoods and honours,
borne

Revolters. † An account.
Noticing us.

* Deviating from the right way. † Iach. Iachimo.
† Clown.

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[Exit.]

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage
of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Gai. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British LORD.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made
the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir; for all was
lost,

But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling [damm'd*]

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards liv-
To die with lengthen'd shame. [ing]

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the
lane,

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,† than to commit such slaugh-
ter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame.)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that
fled,

*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards!*
Stand;

*Or we are Romans, and will give you that [sarc.
Like, beasts, which you shun beastly; and may
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
three,*

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand,*
stand,

Accommodated by the place, more charming.

With their own nobleness, (which could in-
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks.
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that re-
turn'd coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like bear
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd ead-
slaves, [coward]

The strides they victors made: and now
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o'the need; having found the back
door open [weak]

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, the
friends [lost]

O'erborne i'the former wave: ten, charged:
Are now each one the slaughter-man of
Those, that would die or ere resist, are gone
The mortal bugs* o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: Yet it
made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear.
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane.

Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' ban.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going!—This is a lord! O
misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of
To-day, how many would have given up
honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heed
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe could
Could not find death, where I did hear
groan;

Nor feel him where he struck: Being an
monster, [lost]

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups:
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well. I
find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman.
No more a Briton, I have re-sum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more.
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter
Here made by the Roman; great the answer
Britons must take; for me my ransom's death.
On either side I come to spend my breath.
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again.
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British CAPTAINS, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius
taken; [lost]

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a suit
That gave the affront with them. [lost]

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! what
is there?

* Blocked up.

† A country game called prison-bars, vulgarly prison-base.

* Victims.

† Enemies.

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if so—
Had answer'd him. [conds

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and ROMAN CAPTIVES. The CAPTAINS present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a JAILER: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two JAILERS.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen, you
have looks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exit JAILERS.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art
a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout: since he had
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd [rather
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou
art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good
gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,*
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every
stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn music.† Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.

* Fetters.

† This Scene is supposed not to be Shakespeare's, but foisted in by the Players for mere show.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Meth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object he

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Meth. With marriage wherefore was he
To be exil'd and thrown [mock'd,
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck* and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Meth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region
low, [ghosts,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and
He shall be lord of lady Imogen, [fade!—

And happier such by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune-death confound;
And so, away: no further with your din!
Express impatience, but you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Bel. He came in thunder; his celestial
breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle.
Stoop'd, as to feed us: his accustom'd
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal
bird
Presses the immortal wing, and slays his back.
As when his god is pleas'd.

[*All. Thanks, Jupiter!*]

Bel. The marble pavement clams, he is en-
ter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blast,
Let us with ease perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a
grandson, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence as soon as they were
born. [*pond*]
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that de-
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are stoop'd in favours; as am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground! A look! O,
rare one!

Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy efforts
Be fellow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reeds.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to him-
self unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced by a piece of tender air; and when from
a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then
shall Posthumus and his miseries, Britain be
fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

[*Re-enter JAILERS.*]

Jail. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be
ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: But
the comfort is, you shall be called to no more
payments, fear no more tavern bills; which
are often the sadness of parting, as the pro-
curing of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meat, depart reeling with too much drink;
sorry that you have paid too much, and
sorry that you are paid too much; purse and
brain both empty: the brain the heavier for
being too light, the purse too light, being drawn
of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you
shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny
cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you
have no true debtor and creditor but it; of

what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—
Your neck, Sir, is gone, back, and certain;
so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am ready to die, since I cannot
live.

Jail. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps sleeps with
such ease: But a man that wants to sleep, you
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I
think, he would change places with his officer:
for, look you, Sir, you know not which way
you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, follow.

Jail. Your death has eyes he's blind than I
have not seen him so glistered: you mistake
be directed by some that take upon them to
know; or take upon yourself duty, which I am
sure you do not know; or jump the obedi-
quity on your own peril: still how you shall
spend to your journey's end, I think you'll
never return to tell me.

Post. I tell thee, follow, these are your eyes
to direct thee the way I am going, let
such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a
man should have the best use of eyes, to see
the way of blindness! I am sure, hang'd
the way of winking.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring you
prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am
to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jail;
no bolts for the dead.

[*Enter Posthumus and Messengers.*]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallow,
and begot young gibbets, I never saw one
prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are vain
knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman:
and there be some of these too, that die against
their wills; as should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one mind, and one mind good;
O, there were desolation of jailors, and gal-
lowes! I speak against my present profit;
but my wish hath a preformant in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISARIO, Lords, Officers, and
Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Wee in my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rage sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stoop'd before target of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing; [*sought*]
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

[*March.*][*March.*][*March, &c.*]

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my knights o'the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd
you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and,
ling'ring,

By inches waste you: In which time she per-
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Overcome you with her show: yea, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to
work

Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repeated
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my
heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it had been
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LECTUR, IACHIMO, the BOORMAYER, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS
behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have run'd out, though with the
loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have
made suit,

That their good souls may be appear'd with
Of you their captives, which ourself have
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war: the
day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So fast,* so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:

His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor
wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdain me, [joys,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their
That place them on the truth of girls and
Why stands he so perplex'd? [boys.—

Cym. What would'st thou, boy? [more
I love thee more and more; think more and
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? speak,

Will have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; so more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arg. One said another
Not more resembles: That sweet may lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gem. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us
not; forbear;

Creators may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gem. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:

a Lady, entrance.

a Gentleman, entrance.

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACH.] step
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak
to him.

Iach. My been is, that this gentleman may
Of whom he had this ring. [reuder

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee. [that
Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter
that which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more
may grieve thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail* to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew
thy strength: [will,

I had rather thou should'st live while nature
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (ac-
curs'd 'would

The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good
Posthúmus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,
laming [erva,

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Min-
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This
Posthúmus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue be-
ing made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-
Prov'd us unspeaking sots. [tion

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it be-
gins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!

Made scruple of his penance; and waver'd with
him

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he won
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to

Britain

Post I in this design: Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quenched

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your daller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bea-
let,

(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some mark
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward
Italian send!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or pain,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
That cans'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.*
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help [húmes!
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Post-
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help,
Mine honour'd lady! [help!—

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress?

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow,
Breathe not where princes are. [hence!

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods threw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

* Sink into dejection.

* Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confec-
tion

Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper^e poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease

The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gwi. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. *[Embracing him.]*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir. *[Kneeling.]*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;
You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her
it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord, *[Cloten,*
Now fear is from me. I'll speak troth. Lord
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to vio-
late

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gwi. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!† *[lips*
I would not thy good deeds should from my
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gwi. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gwi. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did
me *[me*
Where nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
With language that would make me spurn the
sea,

If it could roar so to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
Endure our law: Thou art dead. *[must*

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[To the Guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gwi. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject,
Was call'd Belarius. *[who*

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons; *[knee;*
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me fa-
ther,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my pun-
ishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty
years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, Sir,
as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these chil-
dren

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious,
Sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world:—
The benediction of those covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
To inlay heaven with stars. [worthy]

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydere,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Gui-
derius;

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more proba-
I can with ease produce. [tion,

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you
be, [orbs,
That after this strange starting from your
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord; [brothers,
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce^a
abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how
liv'd you? [tive?

And when came you to serve our Roman cap-
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them? [These,

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependancies, [place,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; [eye
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too: and did relieve
To see this gracious season. [me,

Cym. All overjoy'd,
Sa— these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
fought,
He would have well become'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was h,
Spunk, last time; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Ioth. I am down again: [Kneeling.
But now my heavy conscience sinks my head,
As then your force did. Take that life, to
seek you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, no
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows^b
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read; and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall,
to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow: then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be for-
tunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter.*
[To CYMBELINE.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd.
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar.
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

^a Vehement, rapid. † I. e. Which ought to be
rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

^b Ghostly apparitions.

Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,) Have laid most heavy hand.

Soth. The fingers of the powers above do tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle; From south to west on wing soaring aloft, Lessen'd herself, and 'in the beams o'the sun So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

The imperial Cesar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb* to their nostrils

From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let A Roman and a British ensign wave Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.— Set on there:—Never was a war did cease, Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [Exeunt.

* Rise

A SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village kins shall bring
Each opening aspect, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks his quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sybil's cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tow' be duly shod:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

ÆNILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALABRUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } Sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A CAPTAIN, TRIBUNE, MESSENGER, and Clerk;
Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A NURSE, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE; Rome, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.—Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the TRIBUNES and SENATORS aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title^a with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers
of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and
by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand

A special party, have, by their common vote,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited^a home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths.
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath re-
turn'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your
strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affirm
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons, [all,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;

^a I. e. My title to the succession.

^a Summ'd.

And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in
my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with SENATORS, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a CAPTAIN, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andro-
nicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and
MARTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a Coffin
covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS.
After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then
TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEME-
TRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners;
Soldiers and People following. The Bearers
set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds! [*fraught,*]

Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchor-
age,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—

Thou great defender of this Capitol,†
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with
love;

These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath
my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's
(*o*) sacred receptacle of my joys, [*Wars!*]

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the
Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.‡

* Freight. † Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

‡ It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people ap-
peared to solicit the rites of funeral.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that sur-
The eldest son of this distressed queen. [*vives,*

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious
conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion* for her son:

And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O, think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,

To beautify thy triumphs, and return,

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O! if to fight for king and common weal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful;

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon
me. [*beheld*]

These are their brethren, whom you Goths

Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are
gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire
straight;

And with your swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean con-
sum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look. [*al,*

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope with-

The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of

With opportunity of sharp revenge [*Troy*

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen,)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MU-
TIUS, with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have per-
form'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, [*sky.*

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in
the Tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no

storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus
long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-
serv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved
brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from success-
ful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp.
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,†
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble
Be chosen with proclamations to-day; [you?
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst
thou tell!—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath
them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to
thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from
themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends.

* He willeth that her life may be longer than his, and
her praise longer than fame.

† The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pro-
nounced happy before his death

A robe.

† I.e. Do on, put it on.

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes
I ask your voices, and your suffrages; [here.
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[A long Flourish.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart.
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this
match,

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor; [To TAMORA
To him, that for your honour and your state.
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts
you. [Goths.—

Can make you greater than the queen of
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lar. Not I, my lord; with true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let
us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trumpet and
drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, Sir? Are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus: and resolv'd withal.

To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bus. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ?

[*Titus kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust : and, more than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will : but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,

Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me. [of,

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale^a
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To rufflet in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Gotha,— [nymphs,

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Gotha, dost thou applaud my choice ?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tem. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Gotha,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon :—*Lords,*
accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS, and his Followers ; TAMORA, and her Sons ; AARON, and Goths.

Tit. I am not bid^a to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou went to talk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son. [done !

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,—

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb,

This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son

^a A stalking horse.

[†] A ruffler was a bully.

^b Lavied.

Did graciously plead for his funeral.

Let not young Martius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

Marcus. Let day is this, that e'er I saw,—

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Martius is put into the Tomb.]

Lar. There lie thy bones, sweet Martius; with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Martius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS,
attended; TAMORA, CRIBON, DEMETRIUS,
and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVI-
NIA, and others.*

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your
prize;

God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no
more.

Nor wish so less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Then and thy faction shall repeat this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my
own,

My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir: You are very short with
us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I
may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be control'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my
deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tit. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tit. Not so, my lord, The gods of Rome

forefend,*

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

* *Forbid.*

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Love not so noble a friend on vain suppers,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be woo'd at last, [*Exit*]

Dissemble all your griefs and discontent:

You are but newly planted in your thrones;

Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome repotes to be a heinous sin.)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in

vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Anton-

ius,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the last

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my emperor's will

prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, as best:

These words, these looks, beseege now life in

me.

Tit. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have paid

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Lar. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his

highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do pro-

test.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no

more.—

Tit. Nay, say, sweet emperor, we must all

be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats, [*Here,*

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swear,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two

brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, as it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace

adieu.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and grammarcy too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.—Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of fortune's shot: and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown,
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!† these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier‡ by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[They draw.]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot§ the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate, [broach'd,
That for her love such quarrels may be
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress

know [please.
This discord's ground, the music would not
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
How furious and impatient they be, [Rome
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,* we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square† for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that, you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind‡ for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred§
To villany and vengeance consecrate, [wit,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

* Favour. † This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

† A sword worn in dancing

‡ Know.

* Slice.

† Quarrel.

‡ By nature.

§ Sacred here signifies accursed; a Latinism.

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of flies,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns: [crys,

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chl. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no coward-
dise.

Dem. Sit far out ages, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
For Sigs, for mums, or her. [Exeunt.

**SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome.—A Lodge
seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds
heard.**

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with HENDERS, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey. [crys:

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are
Unoccupied here, and let us make a bay,
And wile the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince: and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day now comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
and Attendants.

Tit. Many good mornings to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, so;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horns and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mor. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game [plain.

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horns
nor hounds,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I
had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coil a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,†
[Hides the Gold.

That have their aims out of the empress' chest.
Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,

† Pardon.

† Disquiet.

When every thing doth make a gladsome hunt:
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground;
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelping noise,
And—after conflict, such as was supp'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd.
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet meli-
dious birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus governs your
desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now encrines,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my brain.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than ruin is
thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel[†] must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? Take it up I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me
than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus
comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be.
[Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal em-
press,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
Thy thought you have a goodly gift in bringing;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments. [day!
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-
tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cam-
merman

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

† Titus Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book VI.

† Part.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
'This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note
of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him not-
ed long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
'O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing
breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many ur-
chins,*

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me

Unto the body of a dismal yew; [here

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

(Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—ay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you shall know,
my boys, [wrong.

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to
her; [straw:

First, thrash the corn, then after burn the

'This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were a
eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you de-
sire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make
that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your
glory

To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it
thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

[*To CHIRON.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove
myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a
lark:

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds samish in their

nests:

(O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with
her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's
sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you
will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this
place:

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman,
let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

(O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too
long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beast-
ly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—

Bring thou her husband;

[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*

This is the hole where Aaron hid us hide him.

[Exit.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I clogg'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; woe's not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the Pit.]

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the

Mart. O, brother, with the dimmest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to
And them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out

From this unshallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocythus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I am strong enough to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not leave
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:—

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[Falls in.]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole's here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought thither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant champaign.

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him at.

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; Titus ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with illing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou seek my wound;

Poor Bassianus here has murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal oil,
[Giving a Letter.]

The complement of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fill

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] As if we were to meet him last society,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friend.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Tit.] fall out of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me. [derers:
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murder—
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak, [thee.

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so; [scribe.

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them; [life:

He would not then have touch'd them for his Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made, [asleep,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant

meads; [eyes?
What will whole months of tears thy father's

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome.—A Street.

Enter SENATORS, TRIBUNES, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!

For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[Throwing himself on the Ground.

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt SENATORS, TRIBUNES, &c.
with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,

Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard
than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not; [death.
And tribunes with their tongues deem men to
But whetstone stand't them with thy weapon
drawn?

Lav. To rescue my two brethren from their
death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine eyes.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Lav. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus,* it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have sought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Lav. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her
thoughts, [quence,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sang
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Lav. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the
park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded
her,

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; [wave,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

* The river Nile.

It would have maddened me! What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by
this:—

Look, Marcus! ah, see Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brethren, thou fast
tears

Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because thy
kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows thou hast
kill'd her husband, thou art
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some foun-
tain;

Looking all downwards, to behold thy cheeks
Flow like an amir'd; like mandarin, yet not
dry

With many slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pot with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like these?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb
shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Lav. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at
your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I
wot,*

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

Lav. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand
her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do so service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king. he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lav. Stay, father; for that noble hand of
thine,

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

* Know.

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brother's
lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs
as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my
hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—
But I'll deceive you in another sort, [*Aside.*]
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.
[*He cuts off TITUS' Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany
[*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears, [me ?]
To that I call ;—What, wilt thou kneel with
[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our
prayers ;

(Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no
bottom ?

Then be my passions * bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swollen
face ?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ? *
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a MESSENGER, with two Heads and a
Hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent
back ;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne !
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
But sorrow flouted at is double death. [*deal,*]
Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !
[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfort-
As frozen water to a starved snake. [*less,*]

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andro-
nicus ; [heads ;]
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons'
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs :
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand [sight
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these
things ;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exit* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;

The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in TITUS' House.*—
A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
MARCUS, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast; [mine
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to
Such violent hands upon her tender life. [*lay*

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, MARCUS, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If MARCUS did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, MARCUS, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

* An allusion to brewing.

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet, [ing.
And, by still* practice, learn to know thy mean-
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*
What dost thou strike at, MARCUS, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not TITUS' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd [him.
Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!†—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly.
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young.
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*—*Before TITUS' House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle MARCUS, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

* Constant or continual practice

† This was formerly not a disrespectful expression

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean: [thee:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.* [thus? Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy [fear;

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly; [aunt:

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship. **Mar.** Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd; Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequencet thus? **Mar.** I think, she means, that there was more

than one [was:—Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. **Tit.** Lucius, what book is that she tosseth

so? **Boy.** Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis; My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the Help her:— [leaves!

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read? This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes† the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, Forc'd in the ruthless,‡ vast, and gloomy

See, see!— [woods?—Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never, hunted there!) Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes. **Mar.** O, why should nature build so foul

a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed: Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed? **Mar.** Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit

down by me.—Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia: This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!— [last,

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at What God will have discover'd for revenge:

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors, and the truth! [She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and

guides it with her Stumps, and writes. **Tit.** O, do you read, my lord, what she hath

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius. [writ? **Mar.** What, what!—the lustful sons of Ta-

mora Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,

There is enough written upon this earth, To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclams. My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,* And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,— That we will prosecute, by good advice,

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths, And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you know how, But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then be-

ware: [once, The dam will wake; and, if she wind you

She's with the lion deeply still in league, And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list. You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it

alone; And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a gad† of steel will write these words, And lay it by: the angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man, Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe

Fore these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome. **Mar.** Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath

full oft For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live. **Tit.** Come, go with me into mine armoury;

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy Shall carry from me to the empress' sons

Presents, that I intend to send them both: Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou

not? **Boy.** Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,

grandsire. **Tit.** No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house; Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will I, Sir: and we'll be waited on. [Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

* Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

† Succession. ‡ To quote is to observe. § Filices.

* Husband.

† The point of a spear.

And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foo-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door; at another Door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
 And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[Aside.]

Dem. Gramercy,* lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
 For villains mark'd with rape. [Aside.] May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well:
 And so I leave you both, [Aside.] like bloody villains. [Exeunt Boy and Attendant.]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it
 I read it in the grammar long ago. [well:]

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right,
 you have it.—

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [Aside.]
 Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found
 their guilt; [lines]

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
 But were our witty empress well-a-foot,
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
 It did me good, before the Palace gate
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts. [lord]

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman
 dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
 amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thou-
 sand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the
 For our beloved mother in her pains. [gods]

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given
 us o'er. [Aside. Flourish.]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets sound
 thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
 Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in
 her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at
 all,

Here Aaron is: and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou
 keep! [nur:]

What dost thou wrap and fumble in this?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from he-
 ven's eye, [grac:]

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's dis-
 She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she's the devil's dam; a joy-
 ful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
 issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
 Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
 The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
 And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
 point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so fair
 a hue?— [sur.]

Sweet blowse, you are a beautiful blossom.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
 Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast
 undone. [choice:]

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed
 Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron it must: the mother wills it so

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man
 Do execution on my flesh and blood. [bat I]

Dem. I'll broach† the tadpole on my rapier's
 point; [patch it]

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon des-

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy
 bowels up,

[Takes the Child from the Nurse and draws.]
 Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your
 brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir!
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,†
 With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's
 brood,

Nor great Alcides,‡ nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted
 boys! [signs:]

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted
 Coal black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:

* Spit.

† A giant, the son of Titan and Terra.
 ‡ Hercules.

* I. e. Grand merci: great thanks.

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress
thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, my-
self;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This maugre* all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul
escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom
her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.†

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears:

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:‡
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the
father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd
He is enfranchised and come to light: [were,
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the em-
press?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be
done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all con-
sult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your
safety. [They sit on the Ground.

Dem. How many women saw this child of
his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all
join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and your-
self:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[Slabbing her.

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the
spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Where-
fore didst thou this?

Aar. O, lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack§ with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd

And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her
physic, [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exit DEM. and CHI. bearing off the
Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the
goat,

And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.—A Public Place.

Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at
the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young
LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this
is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there
Terras Astræa reliquit: [straight:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's
fled. [shall

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins,
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with
spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:

And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miser-
able,

What time I throw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us con-
cerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful
war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Sabinus.

* In spite of. † I. e. Ignominy. ‡ Complexion.
§ Contrive, bargain with.

Well may'st thou know her by thy own
portion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee
I pray thee, do on them some violent deed
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this
we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son
Who leads towards Rome a band of war
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad
calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they lie
Tell him, the emperor and the empress to
Feast at my house: and he shall feast
them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder
with me;

(Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you avenge
with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest!
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak
fair, [A

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose
me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own device.
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dogs
[A

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave
here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [E

[Exit TAMAR]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be
ploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentinus

Enter Publius, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much
ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour
And now I find it; therefore bind them!

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aer. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd
slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* GOTHs, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
than one?

Luc. What boots* it thee, to call thyself a
sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break†
the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end, [Rome:
For peace, for love, for league, and good to
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take
your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down
at Table.*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA,
veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places
the Dishes on the Table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome,
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all
well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good An-
dronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart,
you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginus,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and de-
flower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills* LAVINIA.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and
unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginus was: [he
And have a thousand times more cause than
To do this outrage; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did
the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daugh-
ter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this
wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in
that pye;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp
point. [Killing TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed. [Killing TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
blood? [deed.

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly
[Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The

People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the
Steps before Titus' House.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto her-
self;

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

Speak, Rome's dear friend; [To LUCIUS.] as

erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's

Troy;

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil

wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance; even i'the time

When it should move you to attend me most.

Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him

speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius [you,

Were they that murdered our emperor's bro-

ther;

And they it were that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were be-

headed;

[Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel

And sent her enemies unto the grave. [out,

Lastly, myself unkindly banished, [out,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;

* Advantage, benefit.

† I. e. Begin the parley.

My scars can witness, dumb although the
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praise
selves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold
child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of a
tendant.*

(Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to rev
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us where
And, from the place where you behold us
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say
shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail
Rome's royal emperor!

Lucius, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house

[*To an Attendant*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering
death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail
Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I go
so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away
But, gentle people, give me time awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof:—but, uncle, draw you near
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lip

[*Kisses Titus*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained
The last true duties of thy noble son! [*Exit*

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of Antioch.
Prince of Tyre.

Two Lords of Tyre.

King of Pentapolis.

Governor of Tharsus.

Governor of Mitylene.

Lord of Ephesus.

Lord of Antioch.

Servant to Cerimon.

Attendant to Dionyza.—MARSHAL.

And his WIFE.—BOULT, their Ser-

vant.

King of Antiochus.

Servant to Cleon.

THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.

DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,
Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.*

* That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre a city of Phenicia in Asia; Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an Island in the Egean sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.*

From the Palace of Antioch.

Song of old† was sung,
As ancient Gower is come;
Man's infirmities,
Our ear, and please your eyes.
As sung at festivals,
At feasts, and holy ales;†
And ladies of their lives
For restoratives:
To make men glorious;
quius, eo melius.
In these latter times,
As more ripe, accept my rhymes,
To hear an old man sing,
Or wishes pleasure bring,
And wish, and that I might
Or you, like taper-light.—
Then, Antioch the great
In his chiefest seat;
In all Syria;
What mine authors say:)
Into him took a pheere,§
And left a female heir,
Blithe, and full of face,
Had lent her all his grace;
As the father liking took,
Incest did provoke:
To entice his own
Could be done by none.

Character of Gower, an ancient Englishman related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

† Whitun-ales, &c.
‡ signifies a mate or companion.

By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account^d no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)†
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.†
What now ensues, to the judgement of
your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.
[Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)†
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence

* Accounted.

† Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were exhibited.

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the DAUGHTER of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd
the spring.

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is n
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from t
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antio

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesper
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be tou
For death-like dragons here affright thee!
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to vi
A countless glory, which desert must gai
And which, without desert, because thin
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap
die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyse
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and
blance pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cu
wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to des
For going on death's net, whom none resi

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who
My frail mortality to know itself, [ta
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mi
Who tells us, life's but breath; to true
error.

I'll make my will then; and as sick men
Who know the world, see heaven, but fee
woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should
My riches to the earth from whence they c
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the DAUGHTER of ANTIOCHUS*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decre
As these before thee thou thyself shalt ble

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou p
prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the l
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but O you pow

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the
light,

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the
which we mean
To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:

And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and
our mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ant. Enough; [haste.
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit MESSENGER.

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your high-
ness. [Exit.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge
of thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence;

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being
known, [known;

He'll stop the course by which it might be
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought of
fence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and de-
fend them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
Peaceful and comfortable! [to us,

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give expe-
rience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exit LORDS.] Heli-
canus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes'
frowns?

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe my-
Do you but strike the blow. [self;

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy ser-
What would'st thou have me do? [vant,

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-
Who minister'st a potion unto me, [canus;
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch, [death,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest:

Which, by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, Under the covering of a careful night, (here, Who seem'd my good protector; and being Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,) That I should open to the listening air, How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope,— To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

When all, for mine, if I may call't offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence.

Which love to all (of which thyself art one, Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, Sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Mixings into my mind, a thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war, or private treason, Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me, Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should be wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good, On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:

But in our orbs* we'll live so round and safe, That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,†

Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—Tyre.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of

his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELLICANUS, ESCANUS, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone? *[Ash.]*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? *[Ash.]*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or mist, To show us sorrow, would correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive *[Ash.]*

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it sure will please,

He reap'd the land, to perish on the sea.— But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles; But, since my landing, as I have understood, Your lord has took himself to unknown travel. My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,— As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.—A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it:

For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher. O my distressed lord, even such our griefs; Here they're but felt, and seen with painful eyes, *[Cleon.]*

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher

Cle. O Dionyza, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish? Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want, They may awake their helps to comfort them. I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years, And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,

(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,) For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;

* Is our different spheres.

† Overcomes.

owers bore heads so high, they kiss'd
the clouds,
angers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
men and dames so jettèd* and adorn'd,
e another's glass to trim† them by:
bles were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
so much to feed on, as delight;
erty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
e of help grew odious to repeat.
) , 'tis too true.

ut see what heaven can do! By this
our change,
ouths, whom but of late, earth, sea,
and air,
l too little to content and please,
h they gave their creatures in abun-
dance,
es are defil'd for want of use,
e now starv'd for want of exercise:
palates, who not yet two summers
younger,
ve inventions to delight the taste,
ow be glad of bread, and beg for it;
others who, to nouse‡ up their babes,
ought too curious, are ready now,
hose little darlings whom they lov'd.
p are hunger's teeth, that man and
wife
ts, who first shall die to lengthen life:
nds a lord, and there a lady weeping;
ny sink, yet those which see them fall,
arce strength left to give them burial.
is true?

ur cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
it.

, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
prosperities so largely taste,
eir superfluous riots, hear these tears!
ery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a LORD.

Where's the lord governor?
ere. [haste,
ut thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in
fort is too far for us to expect.

We have descried, upon our neigh-
bouring shore
y sail of ships make hitherward.
thought as much.

row never comes, but brings an heir,
y succeed as his inheritor;
in ours: some neighbouring nation,
advantage of our misery, [power, §
uff'd these hollow vessels with their
us down, the which are down already;
ke a conquest of unhappy me,
s no glory's got to overcome.

That's the least fear: for, by the sem-
blance [peace,
r white flags display'd, they bring us
ne to us as favourers, not as foes.

Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat, [deceit.
akes the fairest show, means most
ng they what they will, what need we
fear? [there.

und's the low'st, and we are half way
their general, we attend him here,
w for what he comes, and whence he
at he craves. [comes,

I go, my lord. [Exit.
Welcome is peace, if he on peace con-
sist; we are unable to resist. [sist;]

* To strut, or walk proudly.
† To dress them by. ‡ Nurse fondly.
§ Orca. ¶ If he stands on peace.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily* may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy
bread,

And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd,
half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and
men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils! [seen,)

Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast
here a while,

Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis,† to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation‡
(To whom I give my benizon,§)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary [I?
Are brought your eyes; what need speak

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON;
all the train with them. Enter at another door,
a GENTLEMAN with a Letter to PERICLES;
PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then
gives the Messenger a reward, and knights
him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. several-
ly.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom
case;

* Perhaps.

† I. e. Conduct, behaviour.

‡ Know.

§ Blessing.

For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship [split;
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is lost:
 All perishes of man, of pelf,
 No aught escapen but himself,
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
 And here he comes: what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.
 [Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.—An open Place by the Sea Side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder remember, earthly
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wast'd me from shore to shore, and left me
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your wat'ry
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What Patch-breech, I sh—

2 Fish. What say you, master

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.

3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and umbled—hey sa—y are half fish, half fles—a plague on them, they e'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land, the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to not and so fit y as to a whale—a plays and tumbles, driving the poor ry before him, and at last devours them at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the bellry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the busy subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;

And from their wat'ry empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect!

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the man to cast thee in our way

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind.

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon—entreats you pity him. He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? but them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve ere it is here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think: A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your aid:

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a—Now gods forbid! have a gown here—come, put it on: keep thee warm. Now, afore me—a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll buy flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more o'er puddings and flap-jacks,* and—

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn crav—and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all. If all your beggars were whipp'd, I would not be better off, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit two of the FISHERMEN.]

Per. How well this honest mirth betrays their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, Sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is the Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, Sir, and he deserves to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects

He gains the name of good, by his government: How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. My Sir, half a day's journey, and I'll tell you I have a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day, and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourneys for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desire, I'd wish to make one there.

* Puddings. † To whip, much upon.

O, Sir, things must be as they may; a man cannot get, he may lawfully his wife's soul.

Two FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

Help, master, help; here's a fish he net, like a poor man's right in the world hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty ar-

mour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, let me somewhat to repair myself; though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,

My dead father did bequeath to me, in strict charge, (even as he left his by Pericles, it hath been a shield [life,] and death; (and pointed to this race:)*

He sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, let it protect thee from! it may defend thee. Where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; though seas, that spare not any man, in a rage, though calm'd, they give't gain:

See for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, give here my father's gift by will.

What mean you, Sir?

I beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

Is sometime target to a king; by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, for his sake, I wish the having of it;

Would you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

That I may appear a gentleman; at ever my low fortunes better, your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? to show the virtue I have borne in arms.

Why, do ye take it, and the gods good on't!

Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas made up this garment through the arms of the waters: there are certain rents, certain veils. I hope, Sir, if ye, you'll remember from whence you

believe't, I will.

For your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;

Of all the rapture of the sea,

It holds his bidding on my arm;

Of value will I mount myself

For ourser, whose delightful steps

Te the gazer joy to see him tread.—

My friend, I yet am unprovided

Of bases.†

We'll sure provide: thou shalt have

Gown to make thee a pair; and I'll

Go to the court myself.

When honour be but a goal to my will;

I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[Exeunt.]

II.—The same.—A public Way, or street, leading to the Lists. A Partition by way of it, for the reception of the KING, QUEEN, LORDS, &c.

PERICLES, THAISA, LORDS, and Attendants.

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

Our for the arm. † Keeping.

‡ A kind of loose breeches.

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our

daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to ex-

press

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are

A model, which heaven makes like to itself:

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,

So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight, in his device.†

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll

perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and

his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth present him-

self?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned

father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;

The word,‡ *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life

of you. [The second Knight passes.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura,*

que per fuerça.|| [The third Knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

The word, *Me pompa prærexit apex.*

[The fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside

down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his

power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.]

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with

clouds; [tried:]

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which

the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his

outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock,¶ than

the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he

comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnish'd.

* I. e. Return them notice.

† Offer. ‡ The motto.

than by force.

‡ Emblem on a shield.

¶ I. e. More by sweetness

¶ Handle of a whip

3 Lord. And on that purpose let his armour
Until this day, to scour it in the dust. [rust]

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us own
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with-
draw.

Into the gallery. [Exeunt.
[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!]

SCENE III.—The same.—A Hall of State.—
A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THANA, LONAS, KNIGHTS,
and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the velvet of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms. [St.
Were more than you expect, or more than's
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast, [place:]

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good
Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour
we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Merak. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, Sir; for we are gen-
tlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Eeny the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, Sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These eates resist me,* she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;

He has done no more than other knights have
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass. [done;

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to a glass.

Per. You king's to me, like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights!

* L. c. These delicacies go against my stomach.
† Lower.

1 Knight. Who can be other, in the
presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's star'd with
brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lip,
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

You knight, methinks, doth sit too mute;
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his wet.
Note it not you, Thanax?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not dunces,
Are like to guests, which make a saint, or
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more seemly,
say,

We drink this standing-bowl of wine to us.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not us
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence.

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How?

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better. [sit]

Sim. And further tell him, we don't
know,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, Sir, has drunk to
you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto his
life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pick
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of
you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Peri-
cles,

My education being in arts and arms,)—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles.

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his mis-
fortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other re-
vels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,*
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;

Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[The Knights dance]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well per-
form'd, Sir; [form'd]

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are
my lord.

hat's as much, as you would be
y'd

[The KNIGHTS and LADIES dance.
courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
tlemen, to all; all have done well;
best. [To PERICLES.] Pages and
is, conduct
its unto their several lodgings:
rs, Sir,
en order to be next our own.
at your grace's pleasure.
ces, it is too late to talk of love,
e mark I know you level at:
ch one betake him to his rest;
all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.

V.—Tyre.—A Room in the Gover-
nor's House.

HELICANES and ESCANES.

no, my Escanes; know this of
om incest liv'd not free; [me,—
the most high gods not minding
er [store,
the vengeance that they had in
einous capital offence,
height and pride of all his glory,
s seated, and his daughter with
of inestimable value, [him,
eaven came, and shrivell'd up
, even to loathing; for they so
k,
e eyes ador'd them,* ere their fall,
eir hand should give them burial.
as very strange.
yet but just; for though [guard
ere great, his greatness was no
n's shaft, but sin had his reward.
very true.

Enter three LORDS.

e, not a man in private conference,
as respect with him but he.
shall no longer grieve without re-
f.

nd curs'd be he that will not second

allow me, then: Lord Helicane, a
d.

me? and welcome: Happy day,
ords.

ow that our griefs are risen to the

length they overflow their banks.
griefs, for what? wrong not the
ce you love.

ong not yourself then, noble Heli-
;

ince do live, let us salute him,
at ground's made happy by his
th.

ld he live, we'll seek him out;
ve he rest, we'll find him there;
v'd,† he lives to govern us,
es cause to mourn his funeral,
as to our free election.

ose death's, indeed, the strongest
ar censure:‡

g this kingdom, if without a head,
'buildings left without a roof,)

ruin fall, your noble self,
now'st how to rule, and how to

a,
mit unto,—our sovereign.

adored them. † Satisfied.
‡ Judgement, opinion.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suff-
rages:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat
you

To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us, [yield;
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.—A Room in the
Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the KNIGHTS
meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
ides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strict-
ly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we
take our leaves. [Exeunt.

Sim. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daugh-
ter's letter: [knight,

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with
mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, Sir! I am beholden
to you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you
think, Sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous.

Sim. My daughter, Sir, thinks very
you;

Ay, so well, Sir, that you must be her
And she'll your scholar be; therefore lo

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolman.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this
else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of T.
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, Sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or you
pleasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, Sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud
courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my throat
That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's sake

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as I
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside*
tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections on a stranger

(Who, for ought I know to the contrary

Or think, may be as great in blood as I.)

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your
mine,—

And you, Sir, hear you.—Either be reconciled

Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes divide

And for a further grief,—God give you

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that flows

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you
Then, with what haste you can, get you

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked* hath the night
No din but snores, the house about.

* Quenched.

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deaf'ning, [nimble,

Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! veno-
mously* [the

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whis-
ls as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida! Lucina,† O
Divine patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the
pangs

Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead
queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good Sir; do not assist the
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here
below,

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-
Thou hast as chiding! a nativity, [lows!
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can
make, [first,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,†
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good
Throw their best eyes upon it! [gods

Enter two SAILORS.

1 Sail. What courage, Sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the
flaw;‡ [love
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolinst there; thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
lie, till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, Sir; with us at sea it still
hath been observed; and we are strong in ear-
nest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must
overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretch-
ed queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, Sir.

* Maliciously.

† Thought.

‡ As noisy a one.

•• Blast.

† The goddess of child-bearing.

‡ Contend with you in honour.

† Than thy entrance into his can require.

†† Runt, ropes of the sail.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my
dear,

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the cone;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And eye-remaining* lamps, the belching
whale, [corpse,

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caul'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast
is this?

3 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

3 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyre; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mari-
[I'll bring the body presently. [ser;
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Ephesus.*—A Room in CRRIMON'S
House.

*Enter CRRIMON, a SERVANT, and some persons
who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
Till now, I ne'er endur'd. [as this,

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothe-
[And tell me how it works. [cary,

[To PHILEMON.

[Exit PHILEMON, SERVANT, and those
who had been shipwrecked.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 Gent. Good morrow, Sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so
'Tis not our husbandry.† [early;

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having [hours
Rich tire‡ about you, should at these early
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,

* Ever-burning.

† The principals are the strongest
rafters in the roof of a building.

‡ L. c. Economical prodigance, early rising.

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning^a were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which
gives me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but
even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two SERVANTS with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, Sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis cank'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, Sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open; [sense.
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll.

Here I give to understand,

[Reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land.)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mandarin cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
'That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-
night.

2 Gent. Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were
too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp an nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a SERVANT, with boxes, napkins, &c.
Well said, well said; the fire and the cloth.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stir'st, the
block!—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been ex-
tranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, Sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She's alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your state, fair
creature,

Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber
bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to.
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt carrying THAISA away.

SCENE III.—Tharsus.—A Room in Cleon's
House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCH-
RIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyre
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The
Make up the rest upon you! [stands

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they
hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had
brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord: [cons.
Your grace,* that fed my country with your
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you.) [tion

Must in your child be thought on. If neglec-

* Knowledge.

† Worthily.

* Favour.

herein make me vile, the common
ody,*
liev'd, would force me to my duty :
hat my nature need a spur,
revenge it upon me and mine,
d of generation!

believe you ; [credit,
our and your goodness teach me
your vows. Till she be married,
adam,

Diana, whom we honour all,
'd shall this hair of mine remain,
show will† in't. So I take my leave.
am, make me blessed in your care
g up my child.

have one myself,
not be more dear to my respect,
s, my lord.

adam, my thanks and prayers.
'll bring your grace even to the edge
the shore ;

you up to the mask'd Neptune,† and
est winds of heaven.

will embrace [tears,
r. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no
, no tears :

our little mistress, on whose grace
depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

V.—*Ephesus.—A Room in CERIMON'S
House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

adam, this letter, and some certain
wels,

you in your coffer : which are now
ommand. Know you the character?
is my lord's.

s shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
y yearning's time ; but whether there
or no, by the holy gods,

ightly say : But since king Pericles,
ed lord, I ne'er shall see again,
ivery will I take me to,

r more have joy.

adam, if this you purpose as you
mple is not distant far, [speak,

u may 'bide until your date expire.

if you please, a niece of mine
e attend you.

ly recompense is thanks, that's all ;
ood will is great, though the gift
nall.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

v. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
om'd to his own desire.

roful queen leave at Ephess.
an there a votaress.

to Marina bend your mind,
n our fast growing scene must find

arsus, and by Cleon train'd
isic, letters ; who hath gain'd

ncation all the grace,

h makes her both the heart and place
neral wonder. But, alack !

monster envy, oft the wrack
rued praise, Marina's life

to take off by treason's knife.

n this kind hath our Cleon

laughter, and a wench full grown,

* The common people
pear willful, perverse by such conduct.
ous wares that wear a treacherous smile.
† *Grooming.*

Even ripe for marriage fight ; this maid
Hight* Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weav'd the sleided† silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needl‡
wound

The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute

She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records§ with moan ; or when

She would with rich and constant pen

Veil to her mistress Dian ; still

This Philoten contends in skill

With absolute|| Marina : so

With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Vie feathers white. Marina gets

All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so darks

In Philoten all graceful marks,

That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,

A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter

Might stand peerless by this slaughter.

The sooner her vile thoughts to stead ;

Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;

And cursed Dionyza hath

The pregnant¶ instrument of wrath

Prest** for this blow. The unborn event

I do commend to your content :

Only I carry winged time

Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;

Which never could I so convey,

Unless your thoughts went on my way.—

Dionyza does appear,

With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Tharsus.—An open Place near the
Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn
to do it :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly crea-
ture.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have
her. Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd.

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellust† of her
weeds, [blues.

To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
The purple violets, and marigolds,

Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me ! poor

maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,

Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! Why do you keep
alone ?

How chance my daughter is not with you ?
Do not

* Called. † Untwisted. ‡ Needle. § Wags.
[Accomplished, perfect. ¶ Prepared. ** Ready.
†† The earth.

Consume your blood with sorrowing: yet
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your face
 chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe! Come, come
 Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere it
 mar it,
 Walk forth with Leonine;† the air is
 Piercing, and sharpens well the stars
 Come;—

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself
 With more than foreign heart. We ever
 Expect him here: when he shall come
 (Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great
 Blame both my lord and me, that we
 ta'en

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reset
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, a
 while;

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.
 What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—

[Exit DION]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was not

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did not
 fear,

But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, gave
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck, and from the
 der-tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber;‡ *Ha!* says
 Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
 They skip from stem to stern: the boats
 whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space
 prayer,

I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am slow
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life;
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,

* Countenance, look.

† *I. e.* Ere the sea by the coming in of the tide
 your walk.

‡ A ship-boy.

langer; therefore, if in our youths we
 k up some pretty estate, 'twere not
 eep our door hatch'd.* Besides, the
 we stand upon with the gods, will
 with us for giving over.
 Come, other sorts offend as well as we.
 As well as we! ay, and better too;
 I worse. Neither is our profession
 ; it's no calling:—but here comes

*Enter PIRATES, and BOULT, dragging in
 MARINA.*

Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My
 you say she's a virgin?

O, Sir, we doubt it not.

Master, I have gone thorough for this
 u see: if you like her, so; if not, I
 my earnest.

Boult, has she any qualities?

She has a good face, speaks well, and
 ent good clothes; there's no further
 of qualities can make her be refused.
 What's her price, Boult?

I cannot be bated one doit of a thou-
 es.

Well, follow me, my masters; you
 your money presently. Wife, take
 instruct her what she has to do, that
 not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exit PANDER and PIRATES.*
 Boult, take you the marks of her;
 of her hair, complexion, height, age,
 rant of her virginity; and cry, *He
 rite most, shall have her first.* Such a
 ad were no cheap thing, if men were
 ave been. Get this done as I com-

Performance shall follow.

[*Exit BOULT.*
 lack, that Leonine was so slack, so
 low!

ld have struck, not spoke;) or that
 hese pirates,
 ough barbarous,) had not overboard
 ne, to seek my mother!

Why lament you, pretty one?
 hat I am pretty.

Come, the gods have done their part

accuse them not.

You are lit into my hands, where
 ke to live.

he more my fault,

his hands, where I was like to die.

Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.
 io.

Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste
 n of all fashions. You shall fare well;
 have the difference of all complexions.
 o you stop your ears?

re you a woman?

What would you have me be, an I
 woman?

an honest woman, or not a woman.

Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think
 ve something to do with you. Come,
 young foolish sapling, and must be
 I would have you.

he gods defend me!

If it please the gods to defend you by
 n men must comfort you, men must
 , men must stir you up.—Boult's re-

Enter BOULT.

Now, Sir, hast thou cried her through the
 market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the num-
 ber of her hairs; I have drawn her picture
 with my voice.

Bard. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou
 find the inclination of the people, especially of
 the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they
 would have hearkened to their father's testa-
 ment. There was a Spaniard's mouth so wa-
 tered, that he went to bed to her very descrip-
 tion.

Bard. We shall have him here to-morrow
 with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do
 you know the French knight that cowers* i' the
 hams?

Bard. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the
 proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and
 swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bard. Well, well: as for him, he brought
 his disease hither: here he does but repair it.
 I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter
 his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a tra-
 veller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bard. Pray you, come hither awhile. You
 have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me;
 you must seem to do that fearfully, which you
 commit willingly; to despise profit, where you
 have most gain. To weep that you live as you
 do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but
 that pity begets you a good opinion, and that
 opinion a meret profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her
 home: these blushes of hers must be quenched
 with some present practice.

Bard. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must:
 for your bride goes to that with shame, which
 is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not.
 But, mistress, if I have bargained for the
 joint,—

Bard. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bard. Who should deny it? Come, young
 one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be
 changed yet.

Bard. Boult, spend thou that in the town:
 report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose
 nothing by custom. When nature framed this
 piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore
 say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the
 harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall
 not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out
 her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll
 bring home some to-night.

Bard. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters
 Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. [*deep,*
 Diana, aid my purpose!

Bard. What have we to do with Diana?
 Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus.*—A Room in CLEON'S
 House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

* Half open.

† Bid a high price for her.

* Bends.

† An absolute, a certain profit.

Cle. (*O*) *Dionysa*, such a piece of sin
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. (*O*) lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! (*O*) villain *Le*
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been
Becoming well thy feat: * what canst thou
When noble *Pericles* shall demand his

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; I'll say so. Who can
Unless you play the impious innocent, †
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. (*O*), go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, thou
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hear
And open this to *Pericles*. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his preconsent, he did not flinch
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she
Nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone
She did disclaim my child, and stood betwixt
Her and her fortunes: None would look on
But cast their gazes on *Marina's* face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a man
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd
thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for *Pericles*,
What should he say? We wept after her he
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitious
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kill
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [

[*Exit*

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and long
leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but
Making, ‡ (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, ¶ region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to

* *I.e.* Of a piece with the rest of thy exploit.

† An innocent was formerly a common appellation
an idiot.

‡ A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow.

¶ Travelling. ¶ From one boundary to another.

I.—The same.—A Room in the Brothel.

PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

II. I had rather than twice the she had ne'er come here.

He upon her; she is able to freeze pus, and undo a whole generation either get her ravished, or be when she should do for clients her to me the kindness of our profession her quirks, her reasons, her as, her prayers, her knees; that like a puritan of the devil, if he en a kiss of her.

With, I must ravish her, or she'll of all our cavaliers, and make all priests.

With, the pox upon her green-sickness

With, there's no way to be rid on't, ay to the pox. Here comes the hus, disguised.

Should have both lord and lown, baggage would but give way to

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Now? How * a dozen of virgini-

W, the gods to-bless your honour! n glad to see your honour in good

May so; 'tis the better for you that rs stand upon sound legs. How come iniquity? Have you that a al withal, and defy the surgeon? have here one, Sir, if she would e never came her like in Mitylene. d'd do the deeds of darkness, thou

ur honour knows what 'tis to say,

; call forth, call forth.

Flesh and blood, Sir, white and ll see a rose; and she were a rose e had but—

l, pr'ythee?

Sir, I can be modest.

dignifies the renown of a bawd, it gives a good report to a number

Enter MARINA.

re comes that which grows to the r plucked yet, I can assure you. fair creature?

h, she would serve after a long a. Well, there's for you;—leave

eseech your honour, give me leave: I'll have done presently.

eech you, do.

st, I would have you note, this is le man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.* Desire to find him so, that I may e him.

xt, he's the governor of this coun-an whom I am bound to.

he govern the country, you are n indeed; but how honourable he know not.

ay you, without any more virginal

fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt BAWD, PANDER, and BOULT.*

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, Sir?

Lys. What I cannot name, but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester * at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome sty. Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent: for to me

The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st

from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse, BOULT enters.*

Bault. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Awaunt, thou damned doer
Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up
Would sink, and overwhelm you all.

[*Exit Lys.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take
course with you. If your peevish
which is not worth a breakfast in the
country under the cope,* shall undo
household, let me be gelded like a
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead
off, or the common hangman shall ex-
Come your way. We'll have no more
men driven away. Come your ways,

Re-enter BARD.

Bard. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress;
here spoken holy words to the lord I
thus.

Bard. () abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as
to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bard. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dead
her like a nobleman, and she sent him a
cold as a snowball; saying his prayers

Bard. Boult, take her away; use her
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity
make the rest malleable.

Boult. As if she were a thornier p
ground than she is, she shall be ploughed

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bard. She conjures: away with her.
she had never come within my doors!
hang you! She's born to undo us. Wi
not go the way of women-kind? Marry
up, my dish of chastity with rosemar-
bays! [Exit]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way,
me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you
so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine ene-
my to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my
ter, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad a
art,

Since they do better thee in their commu-
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pai-
fiend

(Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to ever
street)

That hither comes enquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy
is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lun

Boult. What would you have me? go
wars, would you? where a man may
seven years for the loss of a leg, and ha-
money enough in the end to buy him a w-
one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou
Empty

(Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth
Serve by indenture to the common hang-
Any of these ways are better yet than th-
For that which thou professest, a baboon

* Cope, or canopy of heaven.

† Paltry

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[The GENTLEMEN and the two SAILORS descend, and go on board the Barge.

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and LORDS; the Tyrian GENTLEMEN, and the two SAILORS.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, Sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, Sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not
To any one, nor taken sustenance, [spoken
But to prorogue* his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, Sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, Sir: [PERICLES discovered.]
this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal† night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal Sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
The, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd
Which now are midway stopp'd: [parts,†
all as happy as of all the fairest,
with her fellow-maidens, now within
leafy shelter that abuts against
an island's side.

He whispers one of the attendant LORDS.—

Exit LORD, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

* To lengthen or prolong his grief.
† Destructive. ; I. e. Fare.

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness [further,

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, Sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the Barge, LORD, MARINA, and a young LADY.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd
she came

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA sings.

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, Go not till he speak. [Aside.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage— [you?

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
You would not do me violence. [parentage.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What country—
Here of these shores? [woman?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping. [one

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
My daughter might have been: my queen's
square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

For the crown'd truth to dwell in: Put
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou
Like one I lov'd indeed! What were thy fits?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that
I came at

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think
saidst at

Thou hast been toss'd from wrong to right
And that thou thoughtst thy griefs might
If both were open'd

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my throat
Did warrant me was likely

Per. Tell thy story,
If thou consider'dst prove the thousandth
Of an entrance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost
Like *Patient*, gazing on kings' graves
and lying

Extremely out of act. What were thy fits?
How hast thou them? Thy name, my
kind virgin

Recount. I do beseech thee, come, sit by

Mar. My name, Sir, is *Marina*.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Pardon me, good Sir,
Or here I'll cease

Per. Nay, I'll be patient,
Thou wilt know at how thou dost start
To call thyself *Marina*

Mar. The name *Marina*,
Was given me by one that had some power
My father, and a king

Per. How? a king's daughter?
And call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would believe me
But not to be a daughter of your son

lord, I hear none.

of the spheres: list, my Marina.
not good to cross him; give him

not sounds!

ear? My lord, I hear—
heavenly music:

into list'ning, and thick slumber
ine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
How for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of*
PERICLES is closed.

all.—Well, my companion-friends,
answer to my just belief,
remember you.

Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, and attendant LADY.

—*The same.*—PERICLES on the Deck
DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

temple stands in Ephesus; his
e thither,
on mine altar sacrifice. [*gether,*
on my maiden priests are met to-
people all,
thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
y crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
hem repetition to the life.*
bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
e happy, by my silver bow.
d tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*
stial Dian, goddess argentine,†
thee!—Helicanus!

MACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

purpose was for Tharsus, there to
itable Cleon; but I am [*strike*
ervice first: toward Ephesus
lown; sails; eftsoons; I'll tell thee
y.— [*To HELICANUS.*

fresh us, Sir, upon your shore,
ou gold for such provision
nts will need?
h all my heart, Sir; and when you
ne ashore,
her suit.

i shall prevail,
woo my daughter; for it seems
een noble towards her.
lend your arm.
ne, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

WER, before the Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus.

Now our sands are almost run;
ittle, and then done.
my last boon, give me,
h kindness must relieve me,)
aptly will suppose
geantry, what feats, what shows,
nstrelsy, and pretty din,
nt made in Mitylin,
the king. So he has thriv'd,
is promis'd to be wiv'd
arina; but in no wise,
ad done his sacrifice,
bade: whereto being bound,
rim, pray you. all confound.†

at a lively narrative of your adventures.
ent of the silver moon. † Swollen.
Son. † I. e. Pericles.
Unconfound here signifies to consume.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Erit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus: THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a LADY.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.* She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen
years

He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us, [*she*
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are—you are—() royal Pericles! [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman? she dies!
help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble Sir.
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—(), she's but o'er-
joy'd.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my senser bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. (), my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak.
Like him you are: Did you not name a tem-
A birth, and death? [*pest.*

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
present kindness [*well,*
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do
That on the touching of her lips I may

* I. e. Her white robe of innocence.
† Seasonal pasture.

For the crowd's worth to dwell in: I'll be
there.

And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible, for thou art
Like one I lov'd indeed: What were thy fits
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that
I came at

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage: I think
said at

Thou hast been toad'd from wrong to joy
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
If both were open'd

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said: and said no more but what my thro'
Did warrant me was likely

Per. Tell thy story,
If thou consider'd prove the thousandth
Of my misfortune, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves
Amusing

Extremity out of art: What were thy fits
How hast thou them? Thy name, my
kind virgin

Recount, I do beseech thee, come, sit by

Mar. My name, Sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir,
Or here I'll cease

Per. Nay, I'll be patient,
Thou art the know'st how thou dost start
To call thyself Marina

Mar. The name, Marina,

Was given me by one that had some power
My father, and a king

Per. How? a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me
But not to be a tumbler of your nation:

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music! My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, and attendant LADY.

SCENE II.—*The same.*—PERICLES on the Deck
asleep; DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie
thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice. [*gether,*
There, when my maiden priests are met to-
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.*
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,†
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am [*strike*
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown† sails; eftsoons‡ I'll tell thee
why.— [*To HELICANUS.*]

Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, Sir; and when you
come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)†
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.¶

* Repeat a lively narrative of your adventures.

† I. e. Regent of the silver moon. ‡ Swollen.

§ Horn.

¶ I. e. Pericles.

‡ Confound here signifies to consume.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*]

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Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.* She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen
years

He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us, [*she*

Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles!

[*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies!
help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble Sir.

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-
joy'd.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my senses bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak.
Like him you are: Did you not name a tem-
A birth, and death? [*pest,*

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
present kindness [*well,*
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do
That on the touching of her lips I may

* I. e. Her white robe of innocence.

† Thaisa's position.

Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom,
(Kneels to Thaisa.)

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!
Bel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did
fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their
power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,
The gods can have no mortal officers
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her;

How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa, [ter,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daugh-

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament* that makes me look so dim,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
Sir, that my father's dead. [Exit

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet thou
my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days.
Our son and daughter shall in Tyre reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.
[Exit

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch,† and his daughter, you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
keen.)

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's hand,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy and bliss.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.

In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity eyes wear.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fate
Had spread their cursed deed, and hallow'd
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn. [Exit

That him and his they in his palace turn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them, although not done, but sent.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has end-
ing. [Exit Gower

* I. e. His beard.
† I. e. The King of Antioch.

‡ Gow.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OLD MAN, Tenant to Gloster.
PHYSICIAN.
FOOL.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

An OFFICER, employed by Edmund.
 A GENTLEMAN, Attendant on Cordelia.
 A HERALD.
 SERVANTS to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
 CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity[•] in neither can make choice of either's moiety.[†]

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[‡]

Glo. But I have, Sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
 Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker[•] purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
 [tent]

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age;
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future
 strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France
 and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous
 sojourn,
 [daughters,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my
 (Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

[*matter*

Do love you more than words can wield the

• Most scrupulous nicety. † Part or division.
 ‡ Handmaiden.

• More secret. † Determined resolution.

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, and
honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father fond,
A love that makes breath poor, and
unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love,
silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even farthest
line to this,
With shadowy forests and with charming
rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted fields,
We make thee lady: To thine and all
issue

[distant] He this perpetual.—What says our
dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self metal
sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys, [a]
Which the most precious square of sense
And find, I am alone felicitate;
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [a]
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary
Remain this ample third of our fair king,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, or
Although the last, not least; to whose
love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd: what can you
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot hear
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend
speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me:
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall
That lord, whose hand must take my
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

* Open plains
† Value.

‡ Comprehension.
|| Perhaps

§ Made

me, recreant!
 I would have you hear me!—
 It sought to make us break our
 [pride,
 first never yet,) and, with strain'd
 next our sentence and our power;
 its nature nor our place can bear,)
 make good, take thy reward.
 do allot thee, for provision
 from diseases of the world;
 next, to turn thy hated back
 upon thy kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-

—
 If rank be found in our dominions,
 I will thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
 I will be revok'd.

—
 I will thee well, king: since thus thou
 appear,

—
 hence, and banishment is here.—
 Their dear shelter take thee, maid,

—
 [To CORDELIA.
 I think'st, and has most rightly

—
 these speeches may your deeds ap-
 pear, [To REGAN and GONERIL.

—
 Effects may spring from words of

—
 princes, bids you all adieu;
 I will be old course* in a country new.

—
 [Exit.

—
 ENTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
 and Attendants.

—
 France and Burgundy, my noble

—
 lord of Burgundy,
 I will be less towards you, who with this

—
 [least,
 for our daughter; What, in the

—
 fire in present dower with her,
 I will be request of love?†

—
 royal majesty,
 I will be more than hath your highness offer'd,

—
 tender less.

—
 I will be noble Burgundy,
 I will be as dear to us, we did hold her so;

—
 I will be her price is fall'n: Sir, there she
 is;

—
 in that little seeming‡ substance,
 I will be with our displeasure piec'd,

—
 more, may fitly like your grace,
 I will be and she is yours.

—
 I will be now no answer.

—
 I will be in those infirmities she owes,§
 I will be new adopted to our hate,

—
 I will be in our curse, and stranger'd with
 death,

—
 I will be leave her?

—
 I will be on me, royal Sir;
 I will be does not up|| on such conditions.

—
 I will be leave her, Sir; for, by the power
 I will be made me,

—
 I will be her wealth.—For you, great king,
 [To FRANCE.

—
 I will be from your love make such a stray,
 I will be where I hate; therefore beseech

—
 I will be our liking a more worthier way,
 I will be fetch whom nature is ashamed

—
 I will be knowledge hers.
 I will be this is most strange! [ject,

—
 I will be it even but now was your best ob-

The argument of your praise, balm of your
 age,

—
 Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
 [time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

—
 So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,

—
 [tion
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd* affec-
 Fall into taint:† which to believe of her,

—
 Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
 Could never plant in me.

—
 Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
 (If for‡ I want that glib and oily art, [intend,

—
 To speak and purpose not; since what I will
 I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known

—
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,

—
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and
 favour:

—
 [richer;
 But even for want of that, for which I am
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue [it,

—
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have
 Hath lost me in your liking.

—
 Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd

—
 me better.

—
 France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,

—
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,

—
 When it is mingled with respects, that stand
 Aloof from the entire point.§ Will you have

—
 She is herself a dowry. [her?

—
 Bur. Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

—
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy.

—
 Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

—
 Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a
 That you must lose a husband. [father,

—
 Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,

—
 I shall not be his wife.

—
 France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich,
 being poor; [spis'd:

—
 Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, de-
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

—
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st

—
 neglect
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—

—
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
 chance,

—
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

—
 Shall buy this unprix'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

—
 Thou lovest here, a better where|| to find.

—
 Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
 thine; for we

—
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,

—
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.¶—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

—
 [Flourish. EXEUNT LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
 WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

—
 France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

—
 Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
 eyes [are;

—
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call

—
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our
 father:

—
 To your professed bosoms I commit him:
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

* mode of life. † Amorous expedition.

‡ Because. § Who seeks for ought in love but love alone? ||

¶ Place. ¶ Blasting.

I would prefer him to a better place.
 He farewell to you both.

Gen. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath it
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience

ed, [w
 And well are worth the want that you
 Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited
 ning hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them do
 Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA]

Gen. Sister, it is not a little I have to a
 what most nearly appertains to us but
 think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with
 next month with us.

Gen. You see how full of changes his
 the observation we have made of it has
 been little: he always loved our sister;
 and with what poor judgement he hath
 cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: ye
 hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gen. The best and soundest of his time
 been but rash; then must we look to root
 from his age, not alone the imperfection
 long-engrafted condition,† but therewithal
 unruly waywardness that infirm and cho
 years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we lik
 have from him, as this of Kent's banishment

Gen. There is further compliment of let
 taking between France and him. Pray
 let us hit together: If our father carry au
 rity with such dispositions as he bears,
 last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gen. We must do something, and i'the he

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to
 law

My services are bound: Wherefore should
 Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen mo
 shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefo
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand th
 us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? bas
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France
 choler parted!

* Folded, doubled.

† Qualities of mind.

‡ Strike while the iron's hot.

§ The injustice.

|| The nicety of civil instituti

hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,* and to no other pretence† of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.‡

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey§ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent|| effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,¶ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; ** so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! Fa, sol, la, mitt.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in

state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,* nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent‡ forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids

us [ing
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunt—
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you

please, [question:

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one.

Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,

That still would manage those authorities,

That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,

Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen

Remember what I have said. [abus'd.

* For cohorts some editors read courts. † Newspaper.

* The usual address to a lord.

† Design.

‡ Give all that I am possessed of, to be certain of the truth.

§ Manage.

|| Following

¶ Traitors.

** Great Bear, the constellation so named.

‡ These sounds are unnatural and offensive in music.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. —A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,* my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd† my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,‡
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within.—Enter LEAR, KNIGHTS, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. *[Exit an Attendant.]* How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgement; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am quality'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, Sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— *[Exit.]*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho!—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the same manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness not entertain'd with that ceremonious affect as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the great pendants, as in the duke himself also, to your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed mine own jealous curiosity,* than as a pretence† and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going to France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have not-did it.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter STEWARD.

O, you Sir, you Sir, come you hither: I am I, Sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave! you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *[Striking.]*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither; you base ball player. *[Tripping up his heel.]*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes the STEWARD.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving KENT MONEY.]

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—Here's my comb. *[Giving KENT MONEY.]*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my comb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not see the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: Therefore take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, to give to two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living;: I'd be

* Disorder, disguise. † Effaced. ‡ Keep company.

* Punctilious jealousy.

† Design.

‡ Estate or property.

my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,* may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,†
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,‡
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unsee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borrest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace§ in a year; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet* on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O† without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [To GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.‡ [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd But other of your insolent retinue [fool,

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known un- to you, [fearful,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance;§ which if you should, the fault [sleep;

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,||

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, Sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught;¶ and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

* Bitch hound.

† Believest.

‡ Owneat, justereth.

§ Favour.

* Part of a woman's head-dress, to which Lear compares her frowning brow.

† A cypher.

‡ A mere husk which contains nothing.

§ Approbation

|| Well-governed state.

¶ Stored

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gen. Come, Sir;

This admiration is much o'the favour^a
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright: [wise:
As you are old and reverend, you should be
Here do you keep a hundred knights and
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this earcourt, infested with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grand palace. The shame itself doth
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd [speak
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degrade[†] that bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gen. You strike my people; and your dis-
order'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Wee, that too late repeats,—O, Sir,
are you come?

Is it your will? [To *ALB.*] Speak, Sir.—Pre-
pare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a
Than the sea-monster! [child,

ALB. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou hast: [To *Gen.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support [fault,
The worship of their name.—O most small
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,† wrench'd my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
[Striking his Head.

And thy dear judgement out!—Go, go, my
people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am igno-
Of what hath mov'd you. [rant

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature,
hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth!
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[Exit.

ALB. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof
comes this?

Gen. Never afflict yourself to know the
But let his disposition have that scope [cause;
That dolage gives it.

^a Complacency.
† The rack.

† Continued in service.
‡ Degraded. § Felling.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at once
Within a fortnight?

ALB. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I'm
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus: [To *Gen.*

That these hot tears, which break from a
perforce,

Should make thee worth them.—Blow us
fogs upon thee!

The untented^a woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old *Gen.*

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck your
And cast you, with the waters that you use
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable

When she shall hear this of thee, with her own
She'll say thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think [Gen.

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I swear
[Exit *LEAR*, *KENT*, and *Attendants*.

Gen. Do you mark that, my lord?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, General,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gen. Pray you, content.—What, should
ho! [March

You, Sir, more knave than fool, after me
[To the *Few*.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [Exit

Gen. This man hath had good counsel—A
hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point,† a hundred knights. Yes, that is
every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike.
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

Gen. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness—How
now, Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, madam.

Gen. Take you some company, and away to
Inform her full of my particular fear; [horns.

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [Exit *Stew.*] No, no,
my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd; for want of war-
Than prais'd for harmful mildness. [dom.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I can-
not tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gen. Nay, then—

ALB. Well, well; the event. [Exit.

^a Untented. † Armed. ‡ Liable to reprehension.

SCENE V.—Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy^{*} question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O Sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:— *[wall?]*

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste,

And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:— *[you:—]*

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. *[here!—]*

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.— *[Exit EDGAR.]*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *[Wounds his Arm.]*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, *[moon]*

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—*[Exit Servant.]* By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in Seeing how loathly opposite I stood *[fine,]* To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

* Delicate.

† Consider, recollect yourself.
‡ Frighted.

Glo. Let him fly far :
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught
And found—Despatch.—The noble duk
master,

My worthy arch* and patron, comes to—
By his authority I will proclaim it, [th
That he, which finds him, shall deserve
Bringing the murd'rous coward to the stu
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his in
And found him pight† to do it, with a
speech

I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think
If I would stand against thee, would the rep
(If any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and dawning practice
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him
[Trumpets with
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not w
he comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape
The duke must grant me that: besides, his f
ture

I will send far and near, that all the kingd
May have due note of him; and of my land
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.‡

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since
came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have hea
strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes t
short,
Which can pursue the offender. How do
my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,
crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson se
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hi

Reg. Was he not companion with the ri
ous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were
affected;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's deat
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with su
cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown yo
A child-like office. [fath

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray¶ his practice; ** and
ceiv'd

* Chief.

† Pitched, fixed.

‡ Severe, harsh.

§ Handwriting.

|| c. Capable of succeeding to my land.

¶ Betray.

** Wicked purpose.

letters against the king; and take vanity* the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. *[Beating him.]*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; *[ter?]* He dies, that strikes again: What is the mat-

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted† villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes‡ with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinsec‡ t'unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Revenge,‡ affirm, and turn their halcyon‡ beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters.

As knowing nought, like dogs, but follow—

A plague upon your epileptic visage! *[ing.—]*

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.‡

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.††

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

* A character in the old moralities.

† Unrefined.

‡ Privy.

† Perplexed.

‡ Disown.

§ The bird called the king-fisher, which, when dried, and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.

¶ In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of geese.

†† I.e. Pleases me not

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain; I have better faces in my time, Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow, *[affect]* Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb, Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!— *[truth:]*

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly* ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, Under the allowance of your grand aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant On flickering Phœbus' front,— *[fire]*

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late, To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure, *[rail'd,*

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, And put upon him such a deal of man,

That worthy'd him, got praises of the king

For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,

Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards, But Ajax is their fool.†

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho! *[braggart,* You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn: Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king; On whose employment I was sent to you: You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks: *[noon.* As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's You should not use me so. *[dog,*

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. *[Stocks brought out.]*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour *[stocks.]*

Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the *Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so: His fault is much, and the good king his master *[rection]*

Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction is such, as basest and contemn'd wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, That he's so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,

* Simple or rustic.

† I.e. Ajax is a fool to them.

For following her affairs.—Put in *Kent*!
[Kent is put in.]

Come, my good lord; away.

[Exeunt REGAN and CORDELIA.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend;
 duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world will
 Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll
 for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir: I have
 and travell'd hard;
 Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I
 A good man's fortune may grow out a
 Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twas
 taken.

Kent. Good king, that must appe
 common saw!*

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'
 To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost
 But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordel
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'
 Of my obscured course; and shall find
 From this enormous state,—seeking to
 Losses their remedies:—All weary and
 watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to beh
 This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once mo
 thy wheel! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Part of the Hall

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no
 That guard, and most unusual vigilan
 Does not attend my taking. While
 scape,

I will preserve myself: and am betho
 To take the basest and most poorest
 That every penury, in contempt of me,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll gr
 filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in
 And with presented nakedness outfa
 The winds, and persecutions of the sk
 The country gives me proof and prec
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified b
 Pins, wooden pricks,‡ nails, sprigs
 mary;

And with this horrible object, from lo
 Poor pelling villages, sheep cotes and
 Sometime with lunatic bans,§ somet
 prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygo
 'That's something yet;—Edgar I noth

SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER'S CHAMBER

Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMEN.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they shoul
 part from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpos
 Of this remove.

* Saying or proverb.

† Hair thus knotted, was supposed to be th
 elves and fairies in the night.

‡ Skewers.

§ Curses.

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.

All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.

Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain, And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain, And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay, And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away; The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER,

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick; they are weary? *[fetches;*

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well: Infirmary doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves, *[mind*

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore *[Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion* of the duke and her

Is practis'd only. Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them, *[me,*

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. *[Exit.*

* Removing from their own house.

† Artifice.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i'the paste*

alive; she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas

her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[KENT is set at Liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason *[glad,*

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Seplúchring an adultrous.—O, are you free? *[To KENT.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here; *[Points to his Heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, Sir, perchance,

She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome

As clears her from all blame. *[end,*

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, Sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray That to our sister you do make return; *[you,*

Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness!

Do you but mark how this becomes the house: *[*

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, *[Kneeling.*

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly Return you to my sister. *[tricks.*

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her

tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:— All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful

To fall and blast her pride! *[sun,*

Reg. O the bless'd gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

* Crust of a pie.

† Be wanting in.

‡ The order of families.

§ P

Enter Goneril.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this appears
her letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your

Lear This is a slave whose easy-bosom
pride

Dwells in the sickle-grace of her be-fall;
(Out, varlet, from my sight!)

Lear What means your grace?

Lear Who stook'd my servant! Be
have good hope

Thou shalt not know of't.—Who comes
(O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause, send down, and be
part!—

Art not ashamed to look upon this hour?
[To Goneril]

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the head, Sir? How
I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear O, woe, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man
[Exit]

Corn. I set him there, Sir—but his own
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak,
Till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister.
Dismissing half your train, come then to
I am now from home, and out of that
sun

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear Return to her, and fifty men dishonour
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with
Exit.

It be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[**Exit** LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and FOOL.
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gen. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his
folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
But not one follower.

Gen. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is
return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gen. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your
doors;

He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense* him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a
wild night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.
[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

**SCENE I.—A Heath.—A Storm is heard, with
Thunder and Lightning.**

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

* Instigate.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear* would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to
His heart-struck injuries. [outjest

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,† [sion,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is divi-
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and

Cornwall; [stars
Who have (as who have not, that their great
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no
less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings‡ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have
borne, [deeper,

Against the old kind king; or something
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnish-
ings,§— [power

[But, true it is, from France there comes a
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance,
This office to you.] [offer

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this
ring;

And she will tell you who your fellow|| is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than
all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain [him,

That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on
Holla the other. [Exit severally.

**SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath.—
Storm continues.**

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing¶ fires,
Vaunt couriers** to oak-cleaving thunder-
bolts, [thunder,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
That make ingrateful man! [once.

* Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

† Which teaches us "to find the mind's construction
in the face"

‡ Snuffs are dislikes, and packings underhand contrivances
& Samples. || Companion

¶ Quick as thought.

** Avant couriers, French

Fool. (O) nuncle, court holy-water^a in a house is better than this rain-water out o' (Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing. here's a night pities neither wise nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout rain!^[t]
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my da-
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you child;
You owe me no subscription;† why then,
fall^[st]
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, y
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall lose;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,^[skies]
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful Gallow; the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,^{[der,}
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[§] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;^[the]

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular^{||} man of virtue;
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming[¶]
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up
guilt,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.^{**}—I am a
More sinn'd against, than sinning. ^{[man,}

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding^{††} after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

^a A proverbial phrase for fair words: † Obedience.
[§] Scare or frighten. ‡ Blustering noise. || Counterfeit
[¶] Assurance: ** Favour. †† Inquiring.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,

For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night

To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that; No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:

In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel; That thou may'st shake the superflux to them, And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.

Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-arched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.

O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap;† served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—(Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.)

[*Tearing off his Clothes.*]
Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:

* To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

† It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mistress.

‡ The words *unbutton here*, are probably only a marginal direction crept into the matter.

he begins at our feet, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the gin,* equips the eye, and makes the hare-lyp; mends the white wheat, and harts the poor creature of earth.

*Smot Whitelocke fished thrice the world;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Did her eight,
And her truth plight,
And, whilst thee,† witch, whilst thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;‡ that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallies; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,¶ and stock-ed, punished, and imprisoned, who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mab*.††

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown as vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher: What is the cause of thunder? [*phr* :—

Kent. Good, my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my His wife begin to unsettle. [*lord*,

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good *Kent*!— [*man* :—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son, [*life*,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

* Disease of the eye.

† A Saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called the night-mare.

‡ Wild dowsie, so called in various parts of England.

§ A want. || *L. e.* The water-went.

¶ A tything is a division of a county.

ee Name of a spirit.

†† The chief devil.

The grief hath craz'd my wife. What can I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the house, to thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good, my lord, smooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with a.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Child* Round to the dark tower;
His word was still,—*For, for, and for,*

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Lear*

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I quit his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be crown'd that nature thus gives way to loyalty, no thing fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him out his death, but a provoking merit, set out by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter's spoke of, which approves him an absolute party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not in a detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made threat of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, for he may be ready for our apprehensions.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting to king, it will stuff his suspicion more full.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exit*

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edmund.

Glo. Here is better than the open air: bid it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wife has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester*

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prythee, nuncie, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentle

* Child is an old term for knight.

† Addressed in the Fool, who were anciently called innocents.

man to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that
 sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning
 tongues hissing in upon them:— [spits]

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness
 of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a
 whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them
 straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
 [To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient Sir, sit here. [To the FOOL.]—
 Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
 Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn,† Hecsy, to me:

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
 And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
 voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's
 belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black
 angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so
 amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the
 evidence.—

Thou robbed man of justice, take thy place;
 [To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
 [To the FOOL.]

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
 Sit you too. [To KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
 take my oath before this honourable assembly,
 she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name
 Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-
 stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd
 looks proclaim [there!]

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her
 Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the
 place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience
 That you so oft have boasted to retain? [now,

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so
 much,

They'll mar my countorfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
 Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark
 at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
 Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
 Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;†
 Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
 Tom will make them weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

* Edgar is speaking in the character of a madman, who
 thinks he sees the fiend.

† Brook or rivulet.

‡ A blood-hound.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes
 and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy
 horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see
 what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause
 in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—
 You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my hun-
 dred; only, I do not like the fashion of your
 garments: you will say, they are Persian
 attire; but let them be changed. [To EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
 awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
 the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper
 i'the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king
 my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not, his
 wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
 arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou
 shalt meet [master:]

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
 If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:— [senses,
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy
 master;

Thou must not stay behind. [To the FOOL.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exit KENT, GLOSTER, and the FOOL,
 bearing off the King.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
 woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, be-
 hind: [skip,

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes
 the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
 Mark the high noises;‡ and thyself bewray,†
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-
 files thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the
 king!

Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
 and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your hus-
 band; show him this letter:—the army of
 France is landed:—Seek out the villain Glos-
 ter. [Exit some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
 mund, keep you our sister company; the re-

* The great events that are approaching.

† Betray, discover.

vengeance we are bound to take upon your
torious father, are not fit for your behold
Advise the duke, where you are going,
most festinate preparation; we are bound
the like. Our posts shall be swift, and
telligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister
farewell, my lord of Gloster.*

Enter STEWARD.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at the gate
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants
Are gone with him towards Dover, whither
they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Glo. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek
traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us

[Exeunt other Servants]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul. Who's there?
The traitor?

Re-enter SERVANTS, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good friends,
consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friend

Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him]*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou
shalt find— *[REGAN plucks his beard]*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignoble
To pluck me by the beard. *[done]*

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin, *[host]*

Will quicken,|| and accuse thee: I am young
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours†
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late
from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lu-
natic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first
answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must
stand the course.

* Meaning Edmund invested with his father's title.

† Inquirers.

‡ Deceitful.

§ Bend to 'ur wrath.

|| I live

¶ Features.

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam*

To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
Allows itself to any thing. [ness

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him! [Exeunt severally.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.† To be
worst, [tune,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of for-
Stands still in esperance,‡ lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the
worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes
here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an OLD MAN.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O
world!

But that thy strange mutations§ make us hate
Life would not yield to age. [thee,

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these four-
score years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
Thy comforts can do me no good at all, [gone:
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, you cannot see your
way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, I
am at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet:
The worst is not,

So long as we can say, This is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not
beg.

I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have
heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,

Ang'ring itself and others. [Aside.]—Bless
thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for
my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that
I have, [Exit.

Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub* it
further. [Aside.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and
foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of
his good wits: Bless the good man from the
foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom
at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*,
prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*,
of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping
and mowing; who since possesses chamber-
maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee,
master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heaven's plagues [ed,
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretch-
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so
still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,† that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power
quickly;

So distribution should undo excess, [Dover?
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know

Edg. Ay, master,

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bend-
ing head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,

With something rich above me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY'S
Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; STEWARD meet-
ing them.

Gen. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so
chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

* Madman.

† I. e. It is better to be thus contemned and know it,
than to be flattered by those who secretly contemn us.
‡ In hope.

§ Changes.

* Disguise.

† I. e. To make it subject to us, instead of acting in obe-
dience to it.

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me out;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side
out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
What like, offensive.

Gen. Then shall you go no further.

[To Edmund.]
It is the coward's terror of his spite, [wrong;
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on
the way, [brother;

May prove effects.* Back, Edmund, to my
Hasten his masters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the
distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress' command. Wear this; spare
speech; [Giving a Feather.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gen. My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit Edmund.]
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee,
A woman's services are due; my foot
Urns my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit Steward.]

Enter ALBANY.

Gen. I have been worth the whistle.†

Alb. O Goneril!

[Wind
You are not worth the dust which the rude
blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contains its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gen. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile: [done?

Filth's savour but themselves. What have you
Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-
form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man, [lick,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
[unlucky]

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gen. Milk-liver'd man!

[wrong;
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's
thy drum? [land;

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits't still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

* I. e. Our wishes on the road may be completed.

† Worth calling for.

; Tear off.

Gen. O ruin, ruin!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd fly,
Be-moan not thy feature. Were they but
To let these hands shed my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones!—How'er thou art
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gen. Murry, your murdered now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Co-
wall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, tho't it
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his soul
To his great master; who, therewith urg'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell he
dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloucester,
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer,
'Tis from your sister.

Gen. [Aside.] One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him last
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him; [about

And quit the house on purpose, that their pre-
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'st me
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,
friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, [which

Which since his coming forth is thought of;
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and dan-
ger,

That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Maréchal of France, Monsieur
le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir; she took them, read them to
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down:

* Inclination

Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and
tears

Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?*

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the
name of *futher*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!*—Shame of *ludics!*
sisters!

Kent! *father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the*
Let pity not be believed!—There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions; †
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir: The poor distress'd Lear is
i'the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his
own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers‡
you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause,||
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Leading me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same.—A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and SOLDIERS.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,¶ and furrow weeds,
With harlocks,** hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high grown field,

* Discourse, conversation.

† I. e. Let not pity be supposed to exist.

‡ Dispositions. § Forces. || Important business.

¶ Furnitory.

** Charlocks.

And bring him to our eye. [Exit an OFFICER.
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remedi-
ate,

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Madam, news;

The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father,

It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France [pitied.

My mourning, and important† tears, bath

No blown‡ ambition doth our arms incite,

But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:

Soon may I bear, and see him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter REGAN and STEWARD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your
lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is
In pity of his misery, to despatch [gone,

His nighted life;§ moreover, to descry

The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee

Let me unseal the letter. [much,

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her
husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange o'ciliads,|| and most speaking

looks [som.

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bo-

* I. e. The reason which should guide it.

† Important.

‡ Inflated, swelling.

§ I. e. His life made dark as night.

|| A cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you as know it :

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather me
If you do find him, pray you, give him this
And when your mistress hears thus much of
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. [3]
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, madam !
would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exit*

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of the same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow in
By your eyes' anguish. [perfect]

Glo. So may it be, indeed : [speaking]

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing
am I chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir ; here's the place :—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs,† that wing the mid
way air, [down]

Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way
hangs one that gathers samphire ;‡ dreadful
trade !

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock ;|| her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : The murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple¶ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now with-
in a foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and
gods,

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good Sir.

[*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !

* Observe what I am saying. † Infer more.

‡ Daws. § A vegetable gathered for pickling.

|| Her cock-boat. ¶ Tumble.

clothier's yard.*—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't. —There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. —Bring up the brown bills.†—O, well flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout:‡ hewgh!—Give the word.§

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick|| of that voice I do well re-
Is't not the king? [member:

Lear. *Ay*, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:

But¶ to the girdle do the gods inherit,**
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's
darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world [me?
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny†† at me? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not
see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it
And my heart breaks at it. [is,

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with

thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon
yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change
places; and, handy-dandy, which is the jus-
tice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a
farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. *Ay*, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of
authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll absc-

de 'em: [power
Take that of me, my friend, who have the
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
now, now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee;
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
are come
To this great stage of fools;—This a good
block?*

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill. [law,

Enter a GENTLEMAN, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—
Your most dear daughter— [Sir,

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a sur-
I am cut to the brains. [geon,

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,†
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good Sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey
you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. *Sa, sa, sa,*
sa. [Exit, running; Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch;

* An arrow of a cloth yard long. † Battle-axes.

‡ The white mark for archers to aim at.

§ The watchword.

|| Likeness, manner.

¶ Only.

** Powers

†† Look asquint.

* Block anciently signified the head part of a bat.

† I. e. A man of tears

Part speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle to-ward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main
Stands on the hourly thought. [descri

Edg. I thank you, Sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. [Exit Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your
I'll lead you to some biding. [hand,

Glo. Heartly thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd
flesh [traitor,

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR opposes.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, Zir, without vurther
'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,† and
let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwag-
ger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so
long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not
near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise
try whether your costard** or my batt† be the
harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, Zir: Come; no
matter vor your soins.††

[They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain,
take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [me,
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable vil-
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, [lain;
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

* The main body is expected to be descried every hour.
† Evil genius. ‡ Blessing. § Reward, recompense.
|| Quickly recollect the offences of thy life.
¶ Go your way. ** Head. †† Club. ‡‡ Thrusts.

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you
Let's see his pockets: these letters,
speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I
He had no other death's-man.—Let us
Leave, gentle wax; and, manson, be
not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd
Their papers, is more lawful.*

[Reads.] Let our reciprocal vows be
bered. You have many opportunities to
off: if your will went not, time and place
fruitfully offered. There is nothing do
return the conqueror: Then am I thy,
and his bed my jail; from the lasteth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place,
labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,)
affectionate servant,

God

O undistinguish'd space of woman's w
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life
And the exchange, my brother!—How
sands,

Thee I'll rake up,† the post unsanctific
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mat
With this ungracious paper strike the
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him
That of thy death and business I can

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out th

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious f
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were d
So should my thoughts be sever'd f
griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lo
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks I hear the beaten dr
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a f

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French
LEAR on a Bed, asleep: PHYSICIAN, C
MAN, and others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall
and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam,
paid.

All my reports go with the modest trut
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better-suited:‡
These weeds are memories§ of those
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made in
My boon I make it, that you know me
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.
does the king? [To the PHY

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused m
The untund and jarring senses, O, wir
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hat

* To rip their papers is more lawful.

† I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the a
‡ Dressed. § Memorials. || Intent for

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his We put fresh garments on him. [sleep,

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thun- In the most terrible and nimble stroke [der?

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch, (poor perdu!)*

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn, In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?— Fair day-light?— [pity,

am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with To see another thus.—I know not what to say.— [see;

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:— No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly, I fear, I am not in my perfect mind. [man: Methinks, I should know you, and know this Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not [me;

Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

* The allusion is to the forlorn hope in an army, called in French *enfans perdus*. † Thin covering of hair

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong, You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

You see is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger To make him even* o'er the time he has lost. Desire him to go in; trouble him no more, Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me: [foolish. Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and [Exit LEAR, CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. [kingdom 'Tis time to look about; the powers† o'the Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement‡ is like to be a bloody. Fare you well, Sir. [Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums, and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;

Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught To change the course: He's full of alteration, And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.§ [To an Officer, who goes out.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's To the forefended|| place? [way

Edm. That thought abuses¶ you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should loosen him and me. [Aside.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

* To reconcile it to his apprehension.

† Forces.

‡ Decision.

§ His settled resolution

|| Forbidden

¶ Impres on you.

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not holds* the king; with others, whom, I
fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.†

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gen. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Art not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gen. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gen. O, ho, I know the riddle: [Aside.] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.‡ Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.§ [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
Each jealous of the other, as the stung ¶ love;
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,||
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done,

Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

* I. e. Emboldens him.

† Opposition.

‡ I. e. All designs against your life will have an end.

§ Be ready to meet the occasion.

|| I. e. Make my party good.

SCENE II.—A Field between the Two
Alarums within.—Enter, with Drum and Colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of
tree

For your good heat; pray that the night
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, Sir! [Exit EDGAR]
Alarums; afterwards a Retreat.—Re-enter

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy
away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may not
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming;
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exit]

SCENE III.—The British Camp near

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours,
EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners,
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away
guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down
Myself could else out-frown false frowns.—

Shall we not see these daughters, and

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's to
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i'the
When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk wit
too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in,
And take upon us the mystery of things;
As if we were God's spies: And we'll
out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. ¶
caught thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a branch
heaven,

And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe
The gounjeers; shall devour them, flesh and
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see
starve first.

Come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [Giving a Paper.] ¶
low them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou
As this instructs thee, thou dost make
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—thou
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

* I. e. To be ready prepared, is all.

† Pass judgement on them.

‡ The French disease.

§ Skin.

Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment

Will not bear question;* either say, thou'lt Or thrive by other means. [do't,

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so, As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; If it be man's work, I will do it.

[Exit OFFICER.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, OFFICERS, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain, [tives

And fortune led you well: You have the cap- Who were the opposites of this day's strife:

We do require them of you; so to use them, As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

To some retention, and appointed guard;

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this time, [friend;

We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness:—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,

Requires a fitter place.†

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,

Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;

The which immediacy‡ may well stand up,

And call itself your brother.

Gen. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,

More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gen. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gen. Holloa, holloa!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.§

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:

Witness the world, that I create thee here

My lord and master.

Gen. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone|| lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

* Admit of debate.

† To be discoursed of in greater privacy.

‡ Authority to act on his own judgement.

§ Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint."

|| The hinderance.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [To EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest, This gilded serpent: [Pointing to GON.]—for your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge; [Throwing down a Glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing down a Glove.] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;* for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a HERALD.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,— And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [A Trumpet sounds.

HERALD reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon EDMUND, supposed earl of GLOSTER, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o'the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker- Yet am I noble, as the adversary [bit:

I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath and my profession: I protest,—

* I. e. Valour.

Maugre* thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;†
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-
 like, [breathes,
 And that thy tongue some 'say; of breeding
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
 bruise,) [way,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,
 speak.

[Alarums.—They fight.—EDMUND falls.

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gen. This is mere practice,‡ Gloster:
 By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
 answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not van-
 But cozen'd and beguil'd. [quish'd,

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, Sir:—
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own
 evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
 [Gives the Letter to EDMUND.

Gen. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not
 Who shall arraign me for't? [thine:

Alb. Most monstrous!
 Know'st thou this paper?

Gen. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GONERIL.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
 her. [To an OFFICER, who goes out.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
 have I done; [out;
 And more, much more: the time will bring it
 'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
 I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
 I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
 If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
 My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us:
 The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
 Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
 The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
 A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
 Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
 Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
 I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? [ther?
 How have you known the miseries of your fa-

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List|| a brief
 tale;—

* Notwithstanding.

† Because if his adversary was not of equal rank, Ed-
 mund might have declined the combat.

‡ Sample.

§ Stratagem.

|| Hear.

And, when 'tis told, O, that my hear
 The bloody proclamation to escape, [
 That follow'd me so near, (O our lives
 ness!

That with the pain of death we'd how
 Rather than die at once!) taught me t
 Into a madman's rags; to assume
 blance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this
 Met I my father with his bleeding ring
 Their precious stones new lost; bes
 guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd h
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto
 Until some half hour past, when I wa
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good:
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to l
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his
 heart,

(Alack, too weak the conflict to suppe
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy as
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'
 And shall, perchance, do good: but
 you on;

You look as you had something more t
 Alb. If there be more, more woeful,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a peri
 To such as love not sorrow; but anothe
 To amplify too much, would make m
 And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came
 Who having seen me in my worst esta
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then,
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his
 arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on
 ther;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recou
 His grief grew puissant, and the string
 Began to crack: Twice then the
 sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent;
 disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN hastily, with a b
 Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
 It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady: a
 By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them bot
 Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they a
 dead!—

This judgement of the heavens, that ma
 tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [Exit GENT

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, Sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
 Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye^a good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN
are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to
do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the of-
fice? send

Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.†

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

**Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;
EDGAR, OFFICER, and others.**

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is
gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-
glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?‡

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!§

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be
so,

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, trai-
tors all! [*ever!*—]

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever
soft, [*man:—*]

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in wo-
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow? [*chion*]

I have seen the day, with my good biting faul-
I would have made them skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
you? [*straight.*]

Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
One of them we behold. [*hated,*]

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not
Kent?

Kent. The same; [*Caius?*]

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you

that; [*rotten.*]

He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very

man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and

Have follow'd your sad steps. [*decay,*]

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,

and deadly.— [*selves,*]

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain

That we present us to him. [*it is*]

Edg. Very bootless.*

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay† may come,

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your

rights; [*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot,‡ and such addition§ as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall

taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool|| is hang'd! No, no,

no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come

no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, Sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her

lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'y thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!¶

he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so

He but usurp'd his life. [*long:*]

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present

business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you

twain [*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must

obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are

young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

* For ever.

† Destroyed herself.

‡ The end of the world, or the horrible circumstances
preceding it?

§ L. e. Die; Albany speaks to Lear.

* Useless.

† L. e. Lear.

‡ Benefit.

§ Titica.

¶ Poor fool, in the time of Shakspeare was an expression
of endearment.

¶ Die.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Houses, at vari-
CAPULET, } ance with each other.
An Old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An APOTHECARY.
Three MUSICIANS.
CHORUS.—Boy, Page to Paris.—**PETRA**, an Officer.
LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.
SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands un-
clean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents'
strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter **SAMPSON** and **GREGORY**, armed with
Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry
coals.*

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, as we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out
of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to
strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves
me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant,
is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd,
thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid
of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the
weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the
weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—
therefore I will push Montague's men from
the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters,
and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the moon, I will be
cruel with the maids; I will cut off their
heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel
it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to
stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of
flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou
hadst, thou hadst been poor John.† Draw thy
tool; here comes two of the house of the Mon-
tagues.‡

* A phrase formerly in use to signify the bearing depre-
sion.

† Poor John is fish, dried and salted.
‡ The disregard of concord is in character.

Enter ABRAHAM and BELTHASAR.

My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I
 thee.
 Now! turn thy back, and run?
 Hear me not.
 O, marry: I fear thee!
 Let us take the law of our sides; let
 us.
 Still frown, as I pass by; and let them
 they list.
 Lay, as they dare. I will bite my
 them; which is a disgrace to them,
 or it.
 O you bite your thumb at us, Sir?
 Do bite my thumb, Sir.
 O you bite your thumb at us, Sir?
 Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?
 O.
 O, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you,
 I bite my thumb, Sir.
 O you quarrel, Sir?
 Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.
 If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve
 a man as you.
 Is better.
 Well, Sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a Distance.

Lay—better; here comes one of my
 kinsmen.
 'O, better, Sir.
 'O, lie.
 Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, re-
 by swathing blow. [They fight.
 'Art, fools; put up your swords; you
 t what you do.

[Beats down their Swords.

Enter TYBALT.

What, art thou drawn among these
 heartless hinds?
 O, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
 Do but keep the peace; put up thy
 sword,
 go it to part these men with me.
 What, drawn, and talk of peace? I
 hate the word,
 O hell, all Montagues, and thee:
 thee, coward. [They fight.

Several Partizans of both Houses, who join
 in; then enter CITIZENS, with Clubs.

Clubs,* bills, and partizans' strike
 beat them down! [They fight.
 With the Capulets! down with the Mon-

CAPOLET, in his Gown; and LADY
 CAPOLET.

What noise is this?—Give me my long
 sword, ho!
 O. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you
 for a sword?
 My sword, I say!—Old Montague is
 wishes his blade in spite of me. [Come,
 MONTAGUE, and LADY MONTAGUE.
 Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not,
 let me go.
 No. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek
 a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 of this neighbour-stained steel,—

! was the usual exclamation of an officer in the
 we now call Watch!

Will they not hear!—what ho! you men, you
 beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the
 ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-
 place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
 [Exeunt PRINCE, and Attendants; CAPOLET,
 LADY CAPOLET, TYBALT, CITIZENS, and
 Servants.

Men. Who set this ancient quarrel new
 abroad?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
 Ben. Here were the servants of your adver-
 sary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
 While we were interchanging thrusts and
 blows,

[part,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Men. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him
 to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
 sun,

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they are meet
 alone,—

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Men. Many a morning bath he there been
 seen,

[dew,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun [sighs:
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, looks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the
 cause?

Men. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

* Angry.

† Appeared.

I know his grievances, or he much does.
Men I would, thou wert so happy by
stay,

To hear true shift. Come, madam, let's go
[Enter MONTAGUE, and Exit]

Ben Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom In the day so young?

Ben But new struck nine.

Rom Ah me! sad hours seem long
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben It was. What sadness lengthens
Romeo's hours!

Rom Not having that, which having, makes
them short.

Ben In love?

Rom That.

Ben O! love!

Rom Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough to prove!

Rom Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where should we dine? O me!—What
was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom Good heart, at what?

Ben At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press
With more of these: this love, that thou

shows,

her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
to her consent is but a part;
gree, within her scope of choice
consent and fair according voice.
at I hold an old accustom'd feast,
I have invited many a guest,
[love; and you, among the store,
e, most welcome, makes my number
more.
or house, look to behold this night
ading stars, that make dark heaven
ight :
ort, as do lusty young men feel
ell-apparell'd April on the heel
ng winter treads, even such delight
resh female buds shall you this night
at my house; hear all, all see,
her most, whose merit most shall be:
ongst view of many, mine, being one,
nd in number, though in reckoningt
none.
o with me;—Go, Sirrah, trudge about
fair Verona: find those persons out,
ames are written there, [*Gives a Pa-
per.*] and to them say,
e and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.
Find them out, whose names are writ-
? It is written—that the shoemaker
neddle with his yard, and the tailor
last, the fisher with his pencil, and
ter with his nets; but I am sent to
e persons, whose names are here writ,
never find what names the writing
ath here writ. I must to the learned:
d time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

ut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,
ain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
ldy, and be holp by backward turning;
lesperate grief cures with another's
anguish :
ou some new infection to thy eye,
rank poison of th' old will die.
Your plantain leaf is excellent for
that.
or what, I pray thee?
For your broken shin.
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is:
in prison, kept without my food,
l, and tormented, and — Good-e'en,
good fellow.
God gi' good e'en.—I pray, Sir, can
I?
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Perhaps you have learn'd it without
book:
ay, can you read any thing you see?
Ay, if I know the letters, and the lan-
guage.
Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

*r Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The
ow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and
y nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Va-
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-
y fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior*

*levit, in the language of Shakespeare is to possess.
† Estimation.*

*Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the
lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*]
Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that
before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come
and crush a cup of wine.* Rest you merry!

[*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires!

[*die,—*

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world be-
gun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else be-
ing by,

Herself pois'd† with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be
weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant‡ show well, that now
shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be
shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve
year old,— [bird!—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here,

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give
leave awhile, [again;

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our
counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an
hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen§ be it spoken, I have but
four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

* We still say in cant language—to crack a bottle.

† Weighed. ‡ Scarce, hardly. § To my sorrow

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—(God rest all Christian souls
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
(On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen
That shall she, marry; I remember it well
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget
it,—

(Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nib
(Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no more
I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by
road,†

She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
*'Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit.
Wilt thou not, Jule?'* and by my holy-dam,‡
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand year
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule*
quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,§ and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose
but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

*'Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age.
Wilt thou not, Jule?'* it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse;
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark the
to his grace!¶

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very
theme

I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,

I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat [teat

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now
younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in
brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

* *I. e.* I have a perfect remembrance or recollection.
† The cross. ‡ Holy dame, *i. e.* the blessed virgin.
§ It stopped crying. ¶ Favour.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; [down.—
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a Mask.

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote* deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner
But every man betake him to his legs. [in,

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushest with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.†

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this
But 'tis no wit to go. [mask;

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies;‡
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love: [straight:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers

* Observe.

† It was anciently the custom to strew rooms with rushes.

‡ This is equivalent to phrases in common use.—I am done for, it is over with me.

§ Atoms.

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:‡
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluggish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter SERVANTS.

1 **Serv.** Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 **Serv.** When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 **Serv.** Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard;‡ look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;§ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 **Serv.** Ay, boy; ready.

1 **Serv.** You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 **Serv.** We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [They retire behind.

* A place in court.

† I. e. Fairy-locks, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night.

‡ A cupboard set in a corner like a buffet on which the plate was placed

§ Almond-cake.

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that ha
their toes [you:
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout wi
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that mak
dainty, she, [now
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near yo
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen th
day.

That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone
'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musi
cians, play.

A hall! a hall!* give room, and foot it, girls
[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up.
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot.—

Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit. nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much; 'tis
not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder,
His son is thirty. [Sir:

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich
the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serr. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's† ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows,
The measure done, I'll watch her place of
stand, [hand.

And, touching hers, make happy my rude
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mont-
ague:— [slave

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now kinsman? wherefore
storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him
He bears him like a portly gentleman; [alone,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:

* I. e. Make room.

† An Ethiopian, a black.

‡ The dance.

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We have a trifling foolish banquet* towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to
 bed. [late;

Ah, Sirrah, [To 2 Cap.] by my say,† it waxes
 I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
 The only son of your great enemy. [gue;

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within, Juliet!*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much
 To meet her new-beloved any where: [less
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
 [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

*SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining
 CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is
 here?

Turn back, dull earth,‡ and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

* A collation of fruit, wine, &c.

† Faith.

‡ I. e. Himself.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but—Ah me! couple but—*love and dove*;
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The apt is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle [him
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
 trees,

To be consorted with the humorous‡ night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree, [mark.
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh
 alone.—

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a
 wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a Window.*]
 But, soft! what light through yonder window
 breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid,‡ since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
 It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!— [that?
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

* Alluding to the old ballad of the King and the Beggar.

† This phrase in Shakespeare's time was used as an expression of tenderness.

‡ Humid, moist.

§ A votary to the moon, to Diana.

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff[†] thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-
like.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let[‡] to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
quire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

* Owns, possesses.
‡ Hindrance.

† Do off.
‡ Unless thou love me.

As that vast shore wash'd with the surfet[‡]
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is
my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, but not
What I have spoke; But farewell compliments!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt
Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjury
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee no,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.[‡]

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was won.
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the mean
and chaste moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in
I have no joy of this contract to-night. [*Exit.*]
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afear'd,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

* Behaviour.

‡ They.

‡ When.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent* of love be honourable, [row,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-mor-
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay, [rite;
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the
world:

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
I do beseech thee,— [well,

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want
thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from
their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentlet back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my
name: [night,

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till
then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember
it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
Forgetting any other home but this. [forget,

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,†

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast!— [rest!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell:

His help to crave, and my dear hap‡ to tell.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night, [light;
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of
And flecked* darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's†
wheels:

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours, [flowers.
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace,‡ that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true quali-
ties:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair
use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers
each part;

Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie:
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd
brain [reign:

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;
Or, if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa-
line?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast
thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

* Inclination.

† Fetters

‡ The male of the green hawk.

§ Chance, fortune.

* Spotted, streaked.

† The sun.

‡ Virtue.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; [brine
And all combin'd save what thou must com-
By holy marriage: When, and where, and
how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fra. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is
here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sorrow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in
Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosa-
line.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And had'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I
love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden
haste.*

Fra. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that
run fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his
man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer
a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's mas-
ter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot
thorough the ear with a love-song; the very
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's
butt-shaft† And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats;‡ I can tell
you. O, he is the courageous captain of com-
pliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,§

* I. e. It is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty.

† Arrow. ‡ See the story of Reynard the Fox.

§ By notes prick'd down.

keeps time, distance, and proportion; his
minim rest, one, two, and the third
bosom: the very butcher of a silk in-
duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the
first house,—of the first and second cut
the immortal passado! the punto ven-
hay!*

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, happy, and
fantasticoes; these new tuners of ac-
Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall
very good where!—Why, is not this a li-
ble thing, grandsire, that we should be
afflicted with these strange fies, these
mongers, these pardoners-moys, who
much on the new form, that they cannot
ease on the old bench? O, their in-
bous!†

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes!

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried
—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
is he for the numbers that Petrarch set
Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-
—marry, she had a better love to be-shy!
Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy;
and Hero, biddings and harlots, Tush,
eye or so, but not to the purpose—
Romeo, bon jour! there's a French tilt
to your French slop.‡ You gave us the
terfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.
counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;§ Can I
conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my
was great, and, in such a case as mine,
may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such
as yours constrains a man to bow in the
Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of one.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-fil-

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest
till thou hast worn out thy pump, that
the single sole of it is worn, the jest
main, after the wearing, solely singular!

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely a
for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Ben-
vol's fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and
or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild
chace,** I have done; for thou hast
the wild-geese in one of thy wits, that
sure, I have in my whole five: Was I
there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for
thing, when thou wast not there for the

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for th

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeten
is a most sharp sauce.

* Terms of the fencing school.

† In ridicule of Frenchified conceits.

‡ Trowsers or pantaloon, a French fashion of
spare's time.

§ A pun on counterfeit money called slips
of shoe.

** A horse taken in any direction the leader chooses
†† An apple.

is it not well served in to a sweet

here's a wit of cheverel,* that
m an inch narrow to an ell broad!
etch it out for that word—broad;
l to the goose, proves thee far and
l goose.

, is not this better now than groan-
? now art thou sociable, now art
; now art thou what thou art, by
as by nature: for this drivelling
great natural, that runs lolling
to hide his bauble in a hole.

there, stop there.
I desirest me to stop in my tale
air.

wouldst else have made thy tale

you art deceived, I would have
rt: for I was come to the whole
tale: and meant, indeed, to oc-
ument no longer.
e's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

il, a sail, a sail!
two; a shirt, and a smock.
ter!
on?

fan, Peter.†
hee, do, good Peter, to hide her
fan's the fairer of the two.
d ye good morrow, gentlemen.
ye good den,‡ fair gentlewoman.
t good den?
so less, I tell you; for the bawdy
dial is now upon the prick§ of

t upon you! what a man are you?
; gentlewoman, that God hath
to mar.

my troth, it is well said;—For
r, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any
ne where I may find the young

t tell you; but young Romeo will
n you have found him, than he
u sought him: I am the youngest
for 'fault of a worse.

I say well.
is the worst well? very well took,
y, wisely.

ou be he, Sir, I desire some con-
you.

vill indite him to some supper.
wd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
t hast thou found?

are, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a
hat is something stale and hoar
it.

old hare hoar,||
id an old hare hoar,
ry gould meat in lent:
it a hare that is hoar,
too much for a score,
n it hours ere it be spent.—

you come to your father's? we'll
her.

I follow you.

Well, ancient lady; farewell, lady,
, lady.

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

* Soft stretching leather.
stom for servants to carry the lady's fan.
† Point. ‡ Hoary, mouldy.
The burden of an old song.

Nurse. Marry farewell!—I pray you, Sir,
what saucy merchant* was this, that was so
full of his ropery?†

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to
hear himself talk; and will speak more in a
minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me,
I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he
is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot,
I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am
none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-
mates:‡—And thou must stand by too, and
suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure;
if I had, my weapon should quickly have been
out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as
another man, if I see occasion in a good quar-
rel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that
every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—
Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my
young lady bade me inquire you out; what
she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but
first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a
fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very
gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the
gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you
should deal double with her, truly, it were an
ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and
very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and
mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell
her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful
woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou
dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir,—that you do
protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-
like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to
This afternoon; [shrift§
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy
pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall
be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the
abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant|| of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit¶ thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—
Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er
hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as
steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir; my mistress is the sweet-
est lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little
prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in
town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her

* A term of disrespect in contradistinction to gentleman.
† Roguery.

‡ A mate or companion of one wearing a skain; a short
sword. § Confession.

|| The highest extremity of the mast of a ship.
¶ Requite.

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S GARDEN.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did
the nurse,
In half an hour she promis'd to return. [Re-
Perhaps, she cannot meet him, that
O, she is lame! love's heralds should
thoughts, [be
Which ten times faster glide than the
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw
And therefore hath the wind swift C
wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine
twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would landly* her to my sweet
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what
news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man
Nurse Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit P

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord!
look at thou and!

Though news be nil, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shalt be the music of sweet
By playing it to me with so sweet a face.

Nurse I am weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt
I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and
thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good,
nurse, speak.

Nurse. Fie! What haste? and you

Enter JULIET.

es the lady :—O, so light a foot
wear out the everlasting flint:
ay bestride the gossamers*
in the wanton summer air,
not fall; so light is vanity.
od even to my ghostly confessor.
meo shall thank thee, daughter, for
s both.
much to him, else are his thanks too
uch.
h, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
I like mine, and that thy skill be
ore
it, then sweeten with thy breath
bour air, and let rich music's tongue,
imagin'd happiness that both
either by this dear encounter.
iceit,† more rich in matter than in
ords,
is substance not of ornament:
but beggars that can count their
orth;
ie love is grown to such excess,
im up half my sum of wealth.
e, come with me, and we will make
ort work;
ur leaves, you shall not stay alone,
urch incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *PAGE*, and *Servants*.

ay you, good Mercutio, let's retire;
hot, the Capulets abroad,
meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
these hot days, is the mad blood
rring.

ou art like one of those fellows,
he enters the confines of a tavern,
s sword upon the table, and says,
we need of thee! and, by the oper-
second cup, draws it on the draw-
ndeed, there is no need.

I like such a fellow?
ue, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
any in Italy; and as soon moved
y, and as soon moody to be moved.
d what to?

y, an there were two such, we
e none shortly, for one would kill
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in
han thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel
for cracking nuts, having no other

because thou hast hazel eyes;
out such an eye, would spy out such
Thy head is as full of quarrels, as
all of meat; and yet thy head hath
as addle as an egg, for quarrelling.
quarrelled with a man for coughing
t, because he hath wakened thy
th lain asleep in the sun. Didst
l out with a tailor for wearing his
t before Easter? with another, for
w shoes with old ribband? and yet
tor me from quarrelling!

I were so apt to quarrel as thou
n should buy the fee-simple of my
our and a quarter.

fee-simple? O simple!

g white filament which flies in the air.
lut, display. † Imagination.

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one
of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us?
Couple it with something; make it a word
and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that,
Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion
without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Ro-
meo,—

Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look
to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-
stick; here's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
men:

Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here
comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, Sir, if he wear
your livery: [er;
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follow-
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can af-
ford

No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage [thee
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; [not.
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submis-
sion!

*A la stoccata** carries it away. [Drums.
Tybalt, you rat catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold
withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter,
dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilchert by the ears?
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere
it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; [shame

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mer-
cutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*

* The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.
† Case or scabbard.

sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any cloot in the varrel world. Doth not rosemary and Remino begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with *m*.

Nurse. Ah, meeker! that's the dog's name. It is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest imitation of *R*, of *y*ou and *rem*my, that I would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Command me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pat. Anna,

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return. [so.—
Purchance, she cannot meet him: that's not
O, she is lame! love's heracles should be
thought, [heaven,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy* her to my sweet love,
And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look at thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jem! What haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!
no, not he; though his face be better than any

* Drive her, as a ball struck with a bandy, &c. &c. a ball or battledore.

man's, yet his leg excels all men's hand, and a foot, and a body,—do not to be talked on, yet they are so. He is not the flower of courtesy, warrant him, as gentle as a lamb ways, wench; serve God.—What dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I k

What says he to our marriage? v

Nurse. Lord, how my head ach

head have I?

It burs as it would fall in twenty

My back o't'other side,—O, my

back!

Bestrew* your heart, for needing

To catch my death with juss

down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell m

my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an

tleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and

And, I warrant, a virtuous:—W

mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—

within;

Where should she be? How od

Your love says like an honest gentle

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up

Is this the poultice for my aching

Henceforward do your messages;

Jul. Here's such a coil,†—come

Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go

day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to

reace' cell,

There stays a husband to make ye

Now comes the wanton blood:

cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at an;

Hie you to church: I must anothe

To fetch a ladder, by the which ye

Must climb a bird's nest soon, whe

I am the drudge, and toil in your d

But you shall bear the burden soon

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the c

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—h

* Ill betide.

† Noise.

VE II.—A Room in CAPOLET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Gallop space, you ferry-footed steeds,
do Phorbos' mansion, such a waggoner
neton would whip you to the west,
dug in cloudy night immediately.—
thy close curtains, love-performing
night!

in-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
can see to do their amorous rites
in own beauties: or, if love be blind,
agrees with night.—Come, civil^a night,
sister-suited matron, all in black,
arm me how to lose a winning match,
for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

true love acted, simple modesty.
night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
than new snow on a raven's back.—
gentle night; come, loving, black-
brow'd night,

be my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
him and cut him out in little stars,
I will make the face of heaven so fine,
if the world will be in love with night,
as on worship to the garish^b sun.—
I have bought the mansion of a love,
but possessors'd it; and, though I am sold,
I enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
as the night before some festival
impatient child, that hath new robes,
may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter NURSE, with Cords.

she brings news; and every tongue, that
speaks [quence.—
Romeo's name, speaks heavenly glo-
mour, what news? What hast thou
there, the cords,
Romeo bade thee fetch?

se. Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.

Ah me! what news? why dost thou
wring thy hands?

se. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

and one, lady, we are undone!—
the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
dead!

Can heaven be so envious?

se. Romeo can,
heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

fortune should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
that bare vowel I shall poison more
the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

not I, if there be such an I;
no eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.

no slains, say—I; or if not, no:
wounds determine of my weal, or woe.

se. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

ere, colour.

se are terms of falshood. } Gaudy, showy.
Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle ay was
written I, and here it is necessary to retain the
long.

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swoonded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here:
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I
had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so con-
trary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord!—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Ty-
balt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? [face]

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All frowsworn, all wrought, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some ap-
pearance:— [me old.

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth^a
thy name, [it?—

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my

cousin? [band:

That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
band, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. [slain:

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my

husband!

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's

death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—banished, that one word—banished,

a To smooth, in ancient language, is to speak in a soft way.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.* Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had added there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, [dead,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead.—Romeo is banished,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse,

Will you go to them: I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are
beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Frier LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Frier LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the
prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the
prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his
lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
For exile hath more terror in his look, [death:
Much more than death: do not say—banish-
ment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. [walls,

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death misterm'd: calling death—banishment,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
priace,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to ban-
ishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her.
But Romeo may not.—More validity,^a

More honourable state, more courtesy in
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may see
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her eye.

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
But Romeo may not; he is banished.

Flies may do this, when I from this banish'd.
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-pointed
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though he cry now,
But—banished—to kill me; banished!

O friar, the damned use that word in hell,
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me, with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-
ment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off the
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, [wall:
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madness have no
ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise man
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy rage.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou
dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyself. [Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[Knocking.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?
—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while: stand up;

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come
[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?
what's your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you
shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

^a Worth, value.

* I.e. Is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybals.
† Common. ‡ Know.

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy! Pitious predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man. For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an ()?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir.—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood remov'd but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell In what vile part of this anatomy [me, Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art; Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself? [earth?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. [wit;

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, [wit.

Digressing from the valour of a man:

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too: [friend,

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,

Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more

joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all

the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to

chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you,

Sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by

this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands

all your state;†

Either be gone before the watch be set,

(Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good

night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on

me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so un-

luckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter: [ly,

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dear—

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to

woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your

daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early

to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd† up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate†

tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; [not.

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday

But, soft; What day is this? [next—

Par. Monday, my lord.

* Torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

† The whole of your fortune depends on this.
‡ Shut up. § Bold.

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth!—Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise
stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
(Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-
lous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked
fiend!

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
pare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be
twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, Sir? the time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd.

[Aside.

Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my
cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may see
my wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thur-
sday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to
father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess my sin.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love him.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love
me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price.
Being spoke behind your back, than in your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory
that;

For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
der'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daugh-
ter, now:—

My lord we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devo-
tion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,

Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure,
past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief:
It strains me past the compass of my wits. I
hear thou must, and nothing must prevent
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou hast
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire,* arbitrating that

Which the commission† of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die.

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of
hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

* Decide the struggle between me and my extremes.
† Authority or power.

Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, [bears;
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
 bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
 consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like
 death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning
 comes [dead:
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and
 prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength
 shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and
 SERVANTS.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are
 writ.— [Exit SERVANT.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, Sir; for I'll
 try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that can-
 not lick his own fingers: therefore he, that
 cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit SERVANT.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
 on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift*
 with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have
 you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the
 Of disobedient opposition [sin

To you, and your behests;† and am enjoin'd
 By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you. [you!

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of
 this; [ing.

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morn-

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
 cell;

And gave him what becomed‡ love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—
 stand up: [ty;

This is as't should be.—Let me see the coun-
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
 closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is
 time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
 to-morrow.

[Exit JULIET and NURSE.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, [wife:
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
 I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone; [ho!—

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What,
 They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up [light,
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
 [Exit.

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gen-
 tle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons§

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of

sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need
 my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
 saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

* Confession.

† Becoming.

‡ U

§ Commanda

† Prayer

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[**Exeunt Lady CAPULET and NURSE.**
Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[**Laying down a Dagger.**

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Best in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air
breathes in,

And then die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, in it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, [bones
Where, for these many hundred years, the
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his
shroud? [bone,

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[**She throws herself on the Bed.**

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in
the pastry.†

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath wrung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

* The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it a degree of animal life, and when it is torn from the ground it groans, which is fatal to him that pulls it up.

† Distracted. ‡ The room where pies were made.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and so'er bend it

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a new-har'
in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[**Exeunt Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.**

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Nurse,
What's there? [Enter Nurse]

Enter SERVANTS, with Spits, Logs, and Sails.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, Sir; but I have
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find at
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit 2 Serv.]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whar-
son! ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 's

The county will be here with music straight,

[**Musicians within.**

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I
say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come a-
ready:

Make haste, I say! [Exit Nurse]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!

—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you dog-a-
bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—
why, bride!

What, not a word?—you take your pratt-
worths now;

Sleep for a week: for the next night, I warr-

The county Paris hath set up his rest, [ma]

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive

(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam,
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be!

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

* Nurse was a term of endearment.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ;
alack the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day ! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha ! let me see her :—Out, alas ! she's
cold ;

Her blood is settled ; and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woeful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with MUSICIANS.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to
church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride :—See, there
she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

Fri. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day !

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful
day !

Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !

O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :

O woeful day, O woeful day !

Fri. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
slain !

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !—

O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd !—

Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity ?—

O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my
child !—

Dead art thou, dead !—alack ! my child is dead ;
And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath

And all the better is it for the maid : [all,
Your part in her you could not keep from

death ;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was—her promotion ;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd :

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :

She's not well married, that lives married long ;
But she's best married, that dies married

young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church :
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :

Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with

him ;—
And go, Sir Paris ;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave :

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
Move them no more, by crossing their high

will. [Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPU-
LET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up ;
put up ;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[Exit Nurse.
1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter PETR.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's case*,
heart's case ; O, an you will have me live, play
—*heart's case*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's case* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays—*My heart is full of woe* : O, play me some
merry dump,* to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play
now.

Pet. You will not then ?

2 Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleek :†
I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotch-
ets : I'll *re* you, I'll *sa* you ; Do you note me ?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *sa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my

iron dagger :—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound ;*

*Why, silver sound ! why, music with her silver
sound ?*

What say you, Simon Catling ?

1 Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too !—What say you, James
Soundpost ?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ! you are the singer :
I will say for you. It is music with her silver

* Dumps were heavy mournful tunes.

† To gleek is to wrangle, and a gleekman signified a minstrel.

‡ " And the young rebeck sound."—Milton.

sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord^{*} sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I will not leave you thus:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples;† meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses.

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.

Noting this penny, to myself I said—

And if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but furnish my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut—

What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gun[‡]
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

* L. c. Love.

† Herbs.

‡ Stuff

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lam. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,* but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring't thee.
[Exit.]

Lam. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's
tomb! [Exit.]

**SCENE III.—A Church-Yard; in it, a
Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.**

**Enter PARIS, and his PAGE, bearing Flowers
and a Torch.**

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and
stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of
graves,)

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something ap-
proach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.
[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain

The perfect model of eternity;

Pair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

Accept this latest favour at my hands;

That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The Boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth ap-
proach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a
while. [Retires.]

**Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch,
Mattock, &c.**

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrench-
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge
thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face: [ger

But, chiefly, to take hence from her dead fin-

A precious ring; a ring that I must use

In dear employment:† therefore hence, be-
gone:—

* I. e. On a trivial or idle subject.

† I. e. Action of importance.

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy
limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble
you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—
Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here-
about;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more
food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Monta-
gue,

[grief,

That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which

It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies; I will apprehend him.—

[Advances.]

Stop thy unballow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obeys, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these
gone;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Heap not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself:

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, begone;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,*

And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
thee, boy. [They fight.]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch. [Exit PAGE.]

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.]—If thou be
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this
face;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,

He told me, Paris should have married Ju-
liet:—

Said he not so? or did I dream it so? [liet:

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave? O, no; a lantern,† slaughter'd
youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence; full of light.

* I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. depart.

† The allusion is to a louvre or turret full of windows

by means of which ancient halls, &c. are illuminated.

‡ Presence chamber.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the Monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers
call

A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning!—O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
twain,

To slander his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O,
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct,* come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[Dies.]

Enter at the other end of the Church-Yard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night [there?]

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy Sir; and there's my
[master,]
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes
upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? [Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre!—

* Conductor.

What mean these masterless and gory souls
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris
too?

And steep'd in blood!—Ah, what a villain
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs.

Jul. O, comfortable fiend! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come in
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, say
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too, come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again.] I do
stay no longer.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not
away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after!—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm!

I Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—What
way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief:—O
happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's Dagger.]
This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there rest,
and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's Body, and dies.]

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the
torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about
the church-yard:

Go, some of you, whose'er you find, attack.
[Exeunt some.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some other
search;— [Exeunt other WATCHMEN.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the WATCH, with BALTHAZAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prior
come hither.

Enter another WATCHMAN, with Friar
LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him.
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the first
too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our people from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,

Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run, With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house* Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.—

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself accus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stolen-marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You—to remove that siege* of grief from her,—

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To county Paris:—Then comes she to me; And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage, Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John, Was staid by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my letter back: Then all alone, At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault; Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time Of her awakening,) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb; And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But (as it seems,) did violence on herself. All this I know; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua, To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death: And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate, That heaven finds means to kill your joys

with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,



LET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of Denmark.
to the former King, and Nephew
of present King.
Court Chamberlain.
Friend to Hamlet.
Friend to Polonius.

} Courtiers.
N,
rtier.
RTIER.

} Officers.

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A CAPTAIN.—AN AMBASSADOR.
GHOST of Hamlet's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother
of Hamlet.
OPHELIA, Daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players,
Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I.

*-Elsinore.—A Platform before the
Castle.*

CO on his Post.—Enter to him
BERNARDO.

s there?
, answer me: stand, and unfold
live the king!
nardo?

come most carefully upon your
now struck twelve; get thee to
Francisco.
this relief, much thanks: 'tis bit-
cold,
ck at heart.
e you had quiet guard?
a mouse stirring.
, good night.
et Horatio and Marcellus,
of my watch, bid them make haste.

• HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

ink, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who
ere?
nds to this ground.
l liegemen to the Dane.
e you good night.
arewell, honest soldier:
believ'd you?
nardo hath my place.
ood night. [Exit FRANCISCO.
lla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good
Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again
to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve^a our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from
the pole, [heaven
Had made his course to illume that part of
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it
comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's
dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows^a me with fear,
and wonder.

Mar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time
of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge
thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Hor. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee,
speak. [Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Hor. How, now, Horatio? you tremble, and
look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in angry parle,[†]
He smote the sledged[‡] Polack[§] on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump[¶] at this
dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I
knew not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the
Who is't, that can inform me? [day;

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant
Hamlet [him,)

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd com-
Well ratified by law and heraldry, [pact,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras, [mart,¶
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-
And carriage of the article design'd,**

His fell to Hamlet: Now, Sir, young Fortin-
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,†† [bras,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd^{‡‡} up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach^{§§} in't: which is no other

(As it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those 'Invincible
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief
head

Of this post-haste and revenge[¶] in the hel

[Hor. I think, it be no other, but even:
Well may it sort,[†] that this portentous sign
Comes armed through our watch; so like the
king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy[‡] state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [fall
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

• • • • •
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star[§]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire
stands,

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the opening coming on,
Have heaven and earth together conjunctured[¶]
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, He-
sten!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!

Or, if thou hast upboarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk[¶]
death, [Cock crew.

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Sleep it, Mr.
cellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Hor. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Hor. It was about to speak, when the cock
crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring[¶] spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.**

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;

^a Conquers. [†] Dispute. [‡] Sledge.
[§] Polander, an inhabitant of Poland.
[¶] Just. [¶] Joint bargain.
^{**} The covenant to confirm that bargain.
^{††} Full of spirit without experience. ^{‡‡} Picked.
^{§§} Resolution.

^a Search. [†] Suit. [‡] Victorious.
[§] The moon. [¶] Event. [¶] Wandering.
^{**} Proof.

The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So I have heard, and do in part believe
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, [it.
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*—A Room of State in
the same.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS,
and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear bro-
ther's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in mar-
riage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,*—

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortin-
bras,—

Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing our surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bandst of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for
him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait; herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. [duty.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we
show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily fare-
well.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to
Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France, [don.

And bow them to your gracious leave and par-
King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my
slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than
kind.* [Aside.

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang
on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the
sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off, [mark.

And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids†

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live,
must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know
not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of
grief, [seem,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed,
For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to perséver
In obstinate condolment, is a course

(Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as com-
mon

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

* Nature: a little more than a kinsman, and less than a
natural one.

† Lowering eye.

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde* to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouser the heaven shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c. POLONIUS, and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! [melt,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon|| 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in
nature, [this!
Possess it merely.¶ That it should come to
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king; that was, to this, [two:
Hyperion** to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem†† the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—(O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my
tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your power
want ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change my
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Ham*
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even
Sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so.
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trust of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no traitor.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
baked meats*

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest† foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent† ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentle-
men,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waist and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your

Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pe, [father,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he
walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, [disturb
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them, the third night, kept the
watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time.

Form of the thing, each word made true and
good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

* It was anciently the custom to give a cold entertain-
ment at a funeral.

† Chiefest.

‡ Attentive.

* Contrary.

† Draght.

‡ Report.

† Dissolve.

|| Law.

¶ Entirely.

** Apollo.

†† Suffer.

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles
Hold you the watch to-night? [me.

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver^a
up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BER-
NARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; fare-
And, sister, as the winds give benefit, [well:
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fa-
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; [your,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

^a That part of the helmet which may be lifted up.

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent,^a does not grow alone
In thews,[†] and bulk; but, as this temple
waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you
now;

And now no soil, nor cautel,[‡] doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,

Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place [ther,

May give his saying deed; which is no fur-
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sus-
tain,

If with too credent^{||} ear you list[¶] his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure
To his unmaster'd^{**} importunity. [open

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest^{††} maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep,

As watchman to my heart: But good my bro-
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless[‡] libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.^{§§}

Laer. () fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing
with you;

[*Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.^{|||} Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm^{¶¶} with entertain-
ment [Beware

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,

^a Increasing.

[†] Discolour.

^{**} Licentious.

^{††} Careless.

^{|||} Write.

[‡] Sins.

[¶] Believing.

^{††} Most cautious.

^{||} Regards not his own lessons.

^{¶¶} Palm of the hand.

[‡] Subtlety, deceit.

[¶] Listen to.

Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,

Are most select and generous,† chiefly in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.§
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season|| this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.¶

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit LAERTES.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous,

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly.
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many
Of his affection to me. [tenders]

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green
girl,

Unsifted** in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a
baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord he hath importun'd me with
In honourable fashion.†† [love,

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go
to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daugh-
ter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making.—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments‡‡ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;

And with a larger tether* may be walk.
Then may be given you: In few, Ophelia.
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers.
Not of that die which their investments are
But mere implorators‡ of unholy suits.
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds.
The better to beguile. This is for all.—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time
forth,

Have you so slander any moment's leisure.
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then drew
near the season,

Wherein the spirit held is wont to walk.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, and Drums
shot off, within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and
takes his rouse.¶

Keeps wassel,¶ and the swaggering up-
spring reels;¶¶

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray at
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the ob-
servance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe it us, drunkards, and with a swinish
phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men.

That, for some vicious mode of nature in us,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin.

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of rea-
son;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that makes
men,—

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect.

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star.—

Their virtues else (be they as pure as snow,
As infinite as man may undergo,)

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of flesh
Doth all the noble substance often cloy
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd.

* Longer line; a horse fastened by a string to a stable
tethered.

† Pimple.

‡ Implores.

§ Sharp.

¶ A dance.

¶¶ Do not.

‡ Jovial draught.

†† Call.

‡‡ Jealousy.

‡‡ Humour.

* Opinion.

† Economy.

** Uninterrupted.

† Noble.

‡ Infix.

†† Manner.

‡ Chiefly.

¶ Wait.

‡‡ Contrary.

With thee airs from heaven, or blasts
From hell,
Intentions wicked, or charitable,
N'est in such a questionable^{*} shape,
I'll speak to thee; I'll call thee, Ham-
let, royal Dane: O, answer me: [let,
not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
First their cements! why the sepul-
chre we saw thee quietly in-urn'd, [chre,
'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
Hee up again! What may this mean,
You, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
T' thus the glimpses of the moon,
Night hideous; and we fools of nature,
Lly to shake our disposition,†
Fights beyond the reaches of our souls?
Is this? wherefore? what should we
do?

It beckons you to go away with it,
Some impartment did desire
Alone.

Look, with what courteous action
You to a more removed‡ ground:
Not go with it.

No, by no means.

It will not speak; then I will follow it.
To not, my lord.

Why, what should be the fear?

Set my life at a pin's fee;§
My soul, what can it do to that,
Being immortal as itself?

Me forth again;—I'll follow it.

What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
My lord,

A dreadful summit of the cliff,

Thes|| o'er his base into the sea?

He assume some other horrible form,
Might deprive your sovereignty of
Reason,

Or you into madness? think of it:

Place puts toys¶ of desperation,

More motive, into every brain,

As so many fathoms to the sea,

As it roar beneath.

It waves me still:—

I'll follow thee.

You shall not go, my lord.

Hold off your hands.

Be rul'd, you shall not go.

My fate cries out,

As each petty artery in this body

As the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[GHOST beckons.

Call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[Breaking from them.

Now, I'll make a ghost of him that lets**

Way:—Go on, I'll follow thee. [me:—

[Exit GHOST and HAMLET.

He waxes desperate with imagination.

Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Leave after:—To what issue will this
come?

Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark.

Heaven will direct it.

Way, let's follow him. [Exit.

V.—A more remote part of the Plat-
form.

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak;
'll go no further.

Je. † Frame. ; Remote. § Value.
gs. † Whims. ** Illudera.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
To what I shall unfold. [hearing

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn'd and purg'd away. But that I am
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [forbid
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon* must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O heaven!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

HAM. Murder?

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethæ wharf, [hear:
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,†
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged process of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

HAM. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate‡ itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;

Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine or-

My custom always of the afternoon, [chard,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon§ in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment: whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body;

* Display. † Garden. ‡ Satisfac. \ Unharm.

And, with a sudden vigour, it doth passet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did
mine;

And a most instant tetter* bark'd about,
Most lizard-like, with vile and loathsome cru
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once de
patch'd:†

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd,‡ disappointed,§ unanel'd;¶
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well a
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth
What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold,
my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
seat

In this distracted globe.** Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, [past,
All saws† of books, all forms, all pressures
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,‡;—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of
man once think it?—

But you'll be secret,——

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

* Scab, scurf. † Leprous. ‡ Bereft.

§ Without having received the sacrament.

¶ Unappointed, unprepared.

‡ Without extreme unction. ** Head.

† Sayings, sentences. ‡‡ Memorandum Book.

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Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
*As, Well, well, we know;—or, We could, an if
 we would;—or, If we list to speak;—or, There
 be, an if they might;—*
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me:—This do you
 swear, [you!
 So grace and mercy at your most need help
 Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
 Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gen-
 tlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to
 you, [ther;
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in toge-
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes,
 Reynaldo.
 Rey. I will, my lord.
 Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
 Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.
 Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
 Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look
 you, Sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers* are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and where
 they keep,
 What company, at what expense; and finding,
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more
 nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it:
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
 of him;
 As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,
 And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Rey-
 naldo?*
 Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
 Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say,
 not well:
*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
 Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so
 rank
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
 But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
 As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.*
 Rey. As gaming, my lord.
 Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 quarrelling,
 Drabbing:—You may go so far.
 Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
 Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the
 charge.
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency;
 That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
 so quaintly,
 That they may seem the taints of liberty:
 The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
 A savageness† in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault.

* Danes.

† Wildness.

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
 I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
 Mark you,
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,
 Having ever seen in the prenominate* crimes,
 The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
 He closes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—
 According to the phrase, or the addition,
 Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this,—He does—
 What was I about to say?—By the mass, I
 was about to say something:—Where did
 I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay,
 marry;

He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentle-
 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,* [man;
*Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as
 you say,*

*There was he gaming; there o'erlook in his rouse;
 There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
 (Videlicet,† a brothel,) or so forth.—*

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlances, and with assays of bias,
 By indirections find directions out;
 So, by former lecture and advice,
 Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,——

Pol. (Observe his inclination in yourself.)

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him play his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's
 the matter;

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so af-
 frighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my clo-
 set,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
 No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved‡ to his ankle;
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
 And with a look so piteous in purport, [other;
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
 hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

* Already named.

† That is to say.

‡ Hanging down like letters.

And thrice his head thus waving up & down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,*
And end his being: That done, he lets me go
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek th'
This is the very ecstasy of love; [king
Whose violent property foredoest itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertaking
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words &
late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you do
command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. [ment
I am sorry, that with better heed and judge
I had not quoted; him; I fear'd, he did but
trifle, [jealousy!
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and
Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath
put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up
with him; [humour,—
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our
court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [thus,

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please
you
To show us so much gentry,† and good-will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

* Body. † Destroys. ‡ Observed. § Correspondence.

ne, we thank you for your well-took labour:

our rest; at night we'll feast together: welcome home!

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.* His business is well ended.

s, and madam, to expostulate^a majesty should be, what duty is, y is day, night night, and time is time, othing but to waste night, day, and time.

re,—since brevity is the soul of wit, ousness the limbs and outward flourish—

brief: Your noble son is mad:

I I it: for, to define true madness, t, but to be nothing else but mad: hat go.

. More matter, with less art.

adam, I swear I use no art at all.

is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;

y 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;

well it, for I will use no art.

us grant him then: and now remains, find out the cause of this effect;

er say, the cause of this defect;

effect, defective, comes by cause:

remains, and the remainder thus.

daughter; have, while she is mine;

her duty and obedience, mark,

ren me this: Now gather and surmise.

celestial, and my soul's idol, the most l Ophelia,—

n ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is irase; but you shall hear,—Thus:

excellent white bosom, these, &c.

. Came this from Hamlet to her?

ood madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

oubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move:

oubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

. Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I art to reckon my groans; but that I love

, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

obedience, hath my daughter shown

re above, hath his solicitings, [me:

fell out by time, by means, and place,

n to mine ear.

But how hath she

his love?

What do you think of me?

As of a man faithful and honourable.

would fain prove so. But what might

you think,

had seen this hot love on the wing,

receiv'd it, I must tell you that, [you,

my daughter told me,) what might

lear majesty your queen here, think,

play'd the desk, or table-book;

in my heart a working, mute and

dumb;

d upon this love with idle sight;

ight you think? no, I went round† to

work,

young mistress thus did I bespeak;

Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;

it not be: and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;

Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras^a then;

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;

I'll board† him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception† is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,‡—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that

livered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, Sir! [*To POLONIUS.*
[*Exit POLONIUS.*

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst

it a free visitation? Come with me: come, come;

Guil. What should we

Ham. Any thing—but were sent for; and there sion in your looks, which not craft enough to coloring and queen have ser

Ros. To what end, my

Ham. That you must conjure you by the right by the consonancy of our tion of our ever-preserv more dear a better prop withal, be even and dir you were sent for, or no

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I h [*Aside.*—if you love me,

Guil. My lord, we we

Ham. I will tell you v cipation prevent your secrecy to the king and q I have of late, (but, wh lost all my mirth, forgon cises: and, indeed, it go disposition, that this god seems to me a steril pr excellent canopy, the air, o'erhanging armament, frotted with golden fire, other thing to me, than congregation of vapours work is man! How nobl finite in faculties! in for express and admirable! i angel' in apprehension, beauty of the world! the And yet, to me, what is dust? man delights not i ther; though, by your s say so.

Ros. My lord, there is

Even those you were wont to take such in, the tragedians of the city.

How chances it, they travel? their ce, both in reputation and profit, was both ways.

I think, their inhibition comes by the of the late innovation.

Do they hold the same estimation they en I was in the city? Are they so fol-

No, indeed, they are not.

How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Nay, their endeavour keeps in the pace: But there is, Sir, an aiery of a, little eyases,† that cry out on the top tion,‡ and are most tyrannically clapped these are now the fashion; and so be- re common stages, (so they call them) ny, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose and dare scarce come thither.

What, are they children? who main- em? how are they escoted?§ Will they the quality|| no longer than they can will they not say afterwards, if they grow themselves to common players, most like, if their means are no better,) iters do them wrong, to make them ex- against their own succession?

Faith, there has been much to do on es; and the nation holds it no sin, to hem on to controversy: there was, for , no money bid for argument, unless : and the player went to cuffs in the

Is it possible?

O, there has been much throwing brains.

Do the boys carry it away?

Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules load too.**

It is not very strange: for my uncle of Denmark, and those, that would ouths at him while my father lived, enty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats for his picture in little.†† 'Sblood, something in this more than natural, ophy could find it out.

[Flourish of Trumpets within.

There are the players.

Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsi- our hands. Come then: the appur- of welcome is fashion and ceremony: omply‡‡ with you in this garb; lest my o the players, which, I tell you, must rly outward, should more appear like iment than yours. You are welcome: uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are

In what, my dear lord?

I am but mad north-north-west: when is southerly, I know a hawk from a w.

Enter POLONIUS.

Vell be with you, gentlemen!

Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you each ear a hearer: that great baby, there, is not yet out of his swaddling-

happily, he's the second time come to or, they say, an old man is twice a

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, Sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you; When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ,* and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot, and then, you know, It came to pass, As most like it was, —The first row of the pious chanson† will show you more; for, look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five PLAYERS.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is val-anced‡ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard§ me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.¶ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to'tlike French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality;‡ come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, —but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare** to the general:†† but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgements, in such matters, cried in the top‡‡ of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite§§ the author of affection:¶¶ but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, —'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

strollers. † Young nestlings. ‡ Dialogue.
 id. || Profession. ¶ Provokes.
 The Globe, the sign of Shakespeare's Theatre.
 Miniature. §§ Compliment.

* Writing. † Christmas carols. ‡ Fringed.
 § Defy. || Clog. ¶ Profession.
 ** An Italian dish made of the roes of fishes.
 †† Multitude. ‡‡ Above. §§ Contect.
 ¶¶ Affection.

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
scur'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules;^{*} horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons;

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and
fire,

And thus o'er-sized with congregate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with
good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he find him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique
sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack[†] stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eternal[‡]
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your
board.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or
a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come
to Hecuba.

1 Play. But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled[§]
queen——

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning
the flames

With bisson[¶] rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounc'd:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)

* Red.
† Light clouds.
‡ Muffled.

† Blazoned.
‡ Eternal.
§ Blind.

less, treacherous, lecherous, kindless,* villain!

What an ass am I? This is most brave; the son of a dear father murder'd, sed to my revenge by heaven and hell, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, and curse, like a very drab, [words, on!]

'Tis fo! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,

Many creatures, sitting at a play, the very cunning of the scene suck so to the soul, that presently we proclaim'd their malefactions; order, though it have no tongue, will speak [players]

That miraculous organ. I'll have these pictures like the murder of my father, mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; him to the quick;† if he do blench,‡ my course. The spirit, that I have seen,

A devil: and the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,

My weakness, and my melancholy, is very potent with such spirits,§ me to damn me: I'll have grounds more than this: The play's the thing, I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

And can you, by no drift of conference

With him, why he puts on this confusion; so harshly all his days of quiet

Talent and dangerous lunacy? He does confess, he feels himself distracted;

What cause he will by no means

Nor do we find him forward to be sound;

As a crafty madness, keeps aloof, would bring him on to some confession state.

Did he receive you well? Most like a gentleman.

But with much forcing of his disposition.

Vigilant of question; but, of our demands, in his reply.

Did you assay him

Anytime? Madam, it so fell out, that certain

Players [him;]

—traught§ on the way: of these we told me he did seem in him a kind of joy

Of it: They are about the court; I think, they have already order

Set to play before him.

'Tis most true: [then,]

beseech'd me to entreat your majesty and see the matter.

With all my heart; and it doth much content me

him so inclin'd.

Attendants, give him a farther edge, we his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront* Ophelia:

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,†) will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly‡ judge;

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,

If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,

That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your

virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit QUEEN.]

POL. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so

please you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this

book: [To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in

this,— [visage,]

'Tis too much prov'd,‡—that, with devotion's

And pious action, we do sugar o'er

The devil himself.

KING. O, 'tis too true! how smart

A lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering

art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O heavy burden! [Aside.]

POL. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my

lord. [Exit KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to

sleep,—

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural

shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's

the rub: [come,]

For in that sleep of death what dreams may

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,‡

Must give us pause: There's the respect,

That makes calamity of so long life: [time,]

For who would bear the whips and scorns of

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-

tumely,††

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurs

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus‡‡ make

With a bare bodkin§§ who would fardels¶¶

bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life;

But that the dread of something after death,—

The undiscover'd country, from whose bowels¶¶¶

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;

* Hunt.

† Place.

‡ Consideration.

§ The ancient term for a small dagger.

¶ Folds, quarters.

† Spies.

‡ Too frequent.

†† Sufferance.

‡‡ The ancient term for a small dagger.

§§ Folds, quarters.

¶ Pretty.

¶¶ Too frequent.

¶¶¶ Too frequent.

¶¶¶ Too frequent.

¶¶¶ Too frequent.

* Natural.

† First or start.

‡ Search his wounds.

§ Overlook.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons^a
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of
yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I n-ver gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath
compos'd [lost,
As made the things more rich: their perfume
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove un-
There, my lord. [kind.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd, than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a
paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe
so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but
we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself in-
different honest; but yet I could accuse me of
such things, that it were better, my mother had
not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful,
ambitious; with more offences at my beck,[†]
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagina-
tion to give them shape, or time to act them
in: What should such fellows as I do crawl-
ing between earth and heaven! We are arrant
knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways
to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that
he may play the fool no where but in's own
house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as
ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell:
Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool;
for wise men know well enough, what monsters
you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and
quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too,
well enough; God hath given you one face,
and you make yourselves another: you jig,

lings;* who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:† Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.‡ Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance,§ o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question|| of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt PLAYERS.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; And crook the pregnant¶ hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish her election,

She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,

[mingled,] Whose blood and judgement are so well co- That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please: Give me that man

[him] That is not passion's slave, and I will wear In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;

One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle; if his occulted* guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy.† Give him heedful note:

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;

And, after, we will both our judgements join

In censure‡ of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

[ing,] If he steal aught, the whilst this play is play-

And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

Danish March.—A Flourish.—Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say?

[*To POLONIUS.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay§ upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the KING.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's Feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

* Secret.

† Shop, stithy is a smith's shop.

‡ Opinion.

§ Wait.

* The meaner people then seem to have sat in the pit.

† Herod's character was always violent.

‡ Impression, resemblance.

§ Approbation

¶ Conversation, discourse.

¶ Quick, ready.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.* O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exit.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho;† it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief: my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING and a QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart‡ gone round Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus'§ orbed ground;

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,* About the world have times twelve thirties been; [hands.

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer, and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: For women fear too much, even as they love;

And women's fear and love hold passion's reign In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you. And as my love is siz'd,* my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grows great, great love attains.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, I shall shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave.

And thou shalt live in this fair world below,

Honour'd, belov'd; and, happily, one as kind

For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast.

In second husband let me be accus'd:

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances; that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

A second time I kill my husband dead.

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what you speak;

But, what we do determine, oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;

(Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree.

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.

What to ourselves in passion we propose.

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy.

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament.

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

That even our loves should with our tenors

change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove.

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune lead love.

The great man down, you mark his fall;

flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tell.

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend.

And who in want a hollow friend doth find.

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills, our fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed.

But die thy thoughts, when thy first husband

dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food,

Heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night.

To desperation turn my trust and hope.

An anchor's cheer in prison be my song.

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have woe, and it is so.

Both here, and hence, pursue me like a god.

If, once a widow, ever I be woe!

Ham. If she should break it now,—

[To Ophelia]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain.

[Exit]

* The richest dress. † Secret wickedness.

‡ Short. § Car, chariot. ¶ The earth.

¶ St. John's, justice

* Magnitude, proportion.

† Determinations.

‡ Actus

§ Every

¶ A. C. C. C.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap.* Marry, how? Tropically: This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince,† our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban† thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers,§ (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk|| with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed¶ shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry** of players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon, dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

* —————the thing

† In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.

‡ This is a proverbial saying

§ For his laurel

¶ Slashed

|| Change condition.

** Pack, company.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.*—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.†—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, Sir,—

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellously distempered.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade‡ with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.§

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, Sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the PLAYERS, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

* A kind of flute.

‡ Business.

† *Par Dors*

§ *Wards*.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages,* with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, Sir.

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.†—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exit Ros. GUIL. HOR. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink
hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my
mother,—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,‡

To give them seals§ never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with
us, [you;

To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare

I your commission with forthwith despatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow

Out of his luness.¶

Guil. We will ourselves provide:

Most holy and religious fear it is,

To keep those many bodies safe.

That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from 'noyance: but nature can
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
Behind the arras* I'll convey myself, [closet:
To hear the process; I'll warrant, shall tell
him home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet, that some more audience than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, [chamber.
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force—
To be forestalled, ere we come to it,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul mur-
der!—

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves are com-
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed‡ soul: that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd. Help, angels. make assay

* Holer.

† Utmost stretch.

‡ Reproved.

§ Authority to put them in execution.

¶ Lunacies.

* Tapestry.

† Closet a room with a wardrobe.

orn knees! and, heart, with strings
teel,
inews of the new-born babe;
well!— [Retires and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

ow might I do it, pat, now he is
ying;
ill do't; and so he goes to heaven:
m I reveng'd? That would be
nn'd:—
lls my father; and, for that,
son, do this same villain send

s hire and salary,† not revenge.
/ father grossly, full of bread;
s crimes broad blown, as flush as
ay; [heaven?
his audit stands, who knows, save
circumstance and course of thought,
with him: And am I then reveng'd,
n in the purging of his soul,
fit and season'd for his passage?

; and know thou a more horrid
drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
acestuous pleasures of his bed;
, swearing; or about some act
o relish of salvation in't: [ven:
im, that his heels may kick at hea-
his soul may be as damn'd, and
ack,
hereto it goes. My mother stays:
c but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.

he KING rises and advances.

ly words fly up, my thoughts re-
ain below:

hout thoughts, never to heaven go.
[Exit.

: IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

will come straight. Look, you lay
ome to him:
his pranks have been too broad to
ear with;
your grace hath screen'd and stood
etween
t and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
be round with him.
I'll warrant you;
ot:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

ow, mother; what's the matter?
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
ffended.
lither, you have my father much of-
ended.
Come, come, you answer with an idle
ngue.
o, go, you question with a wicked
ngue.
Why, how now, Hamlet?
What's the matter now?
Have you forgot me?
o, by the rood,|| not so: [wife;
the queen, your husband's brother's

And,—'would it were not so!—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [Draws.

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.

Pol. [Behind.] O, I am slain.

[Falls, and dies.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth
POLONIUS.

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[To POLONIUS.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction* plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth
glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful-visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act, [dex?;

That roars so loud, and thunders in the in-
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's[§] curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station|| like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes?

* Marriage contract.

† Scrowful.

‡ Index of contents prefixed to a book.

{ Apollo's.

|| The act of standing.

he considered. † Only. ‡ Reward.
im at a more horrid time. || Cross.

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten* on this moor? Ha! have ye
eyes?

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble
And waits upon the judgement; And wh
judgement

Would step from this to this? Sense,† sun
you have,

Else, could you not have motion: But, sun
that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy: was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devi
was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans‡ all
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.¶

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.**

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed†† bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making
Over the nasty sty;— [love

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice;‡ of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your
gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit§§ in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,||

* To grow fat.

† Sensation

†† Ferzy.

{ Blindman's buff.

|| Without.

¶ Be so stupid.

** Colour.

†† Greasy.

§§ Mimic.

{ Imagination.

|| The hair of animals is excrementitious, that is, with-
out life or sensation

on your cheek; call you, his
a pair of reechy† kisses,
your neck with his damn'd

rel all this matter out,
ly am not in madness,
i. 'Twere good, you let him

but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
addock,‡ from a bat, a gib,§
rnings hide? who would do so?
f sense, and secrecy,
et on the house's top,
; and, like the famous ape,
ns,|| in the basket creep,
own neck down.

u assur'd, if words be made of

fe, I have no life to breathe
said to me.
to England; you know that?

s so concluded on.

letters seal'd: and my two
ellows,—

st, as I will adders fang'd,¶—
mandate; they must sweep my

to knavery: Let it work;
t, to have the engineer
own petar:*** and it shall go

one yard below their mines,
at the moon: O, 'tis most

e two crafts directly meet.—
et me packing.

into the neighbour room:—
ght.—Indeed, this counsellor
l, most secret, and most grave,
a foolish prating knave.

aw toward an end with you:—
her.

reerally; HAMLET dragging in
OLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

matter in these sighs; these
d heavens; [them:
state: 'tis fit we understand
on?

w this place on us a little

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,
go out.

d, what have I seen to-night!
Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
s the sea, and wind, when both

ghtier: In his lawless fit,
s hearing something stir,
apier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
nish apprehension, kills
d old man.

y deed!
with us, had we been there:
ll of threats to all;
, to us, to every one.

ment. † Steaming with heat.
Experiments. ¶ Having their teeth.
vn up with his own bomb.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt,* [love,

This mad young man: but, so much was our
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral† of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guilden-
stern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further
aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him: [body

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exit Ros. and GUIL.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest
friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slan-
der,—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,‡ [name,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely stowed,—[Ros. &c. within.
Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what
noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they
come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto
'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take
it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a
sponge!—what replication should be made by
the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the
end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the cor-
ner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swal-
lowed: When he needs what you have gleaned,
it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall
be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

* Company.

† Mine.

‡ Mark.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose? Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, [eyes; Who like not in their judgement, but their And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, [even,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my We cannot get from him. [lord,

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern? bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

[To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exit Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence [self;

With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thy— The bark is ready, and the wind at help,† The associates tend,‡ and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our p

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees thee come; for England!—Farewell, dear

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother and wife; man and wife is one flesh; my mother. Come, for England.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to— Away; for every thing is seal'd and That else leans on the affair: Pray haste. [Exit Ros.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st (As my great power thereof may sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and After the Danish sword, and thy fre Pays homage to us,) thou may'st set

Our sovereign process; which imports By letters conjuring to that effect. The present death of Hamlet. Do it, For like the hectic in my blood he r And thou must cure me: Till I know Howe'er my haps,† my joys will ne

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, n

For. Go, captain, from me greet the king;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortin Craves the conveyance of a promis'd Over his kingdom. You know th

vous. If that his majesty would aught with We shall express our duty in his eye And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exit FORTINBRAS &

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers? n

Cap. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland

Ham. Who Commands them, Sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway: Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Norway? Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, Sir, and with little loss We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name To pay five ducats, five, I would not Nor will it yield to Norway, or the king: A ranker rate, should it be sold in Norway.

Ham. Why, then the Polack's never send it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and two thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this: This is the imposthume of much w peace;

* A sport among children.

† Right, ready

‡ Attend.

* Value, estimate.

† Presence.

‡ Forces.

† Success.

‡ Polack.

That inward breaks, and shows no cause with-
out

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, Sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, Sir. [Exit CAPTAIN.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a lit-
tle before. [Exit Ros. and GUIL.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market* of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large dis-
course,†

Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust‡ in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven§ scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*
Sith|| I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, [then,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[Exit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says,
she hears,
There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
doubt, [nothing,
That carry but half sense: her speech is
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim¶ at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them,
[Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with;
for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.

* Trifle. † Power of comprehension. ‡ Grow mouldy.
§ Cowardly. || Since. ¶ Guess.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy* seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know
From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon?†* [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
[Sings.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded‡ all with sweet flowers;
Which becept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield§ you! They say, the
owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know
what we are, but know not what we may be
God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:*

*Then up he rose, and don'd|| his clothes,
And dupp'd¶ the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
end on't:

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,**
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:
[He answers.]*

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to
think they should lay him i'the cold ground:
My brother shall know of it, and so I thank
you for your good counsel. Come, my coach!
Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies:
good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close: give her good watch,
I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

* Trifle. † Shoon. ‡ Garnished. § Reward.
|| Do on, i. e. put on. ¶ Do up.
** Saints in the Roman Catholic Calendar.

And from her father's death: And now behold
 (1) Gertrude, Gertrude, [spoke]
 When my father was alive, they came not single
 But in conjunction: First, her father slain;
 Next, your son gone, and he most violent son

(2) And now just remove. The people muddied
 Thick and new become in their thoughts and
 imaginations.

For good Polonius' death, and we have done
 but greenly.*

In hagger-magger to enter him: Poor Ophelia
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgement;
 Without the which we are pictures, or more
 beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France:
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

King. Attend. [door:
 Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the
 What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him
 lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
 Laertes shall be king, Laertes king! [clouds.

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail
 they cry!

(1) this is counter,† you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter LAERTES, armed; DANES following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you
 all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou
 vile king,
 Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, pro-
 claims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched*
 Of my true mother. [brov

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
 Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Ger
 Speak, man. [trude;—

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

* Without judgement. † Privately. ‡ Guards.
 § Bounds. || Brent.

† Hounds run counter when they trace the scent back
 wards. ** Clean, undefiled.

or bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—
[Sings.
Thought* and affliction, passion, hell
itself,
runs to favour, and to prettiness.

And will he not come again? [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moun,
God 'a mercy on his soul!

all Christian souls! I pray God. God
you! [Exit OPHELIA.

Do you see this, O God?
Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

deny me right. Go but apart, [will,
choice of whom your wisest friends you
they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
direct or by collateral hand [me:

And us touch'd, we will our kingdom
give,

own, our life, and all that we call ours,
in satisfaction; but, if not,

content to lend your patience to us,
we shall jointly labour with your soul
it due content.

Let this be so;
ans of death, his obscure funeral,—
phy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his
bones,
ole rite, nor formal ostentation,—
be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
must call't in question.

So you shall;
here the offence is, let the great axe fall.
you, go with me. [Exeunt.

NE VI.—Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a SERVANT.

What are they, that would speak with

Sailors, Sir;
ay, they have letters for you.

Let them come in.— [Exit SERVANT.
t know from what part of the world
d be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter SAILORS.

l. God bless you, Sir.
Let him bless thee too.
He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's
for you, Sir; it comes from the ambas-
that was bound for England; if your
e Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

[Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have
ed this, give these fellows some means to
; they have letters for him. Ere we were
is old at sea, a pirate of very warlike ap-
nt gave us chase: Finding ourselves too
vail, we put on a compelled valour; and in
ple I boarded them: on the instant, they
r of our ship; so I alone became their pri-
They have dealt with me, like thieves of
but they knew what they did; I am to do
urn for them. Let the king have the let-
ave sent; and repair thou to me with as
aste as thou wouldst fly death. I have
speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb;
they much too light for the bore of the

* Melancholy.

matter. These good fellows will bring thee where
I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their
course for England: of them I have much to tell
thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your
letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquit-
tance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith* you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all
things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons; [new'd,†
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsi-
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender; bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring; that turneth wood to
stone, [arrows,

Converts his gyves‡ to graces; so that my
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will
come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you
must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with dan-
ger, [more:

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?
Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them
not: [them

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [Exit MESSENGER.

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know,
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I
shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount

* Since.

† Deprived of strength.

‡ Common people.

§ Petrifying springs are common in many parts of England.

|| Fetters.

the occasion of my sudden and more strange re-
turn Hamlet.

What should this mean ! Are all the rest come
back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—
And in a postscript here, he says, *alone* :
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him
come :

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now
return'd,—

As checking* at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe ; {tice,
But even his mother shall uncharge the prac-
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of
parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.†

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the
French, {lant
And they can well on horseback : but this gal-
Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch,‡
indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you :
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,§
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers|| of their
nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor

* Objecting to. † Place. ‡ Ornament.
§ Science of defence, *i. e.* fencing. || Fencers.

And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd*
him

A chalice for the nonce;† whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,‡
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what
noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd,
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascant the
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples,§

That liberal|| shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old
tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are
gone,

The woman will be out.¶—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two CLOWNS, with Spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her
grave straight:†† the crowner hath set on her,
and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: If I drown my-
self wittingly, it argues an act: and an act
hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and
to perform: argal,‡‡ she drowned herself wit-
tingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;

good: here stands the man; good: If the man
go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will
he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the
water come to him, and drown him, he drowns
not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his
own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st: And the more
pity; that great folks shall have countenance
in this world to drown or hang themselves,
more than their even* Christian. Come, my
spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they
hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the scripture? The scripture says,
Adam digged; Could he dig without arms?
I'll put another question to thee: if thou an-
swerest me not to the purpose, confess thy-
self—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the car-
penter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame
out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the
gallows does well: But how does it well? it
does well to those that do ill: now thou dost
ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than
the church; argal, the gallows may do well to
thee. To't again; come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.†

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it;
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with
beating: and, when you are asked this ques-
tion next, say, a grave-maker; the houses, that
he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to
Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.
[Exit 2 CLOWNS.

1 CLOWN digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,‡
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busi-
ness? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property
of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little em-
ployment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a Skull.

* Presented. † A cup for the purpose. ‡ Thrust.
§ *Orchis mario mas* || Lascivious. ¶ Insensible.
** Tears will flow. †† Immediately.
‡‡ A blunder for *ergo*.

* Fellow. † Give over.
‡ The song entire is printed in Percy's *Reliques of An-
cient English Poetry*, Vol. I. It was written by Robert A...

on't.

*I Clo. A pick axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For—and a shroud sheet
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet*

[Throws up a scull]

*Ham. There's another. Why may not that
be the scull of a lawyer? Where he has quid-
dits now, his quillets; his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude
knave now to knock him about the scores
with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his
action of battery? Humph! This fellow might
be in a time a great lover of land, with his
statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double
vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his
fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to
have his bare pate full of the dirt? will his
vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases,
and double ones too, than the length and breadth
of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances
of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and
must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!*

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves skins too.

*Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which
seek out assurance in that. I will speak to
this fellow — Whose grave's this, sirrah?*

I Clo. Mine, Sir —

*O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou
liest in't*

*I Clo. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it
is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet
it is mine*

*Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it
is thine: tis for the dead, not for the quick;
therefore thou liest*

*I Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir; 'twill away again,
from me to you.*

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

I were to consider too curiously, to so.

No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him with modesty enough, and likelihood: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander buried, Alexander returneth to dust; is earth; of earth we make loam: of that loam, whereto he was con-
[flaw!] t night they not stop a beer-barrel?

ous* Cesar, dead, and turn'd to clay, stop a hole to keep the wind away: t the earth, which kept the world in t we, patch a wall to expel the winter's ! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

LESTS, &c. in Procession; the Corpses of IA; LAERTES, and Mourners following; QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

en, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

token, a such maimed rites! This doth be- e, they follow, did with desperate hand

a own life. 'Twas of some estate 'll e awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.] What ceremony else?

That is Laertes, noble youth: Mark.

What ceremony else?

Her obsequies have been as far en- arg'd

ave warranty: Her death was doubt- t that great command o'ersways the order,

ld in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, ant trumpet; for charitable prayers,

flints, and pebbles, should be thrown n her,

she is allow'd her virgin crants, den strewnments, and the bringing some

ad burial.

Must there no more be done?

\$. No more be done! ld profane the service of the dead,

requiem,† and such rest to her ace-parted souls.

Lay her i'the earth;—

a her fair and unpoliated flesh, lets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,

'ring angel shall my sister be, ou liest bowling.

What, the fair Ophelia!

Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[Scattering Flowers.] thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

t, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet have strew'd thy grave.

O, treble woe

times treble on that cursed head, icked deed thy most ingenious sense

thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile, e caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the Grave.] le your dust upon the quick;† and dead;

us flat a mountain you have made p old Pelion, or the skyish head Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them [stand] Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the Grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.] Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand bro- thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't

lear thyself?

Woul't drink up Eail? eat a crocodile? I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove, When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,†

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[Exit HORATIO.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

[To LAERTES.] We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument: An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, Sir: now shall you see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay

erial. † Blast. ‡ Imperfect obsequies.
stroy. § High rank. ¶ Broken pate, or tiles.
da. †† A mass for the dead. †† Living

e Eail is vinegar; but Mr. Stevens conjectures the word should be *Wined*, a river which falls into the Baltic ocean.
† Mashed.

Worse than the mutines* in the bilboes.†
Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall:‡ and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Ho-

ratio,

A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded§ with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's
too,

With, ho! such bugs|| and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise,¶ no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with vil-
lanies,

Or** I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist†† do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,—

As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might
flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland
wear,

And stand a comma‡‡ 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these con-
tents,

Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving§§-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordi-
nant;

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model|| of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it
safely,

The changeling never known: Now, the next
day [quent¶¶

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was se-
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;

They are not near my conscience; th
Does by their own insinuation grow
'Tis dangerous, when the baser natu
Between the pass and fell incensed
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stan
upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and v
mother,

Popp'd in between the election and
Thrown out his angle for my proper
And with such cozenage; is't not pe
science,

To quit* him with this arm? and
be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature com
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to
England,

What is the issue of the business th

Ham. It will be short; the interin
And a man's life no more than to sa
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count* hi
But, sure, the bravery of his grief d
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osr.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcom
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.—I
this waterfly?‡

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gra
'tis a vice to know him: He hath a
and fertile: let a beast be lord of b
his crib shall stand at the king's me
chough;§ but, as I say, spacious;
session of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship
leisure, I should impart a thing to y
majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with al
of spirit: Your bonnet to its right us
the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis ve

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very
wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is v
and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is
try,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—
his majesty bade me signify to you, t
laid a great wager on your head: S
the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to part

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my
good faith|| Sir, here is newly come
Laertes: believe me, an absolute ge
tull of most excellent differences,¶ of
society, and great showing: Indeed,
feelingly of him, he is the card** of
of gentry, for you shall find in him
nents* of what part a gentleman wou

Ham. Sir, this defiance suffers
tion in you;—though, I know, to d.

* Mutineers.

† Fetters and Handcuffs brought from *Bilboa* in Spain.

‡ Fall.

§ Garnished.

|| Bugbears.

¶ Looking over.

** Before.

†† Statesmen

‡‡ A note of connection.

§§ Confessing.

|| Copy

¶¶ Following.

* Requite

† For count some Editors

‡ *Water-flies* are gnats.

¶ A bird like

|| The affected phrase of the time

¶ Distinguishing excellences

** Cf. *Utopia*

†† The country and pattern for the

inventorily, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, him embrace, nothing more.^a

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The conceit, Sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Ham. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, Sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, Sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon; but in the reputation laid on him by them, in his mood, he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, Sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, &c. and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. I knew, you must be edified by the margin,^b ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

^a This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time. [†] Mentioning. [‡] Recommended.

[§] Prize. [¶] Impawned, put down, staked. ^{||} That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended. ^{**} Margin of a book which contains explanatory notes. ^{††} A-kia.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing^c runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[†] with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drowsy age dotes on,) only got the taint of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a LORD.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrif, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,[‡] as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal^{**} their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since so man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIF, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the Hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir: I have done you wrong;

Not pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

^a A bird which runs about immediately as it is hatched.

[†] Compliment. [‡] Worthless. [§] Frothy

[¶] For food and food furnished. ^{||} Mingling.

^{**} Prevent. ^{††} The king and queen's presence.

§ B

What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and excep-
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Ham-
let:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong La-
ertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ig-
norance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager!

Ham. Very well, my lord; [side.

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you
both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have
all a length? [They prepare to play.

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoupest of wine upon that
table:—

If Hamlet gives the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without, [earth,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink; Hamlet, this
pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

[tion, Come.—Another hit; What say you?

[They play.

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant o' breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,* and dry
brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon
me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is so.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by leave.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my con-
science.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes; but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.

Os. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, as if
King, they change Rapiers, and HAM-
LET wounds LAERTES.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queens join.

Os. Look to the queen there, ho!

Her. They bleed on both sides:—How is't
my lord?

Os. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own
springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my
dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd! [Os.

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be
lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES falls.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art
slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand.

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie.

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the King.

Os. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but
hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous,
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?

Follow my mother. [King dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon
thee;

Nor thine on me. [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

[Exit Hamlet.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

[Exit Laertes.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

[Exit Laertes.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

[Exit Laertes.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

[Exit Laertes.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

[Exit Laertes.

[Exit Osric.

[Exit Queen.

[Exit King.

* Disgorged. † Large jug. ‡ A precious pearl.

* Handkerchief. † Drinks good luck to you. ‡ By
the sword, with button, and poisoned point. § Killed

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant,* death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,— [it.—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile, [pain,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath, in
To tell my story.—

[March afar off, and Shot within.

What warlike noise is this?

Oer. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows† my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,‡ more or less,
Which have solicited,§—The rest is silence.

[Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good
night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither?

[March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the ENGLISH AMBASSADORS,
and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry|| cries on havoc!¶—O
proud death!

* A sergeant is a sheriff's officer.

† O'ercomes.

‡ Incidents.

§ Incited.

|| Heap of dead game.

¶ A word of censure when more game was destroyed
than was reasonable.

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?

I Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us
hearing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,*
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump† upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack‡ wars, and you from
England,

Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts; [hear
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw
on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more
On plots and errors, happen. [mischance

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-
sage,

The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead march.

[Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.

* I. e. The king's.

† By chance.

‡ Polish.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other SENATORS.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.
CLOWN, Servant to Othello.

HERALD.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice.—A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd* to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,†
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for, certes,‡ says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;§
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,||

Wherein the toged consuls* can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,

[election:
Is all his soldiership. But he, Sir, had the
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof.
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be.
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection.
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, Sir, be judge
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd;
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's
old, cashier'd; [are.
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

* Saluted. † Circumlocution. ‡ Certainly.

§ For *wife* some read *life*, supposing it to allude to the denunciation in the Gospel, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."
|| Theory.

* Rulers of the state.

† It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.
‡ Related.

browning but shows of service on their lords,
thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
receive homage: these fellows have some soul;
ch a one do I profess myself.

sure as you are Roderigo,
the Moor, I would not be Iago:
wing him, I follow but myself;
is my judge, not I for love and duty,
ming so, for my peculiar end:
in my outward action doth demonstrate
ive act and figure of my heart
diment extern,* 'tis not long after
ill wear my heart upon my sleeve
ra to peck at: I am not what I am.
What a full fortune does the thick-lips
n carry't thus! [owe,†

Call up her father,
me: make after him, poison his delight,
a him in the streets; incense her kins-
men,
ough he in a fertile climate dwell,
him with flies: though that his joy be
joy,
w such changes of vexation on't,
y lose some colour.
Here is her father's house; I'll call
aloud.

Do; with like timorous accent, and
dire yell,
s, by night and negligence, the fire
in populous cities.

What, ho! Brabantio! signior Braban-
tio, ho!
Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves! [bags!
your house, your daughter, and your
thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

What is the reason of this terrible sum-
the matter there? [mons!
signior, is all your family within?
Are your doors lock'd?
Why? wherefore ask you this?
'Zounds, Sir, you are robb'd; for
shame, put on your gown; [soul;
art is burst; you have lost half your
w, very now, an old black ram
ng your white ewe. Arise, arise;
the smothering citizens with the bell,
he devil will make a grandsire of you:
say.

What, have you lost your wits?
Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice?

Not I; What are you?

My name is—Roderigo.

[worse welcome: [doors:
charg'd thee, not to haunt about my
it plainness thou hast heard me say,
ghter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,
full of supper, and distempering
draughts,
dicious bravery, dost thou come
my quiet.

Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir,—

But thou must needs be sure,
t, and my place, have in them power
this bitter to thee.

ward show of civility.
Is broken.

† Own, person.
‡ Introducing.

Red. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this
is Venice;

My house is not a grange.*

Red. Most grave Brabantio,
in simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, Sir, you are one of those,
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, you think
we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter
covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have
your nephews seigh to you: you'll have
cousers for cousins, and gennets for ger-
mans.†

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
Roderigo.

Red. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I
beseech you,

It'll be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daugh-
ter,

At this odd-even† and dull watch o'the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a goodo-
liar,‡—

To the gross clamps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,‡
We then have done you bold and saucy
wrongs; [me,

But, if you know not this, my manners tell
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, [ence:
I thus would play and trifle with your rever-
Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy
yourself:

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already:—

Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)†

Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast** him; for he's em-
bark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,

To lead their business; in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell,
[Exit.]

* A farm house. † Relations. ‡ Midnight

† A waterman.

‡ Wandering.

§ Supposition.

¶ Common.

Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is :
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be
a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou de-
ceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get
more tapers ; [you ?

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think

Red. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O trea-
son of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds [charms,

By what you see them act.—Are there not

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,

(Of some such thing?

Red. Yes, Sir ; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had
had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Red. I think, I can discover him ; if you
please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call ;

I may command at most ;—Get weapons, ho !

And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same.—Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under
the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,

That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, Sir,

Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—

That the magnifico is much beloved ;

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential

As double as the duke's ; he will divorce you ;

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,) H

Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to G
T

know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an hon- D
F
I
W
S
T
W
R
O

I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege ;† and my demerits‡

May speak, unbonnetted,|| to as proud a for- D
F
I
W
S
T
W
R
O

tune

As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,

I would not my unhoused¶ free condition

* Old age.

† Brabantio, magnifico is his title as a Senator.

‡ Seat, or throne.

§ Demerits has the same meaning in Shakspeare as merita.

|| Uncovered.

¶ Unsettled.

the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 hast practis'd on her with foul
 arms; [erals;
 delicate youth with drugs, or min-
 motion: I'll have it disputed on;
 ple, and palpable to thinking.
 apprehend and do attach thee,
 user of the world, a practiser
 abited and out of warrant:—
 upon him; if he do resist,
 n at his peril.
 ld your hands,
 of my inclining, and the rest: [it
 cue to fight, I should have known
 prompter.—Where will you that I
 this your charge? [go
 prison: till fit time
 d course of direct session,
 o answer.
 at if I do obey?
 the duke be therewith satisfied;
 ssengers are here about my side,
 present business of the state,
 ne to him?
 true, most worthy signior,
 in council; and your noble self,
 is sent for.
 ow! the duke in council!
 e of the night!—Bring him away:
 an idle cause: the duke himself,
 my brothers of the state, [own:
 t feel this wrong, as 'twere their
 actions may have passage free,
 es and pagans,* shall our statesmen
 . [Exeunt.

II.—The same.—A Council Chamber.

and SENATORS, sitting at a Table;
 Officers attending.
 here is no composition† in these
 ws,
 them credit.
 ideed, they are disproportion'd;
 say, a hundred and seven gallies.
 nd mine, a hundred and forty.
 nd mine, two hundred:
 a they jump not on a just account,
 se cases, where the aim‡ reports,
 h difference,) yet do they all confirm
 fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
 ay, it is possible enough to judge-
 ent;
 secure me in the error,
 in article I do approve
 sense.
 Within.] What ho! what ho! what
 !

Enter an OFFICER, with a SAILOR.

essenger from the gallies.
 low? the business?
 The Turkish preparation makes for
 hodes;
 did report here to the state,
 Angelo.
 low say you by this change?
 his cannot be,
 y of reason; 'tis a pageant,
 in false gaze: When we consider
 tancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
 rselves again but understand,
 it more concerns the Turk than
 hodes,

he pagans and bond-slaves of Africa.
 † Consistency. ; Conjecture.

So may he with more facile question* bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,†
 But altogether lack the abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought
 of this,
 We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest which concerns him first;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake, and wage,‡ a danger profitless.
 Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
 Rhodes.
 Off. Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course toward the isle of
 Rhodes,
 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
 I Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as
 you guess?
 Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-
 stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
 pearance [tano,
 Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Mon-
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.
 Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
 Marchus Lucchesé, is he not in town?
 I Sen. He's now in Florence.
 Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-
 haste: despatch.
 I Sen. Here comes Brabantio, with the va-
 liant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
 and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
 ploy you
 Against the general enemy Ottoman.
 I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior;
 [To BRABANTIO.
 We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
 Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, par-
 don me; [ness,
 Neither my place, nor aught I heard of busi-
 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the ge-
 neral care
 Take hold on me; for my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
 And it is still itself.
 Duke. Why, what's the matter?
 Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
 Sen. Dead?
 Bra. Ay, to me;
 She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
 banks:
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
 Sans‡ witchcraft could not—
 Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul pro-
 ceeding,
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper
 son
 Stood in your action.||
 Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it
 seems,

* Easy dispute. † State of defence. \ Combat.
 ‡ Without. \ Accompaniment.

Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say
to this? [To OTHELLO]

Bra. Nothing but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend
sirs,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years
pith, [us'd]

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
Their dearest action* in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of na-
ture,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,†
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming,‡ do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-
tions?

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary.§
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know
the place.—

[Exit IAGO and Attendants]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;

* Best exertion. † Open proof. ‡ Weak show.
§ The sign of the fictitious creature so called.

h I challenge that I may profess
the Moor my lord.
God be with you!—I have done:—
it your grace, on to the state affairs;
rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
either, Moor:
do give thee that with all my heart,
but thou hast already, with all my
heart [jewel,
I'd keep from thee.—For your sake,
I had at soul I have no other child;
I escape would teach me tyranny,
I glogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Let me speak like yourself; and lay
a sentence, [lovers
as a grise,* or step, may help these
our favours.
remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
ing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended.
I'm a mischief that is past and gone,
next way to draw new mischief on.
cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
ce her injury a mockery makes.
I b'd, that smiles, steals something from
the thief;
as himself, that spends a bootless grief.
So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
e it not, so long as we can smile.
Iurs the sentence well, that nothing bears
e free comfort which from thence he
hears:
I bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
o pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
row.
I sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
strong on both sides, are equivocal:
ords are words; I never yet did hear,
e bruis'd heart was pierced through the
ear.†
Ily beseech you, proceed to the affairs of

1. The Turk with a most mighty prepar-
makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the forti-
the place is best known to you: And
we have there a substitute of most al-
sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mis-
effects, throws a more safer voice on
ou must therefore be content to slubber†
ss of your new fortunes with this more
rn and boisterous expedition.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
made the flinty and steel couch of war
ice-driven bed of down: I do agnize‡
Iral and prompt alacrity,
n hardness; and do undertake
present wars against the Ottomites.
Iumbly therefore bending to your state,
I fit disposition for my wife;
Iference of place, and exhibition.¶
Iuch accommodation, and besort,
Iels with her breeding.

2. If you please,
her father's.
I'll not have it so.
Nor I.

Nor I; I would not there reside,
my father in impatient thoughts,
ng in his eye. Most gracious duke,
unfolding lend a gracious ear;
Ist me find a charter in your voice,
Ist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's sub-
dued

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—beseech you, let
her will

Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend† your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd
toys

Of feather'd Cupid seel‡ with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet‡ of my helm,¶
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—
haste,

And speed must answer it; you must hence
to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife, [think
With what else needful your good grace shall
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble Signior,
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye
to see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

[Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

Red. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

* *Grise*, from degrees.
That the wounds of sorrow were ever cured by the
words of consolation.
Iscure. † Acknowledge. ‡ Allowance.

* Affections. † Fortid ‡ Because. § Band.
¶ A small kettle. ¶ Helmet.

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently* drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond,† but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners. so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyasop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,§ or a sin.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard,¶ I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her. it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,—put but money in thy purse—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money. the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as colicquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring‡ barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me,—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason.

* Immediately. † Foolish. ‡ Unbridled.
§ A sect is what the gardeners call a cutting.
¶ Change your countenance with a false beard.
‡ Wandering.

Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost sell a pleasure, and me a sport. To many events in the womb of time, will be delivered. Traverse,* go, and get money. We will have more of this, row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you know your way?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you!

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all up.

Iago. Go to; farewell. put money in your purse. [Exit Rod.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my pen;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge shall
face,

If I would time expend with such a snail,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my
He has done my office. I know not if't.
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds the
The better shall my purpose work on
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see to
To get his place, and to plume up my
A double knavery,—How? how?—
see—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife;
He bath a person, and a smooth shaver,
To be suspected, I am'd to make use of
The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest, that but seem
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't,—it is engender'd:—Hell and
Must bring this monstrous birth to the
light.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cypri Platform.

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you descry
sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the earth,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoil'd
at land:

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements,
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains do
Can hold the mortise? what shall we
this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the air,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and
strous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bee,
And quench the guards of the ever-fire;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not shelter'd and embay'd, th'
drown'd,

It is impossible they bear it out.

* An ancient military word of continued
† Extreme. ‡ Separation.
§ The constellation near the polar star.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

'News, lords! our wars are done;
operate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks, (Venice)
sir desigment halts: A noble ship of
en a grievous wreck and sufferance
part of their fleet.

How! is this true?

'The ship is here put in,
messé, Michael Cassio,
unt to the warlike Moor, Othello,
on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
a full commission here for Cyprus.
I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
'But this same Cassio,—though he
speak of comfort,
g the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sad-
ly.

ays the Moor be safe; for they were
il and violent tempest.

'Pray heaven he be;

ve serv'd him, and the man commands
all* soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
to see the vessel that's come in,
v out our eyes for brave Othello;
I we make the main, and the aerial
tinct regard. [blue,

. Come, let's do so;
y minute is expectancy
arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

'hanks to the valiant of this warlike
isle,
approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
defence against the elements,
ve lost him on a dangerous sea!
is he well shipp'd?

his bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

expert and approv'd allowance;†
e my hopes, not surfeited to death,
bold cure.

in.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

What noise?

'The town is empty; on the brow
o'the sea
inks of people, and they cry—a sail.
dy hopes do shape him for the gover-
nor.

'They do discharge their shot of cour-
tesy: [Guns heard.
nds, at least.

pray you, Sir, go forth,
e us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

I shall. [Exit.

But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid

ragons description, and wild fame;
t excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
the essential vesture of creation,
ar all excellency.—How now? who
has put in?

Re-enter second GENTLEMAN.

'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
He has had most favourable and happy
speed: [winds,
ts themselves, high seas, and howling

etc.

† Allowed and approved expertness.

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal* natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'enight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello
guard, [breath;

And swell his sail with thine own powerful
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heavens,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you com-
pany?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then Guns
heard.

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the cita-
This likewise is a friend. [del:

Cas. See for the news. [Exit GENTLEMAN.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome,
mistress:— [To EMILIA.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors, [chens,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kit-
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives
in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if
thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.†

Des. Come on, away:—There's one gone to
the harbour.

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

* Deadly, destructive.

† Desire

‡ Conscious.

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my inven-
tion
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from
It plucks out brains and all: But my Muse la-
bours.

And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a
wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Rod. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. There are old fond^a paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and fool-
ish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou
bestow on a deserving woman indeed! one,
that, in the authority of her merit, did justly
put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never
proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet was never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Made her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small
beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be
thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not
a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may re-
lish him more in the soldier, than in the
scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm:
Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web
as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as
Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve^b
thee in thine own courtship. You say true;
'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you
out of your lieutenantry, it had been better
you had not kissed your three fingers so oft,
which now again you are most apt to play the
Sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent
courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your
fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-
pipes for your sake!—[Trumpet.] The Moor,
I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my con-
tent,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for, I feel
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords in
[Kissing her.]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make the music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle—
Honey, you shall be well dear'd^c in Cyprus.
I have found great love amongst them to
my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion,^d and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pry thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou the master to the citadel.
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Des-
demona, once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and At-
tendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the ho-
bour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—
(they say) base men, being in love, have this
nobility in their natures more than is com-
mon to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the coast of guard:—First, I will
tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love
with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy ear
be instructed. Mark me with what violence
she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and
telling her fantastical lies: And will she love
him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart
think it. Her eye must be fed; and what de-
light shall she have to look on the devil?
When the blood is made dull with the act of
sport, there should be,—again to inflame it,
and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness
in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and
beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:
Now, for want of these required conveniences,
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,
begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and sicken
the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it,
and compel her to some second choice. Now,
Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and

^a Foolish. [†] Licentious, free-speech.
^b To suckle, to kiss. [‡] Your good breeding and gallantry.
^c Courtesy, in the sense of attendance, was applied to
men as well as women.

^d Much said by levitation.
[†] Out of method, without order. [‡] Listen to me.

endured position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; so further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a flatter out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that fully and green minds[†] look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

[*And.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.†

[*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed coddling! Didst thou not see her paddie with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

[*And.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

[*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and a severe prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villains' thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, and incorporate imagination: Pish!—But, Sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting a discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably instate.

[*And.* Well.

[*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in anger; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Prove him, that he may: for, out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus waiting; whose qualification shall come into true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey your desires, by the means I shall then have preferred them; and the impediment most easily removed, without the which there are no expectation of our prosperity.

[*And.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

[*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at a strudel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore, ere well.

[*And.* Adieu. [Exit.]

[*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; [dit]

but she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great consequence—howbeit that I endure him not,—

of a constant, loving, noble nature;

and, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona most dear husband. Now I do love her too;

not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, stand accountant for as great a sin,) but partly led to diet my revenge,

so that I do suspect the lusty Moor hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof

eth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inward nothing can or shall content my soul,

Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong [do,—] That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to If this poor trash[‡] of Venice, whom I trash For his quick heating, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,†— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, till we'd. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a HERALD, with a Proclamation; People following.

[*Herald.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and vallant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dances, some to make bon-fires, each man to what sport and revel his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the tale of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest, [love,

Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To DESDEMONA.] That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.— Good night. [Exit OTT. Des. and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch. Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast's us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

‡ Worthless fellow.

† The term for a ring put on a hand to hinder his running.

‡ In the present manner.

† Entire.

‡ Dressed.

† Mind works. ‡ Qualities, disposition of mind.
‡ Throwing a shoe upon his disciples. † Perhaps.
‡ To advance them.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified* too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick
fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side
outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock
of drunkards

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and
stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and
Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a
rouset already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a
pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

* Slightly mixed with water. † A little more than enough.

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[Cry within,—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen* bottle.

Red. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant, [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny! [Aside to *ROD.* who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—Sir,—Montano,—Sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed! [Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise, God's will, lieutenant!
You will be sham'd for ever. [hold;

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, Sir, Montano, gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven bath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

Thes' legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the mat-

That you unlace your reputation thus, [ter,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

* A wicker bottle.

† I. e. You have thus forgot yourself.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now
offends me;—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity* be sometime a vice;

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgement col-

Assays to lead the way: If once I stir, [lied,†

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd‡ in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd,§ or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near: [mouth,

I had rather have this tongue cut from my

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;

And Cassio following him with determin'd
sword,

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself: he crying fellow did pursue,

Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,

I ne'er might say before: when I came back,

(For this was brief,) I found them close toge-
ther,

At blow, and thrust: even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes for-
get:—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love

But never more be officer of mine.— [thee;

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away
to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[To MONTANO who is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.—

* Care of one's self.

† Darkened.

‡ Convicted by proof.

§ Related by nearness of office.

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part, Sir, of myself; and what remains
is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputa-
tion.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is
more offence in that, than in reputation. Re-
putation is an idle and most false imposition;
oft got without merit, and lost without deserv-
ing: You have lost no reputation at all, unless
you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!
there are ways to recover the general again:
You are but now cast in his mood,* a punish-
ment more in policy than in malice; even so
as one would beat his offenceless dog, to af-
fright an imperious lion: sue to him again,
and he's yours.

Cas. I will, rather sue to be despis'd, than
to deceive so good a commander, with so slight,
so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?
and speak parrot?† and squabble? swagger?
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own
shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if
thou hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but
nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing
wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy
in their mouths, to steal away their brains!
that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and
applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough:
How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness,
to give place to the devil, wrath: one unper-
fectness shows me another, to make me frankly
despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler:
As the time, the place, and the condition of this
country stands, I could heartily wish this had
not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it
for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he
shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as
many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would
stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by
and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!
—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the
ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good fa-
miliar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no
more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think,
you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk
at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall
do. Our general's wife is now the general;—
I may say so in this respect, for that he hath
devoted and given up himself to the contem-
plation, mark, and denotement of her parts and
graces:—confess yourself freely to her; im-
portune her; she'll help to put you in your
place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt,
so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a

vice in her goodness, not to do more!
is requested: This broken joint, betwixt
and her husband, entreat her to split
my fortunes against any lay^a worth:
this crack of your love shall grow strong
it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of my
honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, before
morning, I will beseech the virtuous
mora to undertake for me: I am down
my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good
lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says,
the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the
To win the Moor again? For, 'tis not
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
in any honest suit; she's fram'd as firm
As the free elements. And then for
To win the Moor,—were't to reap
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redemption in
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what
Even as her appetite shall play the game
With his weak function. How an
villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel; or
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins;
They do suggest, at first with heaven
As I do now: For while this honest
Pleads Desdemona to repair his fortune
And she for him pleads strongly to the
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repels him for her body's sake!
And, by how much she strives to do!
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the
That shall enmesh them all.—How
derigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase
a hound that hunts, but one that fil-
cry. My money is almost spent; I have
to-night exceedingly well cudgelled
think, the issue will be—I shall have
experience for my pains: and so,
money at all, and a little more wit,
Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have
tience!

What wound did ever heal, but by deeds?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and
witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beat
And thou, by that small hurt, hath

Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first
Content thyself awhile.—By the
morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours
short.—

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say; thou shalt know more be

* Dismissed in his anger.

† Talk idly.

^a Bet, or wager. † Liberal, bountiful.
[†] Even. ‡ Tempt. § Recall.

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things
are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
I'll set her on ;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump* when he may Cassio
find

Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some MUSICIANS.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your
pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-mor-
row, general. [*Music.*]

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments
been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose
thus?

1 Mus. How, Sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind in-
struments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clo. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument
that I know. But, masters, here's money for
you: and the general so likes your music, that
he desires you, of all loves, to make no more
noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear
music, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exit MUSICIANS.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend. I
hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets.† There's
a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewo-
man that attends the general's wife, be stir-
ring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a
little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hi-
ther, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time,
Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
ness

May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am
sorry

For your displeasure;* but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor re-
plies,

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome
wisdom,

He might not but refuse you: but, he protests,
he loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—

If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;

I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we
see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves
my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not
doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, Sir, I thank you: You do love my
lord:

You have known him long; and be you well
assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,† and talk him out of pa-
tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cas-
For thy solicitor shall rather die, [*sio;*]
Than give thy cause away.

* The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

† Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

* Just at the time.

† Nice distinctions.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not
what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my
wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot
think it.

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good
my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning*
I have no judgement in an honest face:

I prythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some
other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tues-
day morn; [morn;—

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-
amples

Out of their best,†) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mumbling on. What! Michael

Cassio, [time,
That came a wooing with you; and many a
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly.

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do
much,—

Oth. Prythee, no more: let him come when
he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit [warm;

To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

* Knowledge.

; Heavens.

† Best men.

It shall be full of poize* and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my
lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come
to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your faces
teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition can't
soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee so,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you went
my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost
thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquaint-
ed with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Dost thou think
ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost say
something: [that.

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'st not
When Cassio left my wife; What dost thou
like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my count
In my whole course of wooing, thou credit,
Indeed? [that.

And didst contract and purse thy brow ag-
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost; [honesty,

And,—for I know thou art full of love and
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st
them breath,— [more

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
For such things in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the
That passion cannot rule. [honest.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then,

I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinking.

* Thought.

As thou dost ruminatè; and give thy worst
of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile
and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
But some uncleanly apprehensions [pure,
Keep leets,* and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly coniects,†
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a
trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear
my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in
bliss, [er;
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wrong-
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough;
But riches, fineless,‡ is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in
doubt, [goat,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous, [pany,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
well;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:°
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but
Away at once with love, or jealousy. [this,—

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have
reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cas-
sio;

Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear
your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a
seeming,†
To seel; her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am
much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are
mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues,§ nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from
itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most
rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

* Courts of Enquiry. † Conjectures
; Endless, unbounded.

° "Which makes fair gifts fairer." † Appearance.
; An expression from falconry: to seal a hawk is to seal
up his eye-lids. ‡ Conclusion.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless, [unfolds] sees and knows more, much more, than he.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,) Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment*
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,†
Though that her jesses‡ were my dear heart—
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers§ have:—Or, for I am de-

clin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. (O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a

toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love, [ones;
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.|| Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you
not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill
away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin¶ is too little;

[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit Oth. and Des.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the
token,

* Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.

† A species of hawk, also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.

‡ Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.

§ Men of intrigue. || When we begin to live.

¶ In the north of England and in Scotland this term for handkerchief is still used.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 oncers* and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 that make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill

trump,
 the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 the royal banner; and all quality, [war!
 the idle, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
 war! O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 to immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-

feit,
 farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
 whore;

sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the Throat.

By the worth of mine eternal soul,
 thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 to answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
 prove it,

that the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture
 her pray more: abandon all remorse;† [me,
 let horror's head horrors accumulate:

deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
 amaz'd,

nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 sadder than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—

I'll be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched
 fool,

that liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—

monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
 world,

be direct and honest, is not safe.—

Thank you for this profit; and, from hence,

love no friend, since love breeds such of-
 fence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 that loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, [not;

think my wife be honest, and think she is
 honest; think that thou art just, and think thou art

not; [fresh

have some proof: Her name, that was as
 Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black

mine own face.—If there be cords, or
 knives,

poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

let me not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with pas-
 sion; repent me, that I put it to you. [sion:

Would I were satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my
 lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?

Would her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 to bring them to that prospect: Damn them

ever mortal eyes do see them bolster, [then,
 rather than their own! What then? how then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible, you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living* reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith† I am enter'd in this cause so far,—

Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves! [hand,

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my

Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots, [hard.

That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and

then [Moor!

Cried,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other

That do demonstrate thinly. [proofs,

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
 done:

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first
 gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handker-
 chief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand
 lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted

throne,† [fraught,‡

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy

For 'tis of aspic's tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps,
 may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent

pace, [love,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble

Till that a capable§ and wide revenge

Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble

heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels

I here engage my words.

* Speaking, manifest.

† The heart on which thou wast enthroned.

‡ Fraught, load.

§ Since.

¶ Capacious.

The vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally de-
 scribed as soldiers.

† All tenderness all pity.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Exit
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip^o us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart.
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,[†]
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at you
But let her live. [request

Oth. Dams her, lewd minx! O, dams her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieuten-
ant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clw. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clw. He is a soldier; and for me to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clw. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clw. I know not where he lodges; and for
me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here,
or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edi-
fied by report?

Clw. I will catechise the world for him; that
is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell
him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and
hope, all will be well.

Clw. To do this, is within the compass of
man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of crusadoes.† And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
*To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he
was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[Aside.] O,
hardness to dissemble!—
How do you do, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist,
my lady.

* Embrace.

† Not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him.
‡ A Portuguese coin.

he handkerchief,—
 pray, talk me of Cassio.
 he handkerchief,—
 man that, all his time,
 ended his good fortune on your love;
 ings with you ;—
 he handkerchief,—
 sooth,
 o blame.
 way! [Exit OTHELLO.
 s not this man jealous?
 ne'er saw this before.
 e's some wonder in this handkerchief:
 t unhappy in the loss of it.
 is not a year or two shows us a man:
 all but stomachs, and we all but food;
 us hungerly, and when they are full,
 ch us. Look you! Cassio, and my
 usband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

here is no other way; 'tis she must
 o't; [her.
 the happiness! go, and importune
 ow now, good Cassio? what's the
 ews with you?
 adam, my former suit: I do beseech
 ou,
 your virtuous means, I may again
 l be a member of his love,
 with all the duty of my heart,
 honour; I would not be delay'd:
 nce be of such mortal kind,
 er service past, nor present sorrows,
 e'd merit in futurity,
 om me into his love again,
 ow so must be my benefit;
 clothe me in a forc'd content,
 myself up in some other course,
 e's alms.
 las! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 ation is not now in tune;
 not my lord; nor should I know him,
 n favour,* as in humour, alter'd.
 e, every spirit sanctified,
 : spoken for you all my best;
 l within the blank† of his displeasure,
 ree speech! You must awhile be
 atient:
 in do, I will; and more I will,
 myself I dare: let that suffice you.
 : my lord angry?
 le went hence but now,
 ainly, in strange unquietness.
 an he be angry? I have seen the can-
 on,
 ath blown his ranks into the air;
 the devil, from his very arm
 s own brother;—And can he be an-
 ry? [him;
 g of moment, then: I will go meet
 atter in't indeed, if he be angry.
 or'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
 ate,— [Exit IAGO.
 om Venice; or some unhatch'd prac-
 ce,‡
 onstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
 dled his clear spirit: and, in such
 ses,
 ures wrangle with inferior things,
 reat ones are their object. 'Tis even
 r finger ache, and it endues [so;
 r healthful members ev'n to that
 ense

Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not
 Nor of them look for such observances [gods;
 As fit the bridal.*—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as
 you think;
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be an-
 swer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othel-
 lo's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk here-
 about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
 I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your
 house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
 Cassio. [nights?
 What! keep a week away? seven days and
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
 hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?
 O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca; [press'd;
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been
 But I shall, in a more continue time,†
 Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
 [Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.
 Take me this work out.‡

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend.
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
 Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them. You are jealous
 now, [brance:
 That this is from some mistress, some remem-
 No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my
 chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
 (As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
 Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
 I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
 you,
 For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circum-
stanc'd. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, be-
ing hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not
seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,*—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do
you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied† them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well as-
No more than he'll unswear. [sur'd,

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie
on her, when they belie her: Lie with her!
that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,
—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged
for his labour;—First to be hanged, and then
to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would
not invest herself in such shadowing passion,
without some instruction. It is not words,
that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and
lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handker-
chief!—O devil!— [Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools
are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my
lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look he stin:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven: [m.]
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yet'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now
alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she
shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with
your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man.)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with
me; [self.]

The which he promis'd. Do but excuse; your-
And mark the flours, the gibes, and notable
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew.—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and
when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience.
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen.
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience:
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's
plague,

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he
comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;

* The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on
a house infected with the plague.

† Old spelling of supplied, i. e. softened.

‡ A proverbial saying.

* Common. † Within the bounds of patience. ‡ His

And his unbookish* jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-
haviour [tenant?

Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieu-
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addi-
Whose want even kills me. [tion,†

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are
sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[Speaking lower.

How quickly should you speed?
Cas. Alas, poor catiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith she
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it
out. [Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry
Do you intend it? [her:

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you tri-
umph? [Aside.

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer!‡ I
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.
[Aside.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall
marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out:
she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the
story. [Aside.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me
in every place. I was, the other day, talking
on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and
thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she
falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his
gesture imports it. [Aside.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon
me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to
my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but
not that dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew!§ marry, a
perfumed one.—What do you mean by this
haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!
What did you mean by that same handker-
chief, you gave me even now? I was a fine
fool to take it. I must take out the whole
work?—A likely piece of work, that you should
find it in your chamber, and not know who left
it there! This is some minx's token, and I
must take out the work? There,—give it your
hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take
out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now?
how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handker-
chief! [Aside.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet
you. [Gives him a Packet.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you
may: an you will not, come when you are next
prepared for. [Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the streets
else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at
his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how
he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she
gave it to him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a kil-
ling:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet
woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
damned to-night; for she shall not live: No,
my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it
hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a
sweeter creature: she might lie by an emper-
or's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—
So delicate with her needle!—An admirable
musician! O, she will sing the savageness out
of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and
invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—
And then, of so gentle a condition!*

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity
of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity,
give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not
you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold
me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this
night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her
body and beauty unprovide my mind again:
this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in
her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases;
very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his under-
taker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that
same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis
Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is
with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet
you. [Gives him a Packet.

* Ignorant.

† A common woman.

‡ Title of lieutenant.

§ A pole-cat.

* Of so sweet a disposition.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[Opens the Packet and reads.]
 Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
 Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.
 Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?
 Iago. Lives, Sir.
 Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
 Oth. Are you sure of that?
 Des. My lord?
 Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*
[Reads.]
 Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
 Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
 To atone* them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
 Oth. Fire and brimstone!
 Des. My lord?
 Oth. Are you wise?
 Des. What, is he angry?
 Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.
 Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.
 Oth. Indeed.
 Des. My lord?
 Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
 Des. How, sweet Othello?
 Oth. Devil! *[Striking her.]*
 Des. I have not deserv'd this.
 Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very Make her amends, she weeps. *[much;]*
 Oth. O devil, devil! *[tears,]*
 If that the earth could teem with woman's Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
 Out of my sight!
 Des. I will not stay to offend you. *[Going.]*
 Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
 Oth. Mistress,—
 Des. My lord?
 Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
 Lod. Who, I, my lord?
 Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
 Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
 Concerning this, Sir,—O well-painted passion!
 I am commanded home:—Get you away;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the man-
 date,
 And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
[Exit DESDEMONA.]
 Cassio shall have my place. And,—Sir, to-
 night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together.
 You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and
 monkies! *[Exit.]*
 Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
 senate *[ture]*
 Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble na-
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
 virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce?
 Iago. He is much chang'd.

* Reconcile.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
 brain?
 Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
 censure.
 What he might be,—if, what he might, he is
 I would to heaven, he were. *[Exit.]*
 Lod. What, strike his wife!
 Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; 'Tis
 'would I knew,
 That stroke would prove the worst.
 Lod. Is it his use?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?
 Iago. Alas, alas!
 It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall de-
 serve him;
 And his own courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech: Do but go on.
 And mark how he continues.
 Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
 Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
 Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
 gether.
 Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I
 heard *[then]*
 Each syllable, that breath made up between
 Oth. What, did they never whisper?
 Emil. Never, my lord.
 Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
 Emil. Never.
 Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
 nor nothing?
 Emil. Never, my lord.
 Oth. That's strange.
 Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is ho-
 nest, *[other,]*
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think
 Remove your thought; it doth abuse your dis-
 son.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy; the purest of their
 Is foul as slander. *[wives]*
 Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[Exit EMILIA.]
 She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd.
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
 whore,
 A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
 And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen
 her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
 Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
 Des. What is your pleasure?
 Oth. Let me see your eyes;
 Look in my face.
 Des. What horrible fancy's this?
 Oth. Some of your function, mistress;
[To EMILIA.]
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
 Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
 Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[Exit EMILIA.]
 Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
 import?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Why, what art thou?
Your wife, my lord; your true
val wife.
Come, swear it, damn thyself;
being like one of heaven, the devils
themselves
fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
-thou art honest. [damn'd,
Heaven doth truly know it.
Heaven truly knows, that thou art false
as hell.
To whom, my lord? with whom? How
am I false?
O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you
weep?
be occasion of these tears, my lord?
y, you my father do suspect,
rument of this your calling back,
t your blame on me; if you have lost
have lost him too. [him,
Had it pleas'd heaven
me with affliction; had he rain'd
ds of sores, and shames, on my bare
head;
me in poverty to the very lips;
o captivity me and my utmost hopes;
d have found in some part of my soul
of patience: but (alas!) to make me
figure, for the time of scorn
at his slow unmoving finger at,—

ld I bear that too; well, very well:
re, where I have garner'd* up my heart;
either I must live, or bear no life;
ntain from the which my current runs,
dries up; to be discarded thence!
p it as a cistern, for foul toads
t and gender in!—turn thy complexion
there! [him;
e, thou young and rose-lipp'd cheru-
re, look grim as hell!
I hope, my noble lord esteems me ho-
nest.
O, ay; as summer flies are in the sham-
bles,
icken even with blowing. O thou weed,
rt so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
e sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou
had'st ne'er been born!
Alas, what ignorant sin have I commit-
ted?
Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book, [ted!
to write whore upon? What commit-
ted!—O thou public commoner!
d make very forges of my cheeks,
ould to cinders burn up modesty,
ut speak thy deeds.—What committed!
a stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks;
wdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
d within the hollow mine of earth,
ill not hear it: What committed!—
ent strumpet!
By heaven, you do me wrong.
Are not you a strumpet?
No, as I am a Christian:
reserve this vessel for my lord,
ny other foul unlawful touch,
ot to be a strumpet, I am none.
What, not a whore?
No, as I shall be saved.
Is it possible?
O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay,
you!

We have done our course; there's money for
your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our coun-
sel. [Exit.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive?— [lady?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emi-
lia;

I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remem-
And call thy husband hither. [ber;—

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very
meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach
young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon
As true hearts cannot bear. [her,

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I
was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.*

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the
day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal vil-
Some busy and insinuating rogue, [lain,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some of-
fice, [else.

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A better pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her, where? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous, some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O, heaven, that such opportunities^a thou'dst And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascal naked through the world, Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, so upon him! some such squire he was,

That turn'd your wit the scamy dider without, And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will,—though he do shake me off

To haggard divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort forever me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say, where;

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content: 'tis but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere so other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets. Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay:

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exit DEADDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Red. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me?

Iago. What in the contrary?

Red. Every day thou dost st^b me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveyency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Red. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are so kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Red. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would

half have corrupted a virgin: You have told me—she has received them, and returns expectations and comforts of union and acquittance,^c but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Red. Very well! go to! I cannot go to; nor do not very well: By this last day, it is very scurvy; and begin to be scolded in it.

Iago. Very well.

Red. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: I will return me my jewels, I will give every suit, and repeat my unfeigned solicitation: I will assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Red. Ay, and I have said nothing, but will I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see thou'st reason in it; and even from this instant, do build on that better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

Red. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without all judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast it within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night do it: If thou the next night following open not Desdemona, take me from this world off treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Red. Well, what is it? is it within me, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission from Venice, to depose Cassio in that place.

Red. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determined, as the removing of Cassio.

Red. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Red. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit,

and a right. He sups to-night with a banquet,

and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a security in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste, about it.

Red. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LOBOWICO, DEADDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

^a Follows.
^b Tiths.

^c Inside out.
^d Put'st me off.

^e Whomsoever.

rdon me; 'twill do me good to

in, good night; I humbly thank
ladyship.

honour is most welcome.

ou walk, Sir?—

na,—

rd?

ou to bed on the instant, I will
orthwith: dismiss your attendant
it be done.

, my lord.

*Exit OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and
Attendants.*

goes it now? he looks gentler
he did.

ys, he will return incontinent;^a
manded me to go to bed,

e to dismiss you.

niss me!

as his bidding; therefore, good
lia,

nightly wearing, and adieu:

now displease him.

ould, you had never seen him!

ould not I; my love doth so ap-
e him,

is stubbornness, his checks, and
ns,—

pin me,—have grace and favour
hem.

ve laid those sheets you bade me
he bed.

one:—Good father! how foolish
our minds!—

efore thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
ose same sheets.

ne, come, you talk.

other had a maid call'd—Barbara;
love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd

l,† *[low,*
sake her: she had a song of—wil-
g 'twas, but it express'd her for-

e,
ed singing it: That song, to-night,
from my mind; I have much to do,

ang my head all at one side,

it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee,
patch.

all I go fetch your night-gown?
unpin me here.—

ico is a proper man.

very handsome man.

l he speaks well.

now a lady in Venice, who would
d barefoot to Palestine, for a touch

er lip.

I.

poor soul out sighing by a sycamore
e,

all a green willow; *[Singing.*

l on her bosom, her head on her knee,

willow, willow, willow:

h streams ran by her, and marmur'd
r moans;

willow, &c.

tears fell from her, and soften'd the
ones;

ese:

willow, willow, willow;

his thee; he'll come anon.—

all a green willow must be my gar-
land.

lately.

Wild, incontinent.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that
knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said
he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

*If I court mo^a women, you'll couch with mo
men.*

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do
Doth that bode weeping? *[itch;*

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men!— *[lia,—*

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, *Emil.*
That there be women who abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a
great price

For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and
undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not
do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for mea-
sures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor
caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the
whole world,—Why, who would not make her
husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch?
I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a
wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the
world; and, having the world for your labour,
'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might
quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such wo-
man.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their
duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
(Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they
strike us,

Or scant our former havingt in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have
some grace, *[know,*

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands
Their wives have sense† like them: they see,
and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour
As husbands have. What is it that they do.

When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them
know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

^a No for more.

† Our former allowance of women
& Sensation.

Drs. Good night, good night: Heaven me
such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight
will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare,* and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy el-
bow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take
thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he
dies. [*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost
to the sense,† [*Cassio,*
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd‡ from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou
diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at*
CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO*
behind in the Leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! mur-
der! murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his
word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest, and
just, [*wrong!*]

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies
dead,

And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes,
are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood
be spotted. [*Exit OTHELLO.*]

* Unsheathed.
† Flashed.

‡ To the quick.
Out.

Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
him easily hence!

Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio!
Cassio!

Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
party in this injury.—

awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
a light.—Know we this face, or no?
y friend, and my dear countryman,
? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven, Roderigo.

What, of Venice?

Even he, Sir; did you know him?

Know him? ay.

Signior Gratiano! I cry you gentle
pardon;

body accidents must excuse my man-
neglected you.

am glad to see you.

How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a
chair!

Roderigo!

He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;
—the chair:— [A Chair brought in.]

Id man bear him carefully from hence;
the general's surgeon.—For you, mis-
ress,

your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

dear friend: What malice was be-
ween you?

one in the world; nor do I know the
man.

To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—
), bear him out o'the air.

[CAR. and ROD. are borne off.]
good gentlemen:—Look you pale,
mistress?

erceive the greatness of her eye?—
on stare, we shall hear more anon:—

er well; I pray you, look upon her;
ec, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
argues were out of use.

[speak,

Enter EMILIA.

Las, what's the matter; what's the
matter, husband?

assio hath here been set on in the
ark,

igo, and fellows that are scap'd;
et slain, and Roderigo dead.

Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
assio!

his is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'y-
tee, Emilia,

of Cassio where he supp'd to-
night:—

you shake at that?

le supp'd at my house, but I there-
re shake not.

, did he so? I charge you, go with
e.

ie, lie upon thee, strumpet!
am no strumpet; but of life as ho-
at thus abuse me.

[next,

s I? so! lie upon thee!
nd gentlemen, let's go see poor Cas-
o dress'd.—

[tale.—

stress, you must tell us another
n you to the citadel,

oy lord and lady what has happ'd.—
go on, I pray f.—This is the night,

[Aside.

r makes me, or fardoes* me quite.
[Exeunt.

* Under.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in
Bed asleep.—A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my
soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster,

[Takes off his Sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:*

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repeat ice:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have

pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital life again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the

tree.—

[Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one

more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee,

And love thee after:—One more, and this the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heav-

enly;

It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by
that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forbid it!—I would not kill thy

soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill
me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal
then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel,
I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

* I. e. The Light of Life.

* T. e. e.

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd,
and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, [bed.
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath, [tion,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong concep-
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in
his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: *
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. †

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him
to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me
not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [He smothers her.

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what,
ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so. ‡

Emil. [Within.] What ho! my lord, my
lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would
speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

* A sacrifice atoning for thy crime.

† Has taken measures.

‡ It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been
omitted, and that, when Othello says, "So, so," he then
stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona
might speak again with propriety, and yet very soon ex-
pire.

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Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,*
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance,† woman? I
say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks
with love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do
me harm,

As I have to be hurt;‡ O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee
known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, ge-
neral?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done
well,
That men must lay their murders on your
neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was
false:

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a vil-
lain; Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told
no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was
false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio?—Did you say, with
Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm
your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am
bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend!§

Emil. And your reports have set the murder
on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, in-
deed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O vil-
lany!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get
you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul! [Rising.

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have new-
ly stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy fa-
ther's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio con-
fess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my
peace, Sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal* as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his Wife.

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found
And I did give't my husband. [It,

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gen-
tlemen:

O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a
fool

Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious
villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress'
side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not
pass,

* A precious stone. † Repetition.
‡ "More can I bear than you dare excuse."
§ Forbid.

But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
 For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
 But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
 But why should honour outlive honesty?
 Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the
 swan,

And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
 Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
 Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
 So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will
 cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with
 me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What's the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain
 boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires:—Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
 wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
 compt,† [ven,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
 girl?

Even like thy chastity.—
 O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in
 a Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
 man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I
 am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain
 forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;‡—but
 that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir; but not kill'd.

* Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold
 water.

† Account.

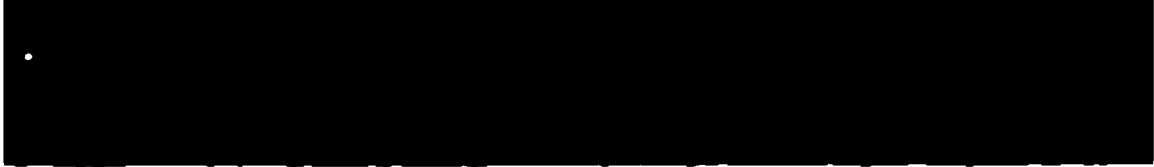
‡ To see if his feet be cloven.

not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Ex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
 The base Judean, threw a pearl away,
 Worth twice as many as all his tribe; of one, whose sub-
 du'd eyes,
 Unused to the melting mood,
 Turn'd like the Arabian trees
 Medicinal gum: Set you down this:
 Say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
 A malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 By the throat the circumcised dog,
 Mote him—thus. [Stabs himself.
 O bloody period!
 All, that's spoke, is marr'd.
 I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No
 way but this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.
 ; myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon;
 For he was great of heart.
 Lod. O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
 [To Iago.
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
 Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you.—To you, lord gover-
 nor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce
 it!
 Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.
 [Exeunt.
 * Judgement.

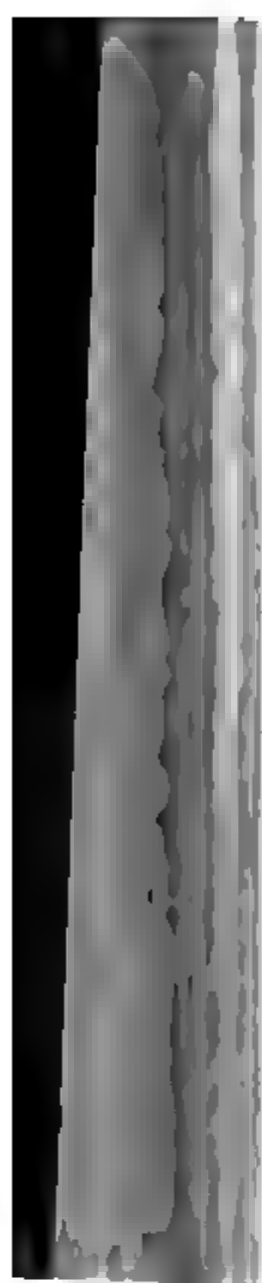
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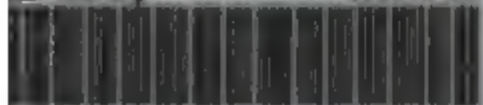
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